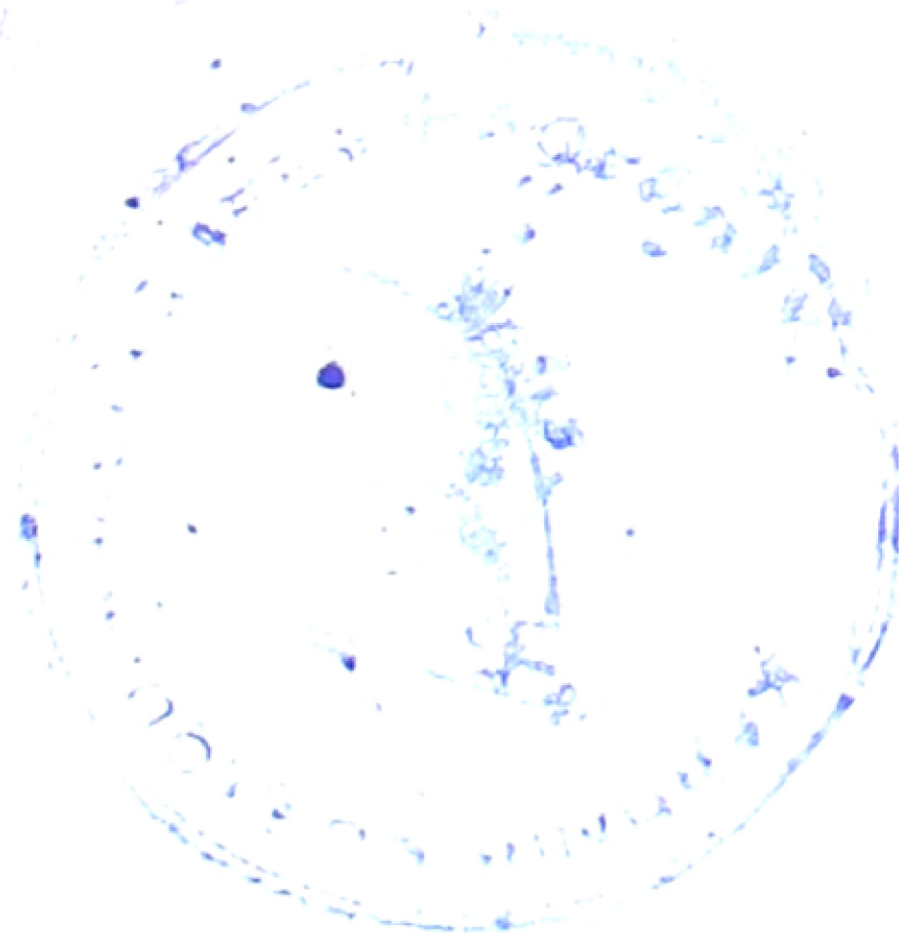


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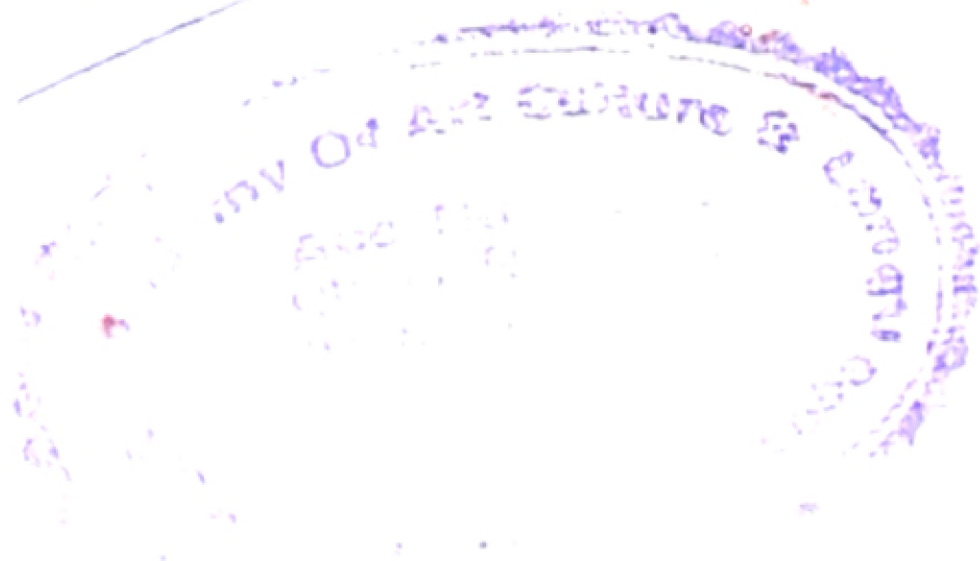
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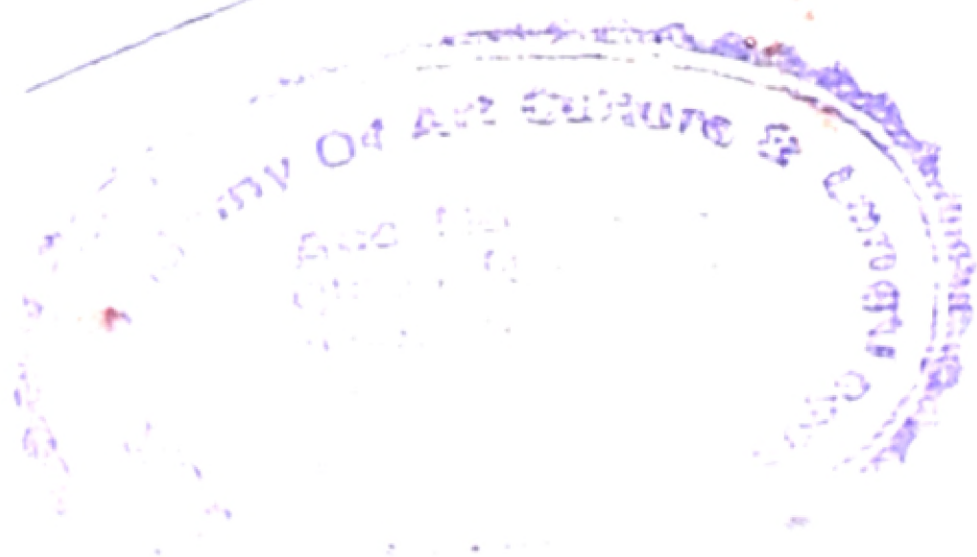


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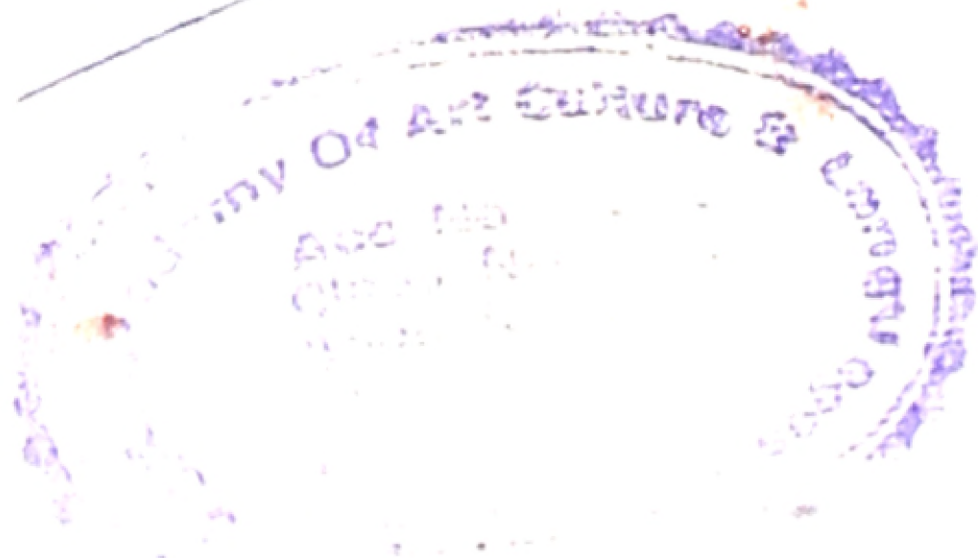
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SIR HENRY HAYDEN

SPORT and TRAVEL in
The HIGHLANDS of TIBET

By
SIR HENRY HAYDEN
and
CÉSAR COSSON

With an Introduction by
SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

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LONDON
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INTRODUCTION

IS war an unmitigated evil? Is the use of armed force always and everywhere bad? These are questions which Sir Henry Hayden's book will set us pondering over. Two hundred years before the opening of the present century an Italian had penetrated to Lhasa. One hundred years before an Englishman had been there. Fifty years before a Frenchman had reached it. But all through the last half of last century entrance to the sacred city had been absolutely forbidden. Russians had tried. Frenchmen had tried. Englishmen had tried. A Swede and an American had tried. But to all the Tibetans had offered an obstinate resistance.

More than that, they had invaded Indian territory. They had refused to acknowledge the treaty made with us by their Chinese suzerains. They had stopped trade with India. They had thrown down boundary pillars. They had refused to receive letters either from our local political officers or from the Viceroy himself. All trade between Tibetans and even Indians, and all intercourse between Tibet and India, had been barred absolutely.

These were the circumstances under which Lord Curzon despatched a Mission to Lhasa in 1903-4—a Mission with an escort of sufficient strength to

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break down opposition if offered, but having as its main object the establishment of our relations with Tibet on a regular and neighbourly footing. And Sir Henry Hayden accompanied this Mission as geologist.

Opposition was offered—most determined opposition, but it was overcome by General Macdonald's troops. In the end a treaty was signed at Lhasa. And in the subsequent years the Tibetans were handled so sympathetically by Sir Frederick O'Connor, Sir Charles Bell, and Colonel Bailey that eventually Sir Henry Hayden was actually invited to Lhasa—invited there in order to explore the mineral resources of the country.

Before, he had entered the country with an armed mission, and without an armed force would not have been able to enter it at all. Now, at the frontier, at each place on the way to Lhasa, at places where he had himself fought against Tibetans, and at Lhasa itself, he is welcomed and received with honour; presents are offered him; transport is provided, and the highest officials and the Dalai Lama himself receive him. And, perhaps most remarkable of all, he is accompanied throughout by a young Tibetan who had been sent to England to an English public school by the Tibetan Government.

And Hayden himself was a man most admirably suited for the work he was asked to do. He had a high reputation as a geologist and had indeed just retired from the post of Director of the Geological Survey of India. But he might have been an excellent geologist yet most unsuited for working with

INTRODUCTION

the Tibetans. This was not the case with Hayden. Hayden was keen on his science. But as a man he was calm, composed, even-tempered, genial, easy to get on with.

The scientific staff are often a cause of anxiety to the head of a Mission in a strange country. The surveyor wants to be climbing to the tops of mountains. The naturalist wants to be poking about for flowers, or insects, or birds, or animals. The geologist wants to be digging on the mountain-sides. The anthropologist wants to be examining the people. All these are highly risky proceedings. There is not only the personal danger to the scientists themselves, but, if they are tactless with the inhabitants, they may rouse serious animosity against the whole Mission.

Hayden, however, never caused me the slightest anxiety. He was, indeed, positively helpful. Quite outside his purely scientific work, he was one of those who most helped in bringing the Tibetans round to a more favourable attitude towards us.

And now many years later he was able to realise one of the great dreams of his life, namely, to study the geology of the great Lake Region of Tibet. Tibet, according to Hayden, is a comparatively young country—only two or three million years old. And his most interesting discoveries were fossils of marine organisms, showing that it was once below the sea. In the course of its upheaval it must presumably have presented a pleasing aspect and have enjoyed at least a warm climate. But at the present stage of its existence no one but a geologist would care to go

INTRODUCTION

to this central region of the Lakes. For Hayden describes it as desolate in the extreme, with howling winds and biting frost. And his companion said of it that there was not a piece of wood big enough to make a toothpick of.

In Southern Tibet, whither he had also to go in search of minerals, he found the conditions more congenial, however, and he speaks of magnificent crops of wheat, barley, beans and peas, and groves of poplars and peaches. And on the mountain-sides he found spaces carpeted with a small blue gentian; and sometimes poppies, both blue and yellow, and yellow daisies almost as large as sunflowers.

Thus varied is Tibet. It differs as much as does the present attitude of the Tibetans from what it was when Hayden first went to Lhasa in 1904.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

PREFACE

THE following narrative of a journey made in 1922 through parts of Tibet with M. César Cosson as my companion, though actually written by me, is based partly on my own diaries and, to an equal if not greater extent, on those of M. Cosson, who kept a daily record of our travels. The work is therefore essentially a joint one and as such bears both our names, but the responsibility for its many shortcomings must rest on my shoulders alone.

I take the opportunity here of expressing my appreciation of César Cosson's qualities both as an explorer and as a companion. His pluck and endurance, combined with a high standard of honour, render him invaluable as a fellow traveller, while his intelligence and his keen sense of humour make him an ideal friend and companion.

Our acknowledgments are due to our many friends for their kindness and their hospitality. It would be impossible to refer to them all individually, but I must mention especially my old friend Colonel C. H. D. Ryder, C.I.E., R.E., Surveyor-General of India ; my former colleagues on the staff of the Geological Survey of India, more especially Drs. Pascoe, Fermor and Coggin Brown, to the first of whom I am indebted for permission to use certain

PREFACE

photographs taken by me in 1903-4 and now the property of the Geological Survey ; another old friend, Major F. M. Bailey, C.I.E., the most famous of all modern Tibetan explorers, now Political Agent in Sikkim ; Mr. David Macdonald, British Trade Agent at Gyantse and his Assistant, Mr. H. Martin, Mr. Dyer, resident doctor in Gangtok and Cavaliere Emilia Benassaglio, Italian Consul at Calcutta. Tibetan friends were almost equally numerous. We were given every assistance, not only by the Tibetan Government at Lhasa, but by all officials throughout the country. I must, however, thank especially the Lön-chen (Chief Minister of Tibet), the Tsarong Sha-pé and Kusho K. K. Möndrong for their invaluable help and unremitting hospitality.

H. H. HAYDEN.

LONDON, 1923.

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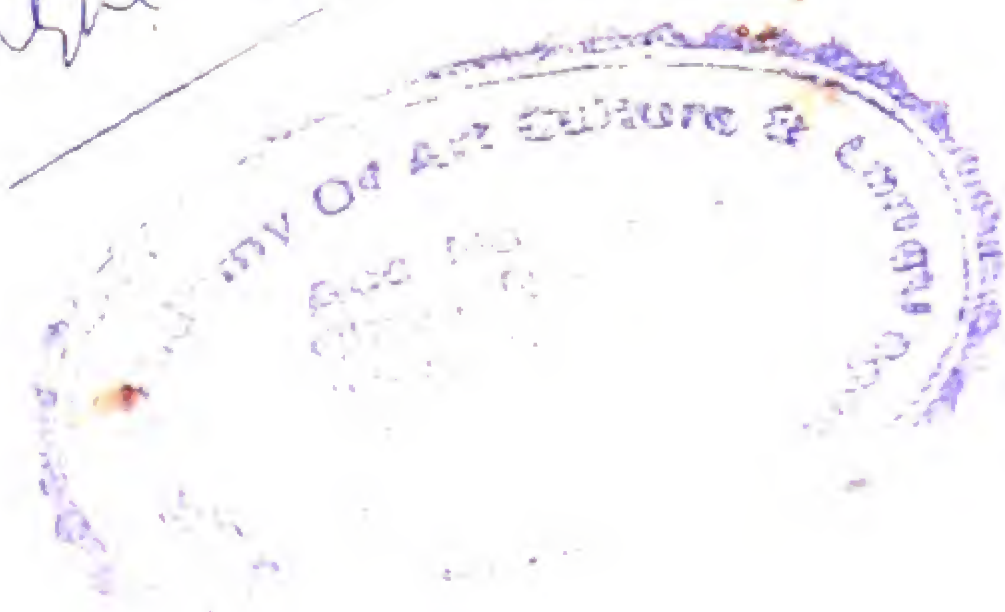
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Acknowledgments are due to the Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL for kind permission to reprint the matter contained in the Epilogue. The Map illustrating the authors' journey has been supplied by the Geological Survey of India.

Cultural Academy





CÉSAR COSSON

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE JOURNEY

WHEN attached as geologist to the Tibet Frontier Commission under Sir Francis Younghusband in 1904, I had the opportunity of climbing with Captain (now Colonel) C. H. D. Ryder the hills overlooking the Pempo-go La, the pass which crosses the range immediately to the north of Lhasa, whence we saw the sacred peak of Nyen-chen-thang-la and its flanking ranges. Ever since then it had been my ambition to visit Nam Tso (Tengri Nor) and the other great lakes which lie behind those mountains and to learn something of the geology of that little-known region. Until my retirement from the Indian Geological Survey two years ago, no opportunity arose, but, as soon as I was free, I asked the Government of India to obtain for me permission to travel in Central Tibet. I wished, if possible, to start either from Lhasa or Shigatse and to cross Tibet more or less from east to west, coming out either by the valley of the Sutlej to Simla, or, if time permitted, via Rudok and Leh. My request was coldly received, and it was only through a fortunate accident that I was enabled to enter Tibet. Happily

for me the Tibetan Government had applied to India for the loan of the services of a geologist to advise them with regard to the development of their mineral resources. No member of the Indian Geological Survey could be spared at the time, and, as I happened to be on the spot, it was proposed to me that I should pay a visit to Tibet and assist that Government to the best of my ability. The proposal met with the ready approval of the Tibetan authorities, who kindly invited me to visit their country as the guest of their Government. Although this was not what I had originally hoped to do, I felt sure that it would provide opportunities of seeing, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, country till then geologically, if not geographically, unexplored; I therefore accepted the invitation and arranged to leave India for Lhasa early in April 1922.

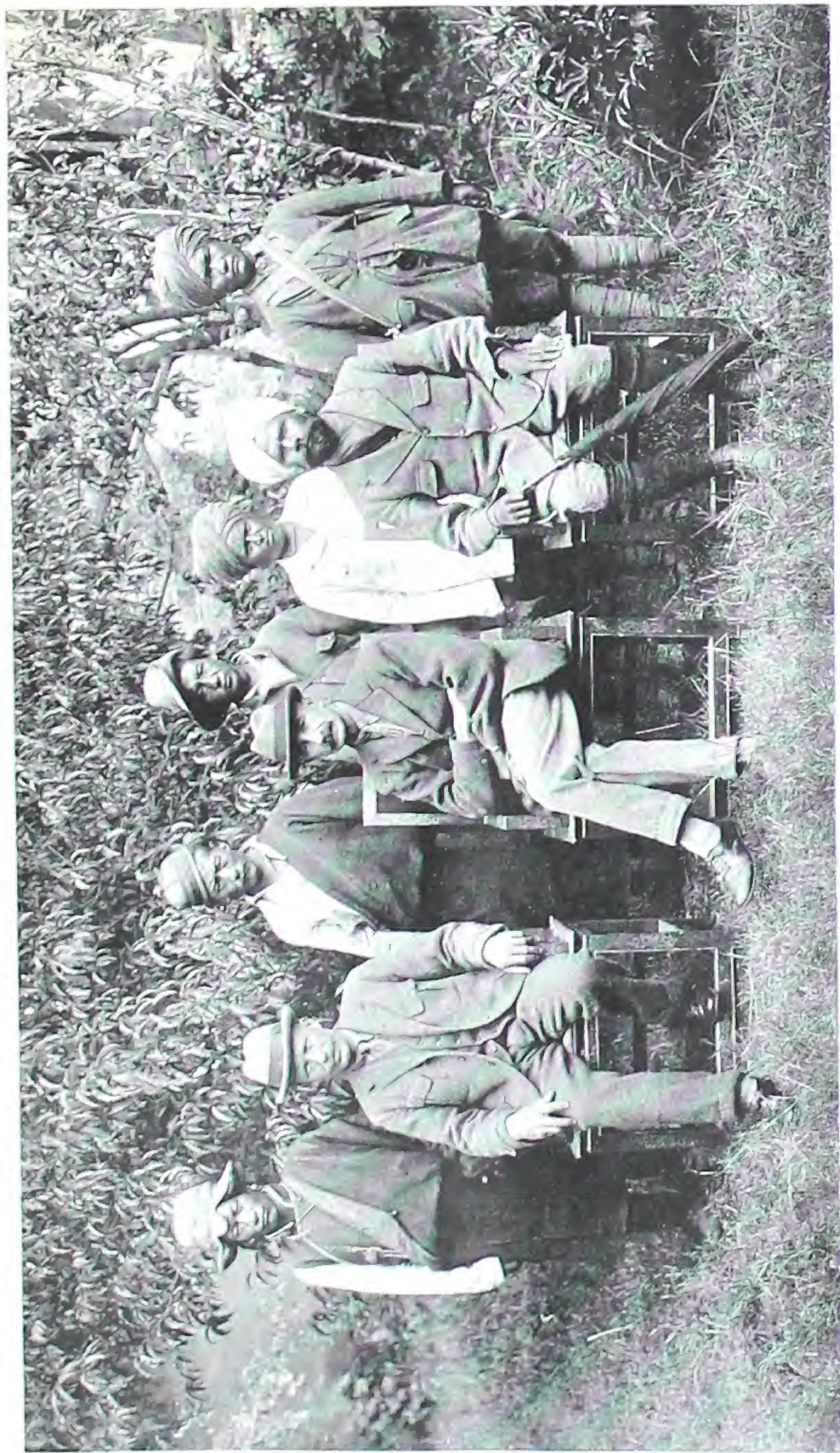
Preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily settled, I lost no time in getting together the personnel and equipment for the journey. I cabled at once to my friend, César Cosson, the well-known guide of Courmayeur, with whom I had climbed in the Alps in the preceding summer and to whom I had then suggested that, if I could obtain permission to travel in Tibet, he should be my companion. He had agreed to this and had been holding himself in readiness to start on receipt of a cable. As it appeared probable that I should have opportunities of visiting country not hitherto mapped, I asked Colonel Ryder, Surveyor-General of India, to lend me the services of one of his Indian surveyors. He very kindly placed at my disposal Surveyor Gujjar

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE JOURNEY

Singh, who had been attached to the Mount Everest expedition during the preliminary reconnaissance of 1921 and had worked under Major Morshead. He proved to be a very capable worker and succeeded in producing a detailed map, on the scale of 4 miles to the inch, of 36,000 square miles of country. A reduction of this map, on the scale of $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$, or approximately 16 miles to the inch, for which I am indebted to the Survey of India, is included in the present volume. Most of the work is new, although in certain places we touched the routes of previous explorers, such as Mr. St. G. Littledale, M. Dutreuil de Rhins, who was unfortunately murdered on his way from Nam Tso to China, Bonvalot, the Comte de Lesdain, Dr. Sven Hedin, Majors Bailey and Morshead, and last but by no means least, the famous Indian pundits Kishen Singh and Nain Singh. No praise can be too high for the magnificent work done in Tibet by the pundits ; although their names are household words to those interested in the geography of Tibet, they are probably unknown outside that very small circle, yet the value of their work, both for quality and volume, places them in the highest rank of scientific explorers. Trained as surveyors by the Survey Department in India, they were sent out at various times during the last century to wander through Tibet, passing themselves off as priests, as pilgrims, as traders, or travelling in such guise as the exigencies of their journeys might dictate. The consequences of detection were such that they carried their lives in their hands, and they were rarely able to take with them more than the most elementary

equipment, such as a pocket compass and a sextant and other insignificant articles that could be hidden in their clothing or in a wallet. In spite of these handicaps they travelled thousands of miles, crossing Tibet from top to bottom and from end to end, and produced maps of their routes, for which those of us who have had the good fortune to revise their work under more favourable auspices have nothing but unstinted praise.

Having found a companion and a surveyor, it still remained to engage servants. I had thought at first of taking Indians, more especially an Indian cook, for, given the necessary raw materials in the way of food, with three stones as a cooking range and a heap of cowdung for fuel, an Indian will turn out a dinner of five courses which would do credit to many a European cook ; but Indians are not accustomed to Tibetan food ; they do not like the coarse barley meal (*tsamba*) which takes the place of their flour (*ata*), and they are often precluded by religious or other prejudices from eating the only meat obtainable, which may be the dried carcase of a sheep, or, in the towns, fresh meat of unknown antecedents bought in the bazar. They miss, too, their rice and curry and all the condiments which are such important items in their daily fare, and although I have known many Indian servants bear these privations cheerfully for months at a time when necessary, one would not force them on them deliberately. It would, therefore, have been necessary to carry supplies for our Indian servants as well as for ourselves, and, as transport might at any



MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

Gandi, Nyima, Chendze, Sher Singh, Puri
Cassat Gosson, Sir Henry Hayden, Gupjar Singh



HOMBURG HATS IN TIBET

A group of Officials at Tse-thang on the Tsangpo

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE JOURNEY

time become a serious difficulty, I decided to have only servants who could live on the country. I proposed to engage only two to begin with, a cook and a table-boy, it being the duty also of the latter to do the small amount of work there would be for a "bearer." Other servants I hoped to engage locally, either at Gyantse or at Lhasa. Naturally the most important of all was the cook, and, through the kind offices of Mr. J. T. Donovan, Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling, I engaged Nyima, a native of Gyantse, where, he said, he had formerly been in the service of British officers and had learnt to cook. He seemed respectable and intelligent, and, though he had no references ("chits"), having left them, he said, at his home in Gyantse, I decided—foolishly, as it proved later—to take his cooking on trust. It would, indeed, have been difficult to do otherwise, since I had no opportunity of testing his capacity until we got into camp. In the meantime my friend Major Bailey, now Political Agent in Sikkim, had engaged another servant for me at Gangtok, where I was to pick him up on my way through and where he would take the place of my Indian bearer, Mahomed Sharif.

It now only remained to collect equipment and supplies. Long practice in Himalayan travel made this a simple matter, and the necessary tents, camp furniture and provisions were all to be had in Calcutta. The only difficulty was to decide on the scale to be adopted. It was by no means certain what part of the country we should visit after leaving Lhasa, and it was consequently impossible to forecast

what our transport would be ; but it seemed best to take only light equipment of which no single article should weigh more than 60 lbs., and which would thus be suitable for any kind of transport, whether coolie, pony, yak or donkey. These requirements were eventually met by double-fly tents, 7 ft. by 7 ft., of which I bought two for ourselves and bell-tents for the servants. Gujjar Singh was already provided for, being permitted by the Survey Department to take with him the equipment he had had for the first Mount Everest expedition. He had also two servants, but these could be accommodated in the bell-tents with my Tibetans. As regards provisions, it was necessary to take everything except meat, the chief item being 320 lbs. of flour, which would be sufficient for two of us for eight months. Other necessaries included jam, golden syrup, butter—Tibetan butter being unfortunately uneatable—dried fruits, sugar, rice, tea, coffee, cocoa, and, to be kept mainly for emergencies, a certain amount of soup, milk, sardines, army rations, tinned fruit, sausages and biscuits. The only luxuries carried were European saddles, a canvas bath, a dozen bottles of whisky and a dozen of ginger-wine. The two last I have always found worth carrying when one is travelling in great cold at high altitudes. A “ whisky macdonald ” before dinner in the evening, after a long and wearing day, brings untold comfort and helps one to forget for the moment that the temperature is well below freezing and that the blizzard which began soon after midday will probably last till to-morrow morning. It also proved a

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE JOURNEY

popular drink with our many Tibetan visitors in Lhasa, so much so that before long it was necessary to send to our base for further supplies. Gujjar Singh being a Sikh and his cook a Garhwali Brahman, they also required special provisions of their own, which were bought, some in Gangtok, the rest in Lhasa.

Two important sections of equipment were clothing and presents; the former included an ample supply of warm suits and underclothing, fur-lined coats, fur caps and gloves and fur-lined Gilgit boots. Gum boots coming up to the thigh also proved extremely useful. For presents we carried a supply of felt hats of the "Homburg" variety, which are dearly loved by the Tibetan and are now to be seen in almost every corner of Tibet, no matter how remote. They are usually worn with the brim turned up and the crown undented, or nearly so, and impart an air of remarkable incongruity to the dress of the average Tibetan, who still retains his long woollen cloak, or *chuba*, and his long felt boots. Other presents included looking-glasses, clasp-knives, snow-goggles, cotton handkerchiefs and a variety of other small articles. We found also that European tinned foods were gladly accepted, more especially all sweet things such as jam, treacle, and chocolate. Biscuits and ginger-wine were also appreciated, but our experience definitely established the unsurpassed popularity of the felt hat. Among 90 per cent. of the population there was no present which appeared to give the recipient such unalloyed pleasure as a grey or green Homburg. Amongst the remaining 10 per

cent., which included monks, who do not usually wear hats, and higher officials, nothing was so popular as the new mechanical torches. We also took with us a considerable supply of cheap cigarettes, which proved useless, for we found that, under the orders of the Dalai Lama, cigarette smoking was forbidden to his subjects in Tibet; it is true that these orders were by no means universally obeyed, but it was not for us to encourage disobedience.

The last section of equipment to which reference need be made was that which included scientific instruments, of which the most important was a 4½-inch theodolite, to be employed for the determination of latitudes by stellar observations. This, together with aneroid barometers, thermometers, etc., was kindly lent to me by the Surveyor-General of India; at the same time Surveyor Gujjar Singh was equipped with all the instruments necessary for a plane-table survey. A well-filled medicine-chest was another important item, and many of its contents proved extremely useful, particularly Epsom salts, which in popularity were found to be second only to Homburg hats.

For the benefit of future travellers it may be as well to refer also to our sporting outfit. This consisted, to begin with, of a .350 single-barrelled rifle made for me by Messrs. Rigby & Co. over twenty years ago; a 7-mm. sporting Mauser; a double-barrelled shot-gun and an automatic repeating shot-gun; all these, except the last, were thoroughly satisfactory. The automatic gun was apparently unsuited to the physical conditions of Tibet,

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE JOURNEY

and jammed frequently. It was therefore necessary to return it to Calcutta and have it replaced by an ordinary double-barrelled gun. For ammunition we carried 200 rounds for the Mauser, 100 for the '350 and 500 12-bore cartridges. Having also two ice-axes and several geological hammers, we dispensed with revolvers. We carried, however, a 9-ft. trout rod and a small assortment of flies. As might be expected, experience proved that on journeys of this kind, it would be more convenient to have all the rifles of one calibre, thus avoiding the necessity of carrying more than one type of rifle ammunition. The Mauser was fully capable of dealing with any kind of game that we met with from a hare to a Sikkim stag, which latter is equal, if not superior, in size to the British red deer. Rarely did any animal require more than one shot, but it must be admitted that the Mauser was in the hands of an exceptionally fine marksman, it being the weapon used exclusively by Cosson during the journey; whether it would be capable of stopping a charging yak is another matter—probably not; unfortunately, we had no opportunity of testing this, as we met with no wild yak during our journey.

It was my intention to leave India for Tibet at the beginning of April, just about the time when the second Mount Everest Expedition would also be starting. As our routes would be largely the same, as far as Phari at the head of the Chumbi Valley, there might not have been sufficient local transport for both parties, so I decided to send all our provisions, and as much as possible of our camp equip-

ment, in advance to Gyantse. Thanks to the kind assistance of Major Bailey, these were sent up through a forwarding agency to Gyantse, where we found them waiting for us on our arrival. It was only necessary for us to retain our bedding, clothes, and the supplies required for about a fortnight, everything else being found in the excellent Government rest-houses met with at intervals of from 10 to 14 miles all the way up.

On receipt of my cable, César Cosson left Courmayeur immediately and sailed on March 2nd from Venice by the Lloyd-Triestino ss. *Cracovia* for Bombay, where he was due to arrive on the 18th. I arrived there myself on the 17th to meet him, but found that the steamer had been diverted to Karachi. She ultimately reached Bombay on March 21st, and we left the same afternoon for Calcutta, travelling via Delhi, where we spent a day or two in sight-seeing. We eventually left Calcutta on the 27th for Darjeeling, which was to be our jumping-off ground for Gangtok and Tibet. We were not sorry to get away, for Calcutta was already a good deal hotter than we liked, and we looked forward to the fresh mountain air and the finest view in the world, which we expected to find in Darjeeling.

CHAPTER II

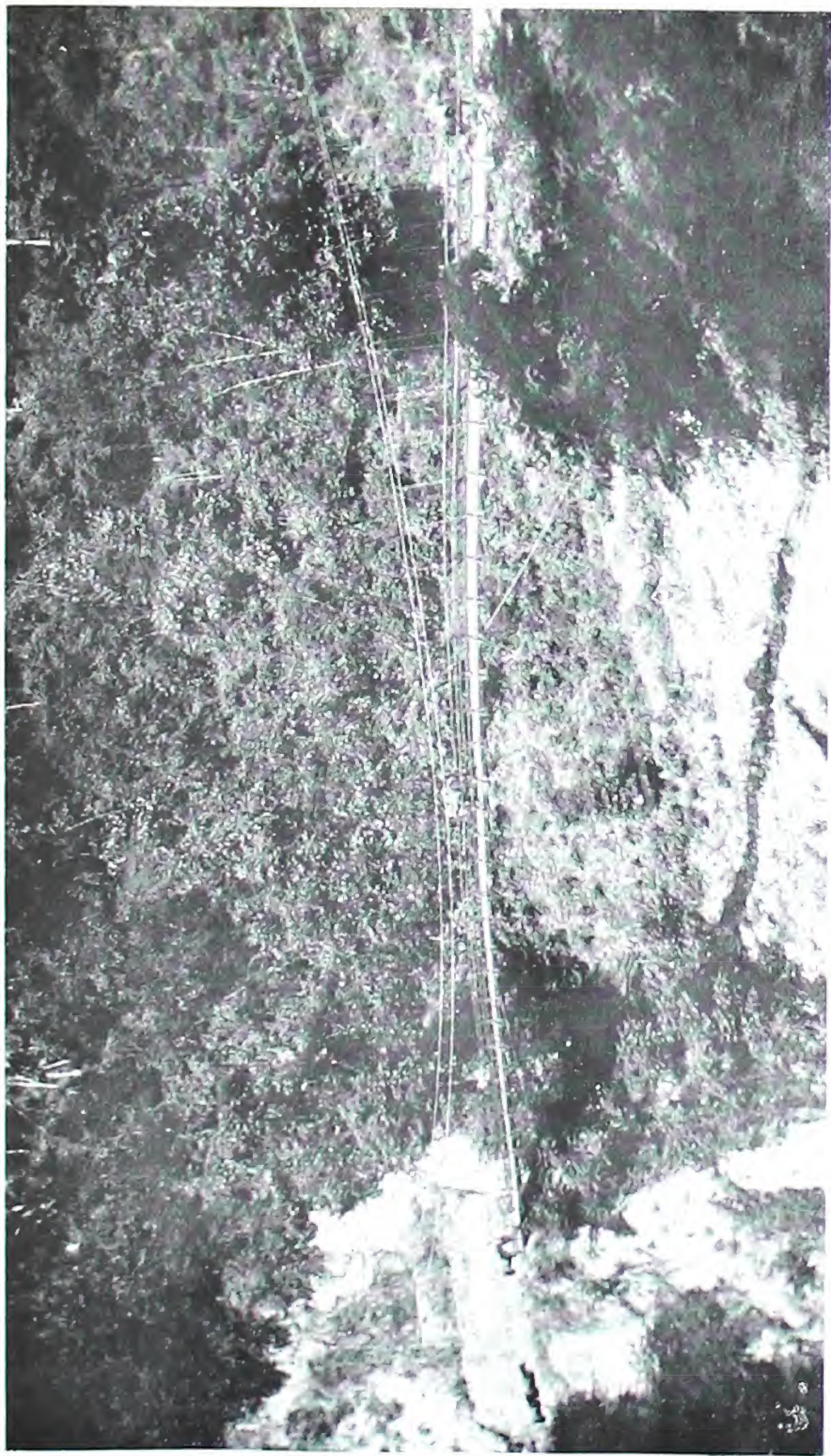
DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

I HAD long looked forward to hearing the first impressions of the wonders of Kinchinjunga on one who had lived for thirty-five years in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and as the little train climbed up the hill-sides past Kurseong, I watched eagerly for a glimpse of the well-known view; but all we saw was an impenetrable blanket of blue haze, which fell upon us at Kurseong and remained with us till, two weeks later, we crossed the Natu La¹ into Tibet. That one could travel for days through the Great Himalayan Range in the early spring without a glimpse of a single snowy peak seems almost incredible. We had hoped that at least we might see the snows in the early morning; but this was the jungle-burning season on the plains and in the outer hills, and the smoke rising from below covered the mountains and filled the valleys between us and Kinchinjunga. It was not, indeed, till our return nearly seven months later that we saw any of the great peaks of the Sikkim Himalaya.

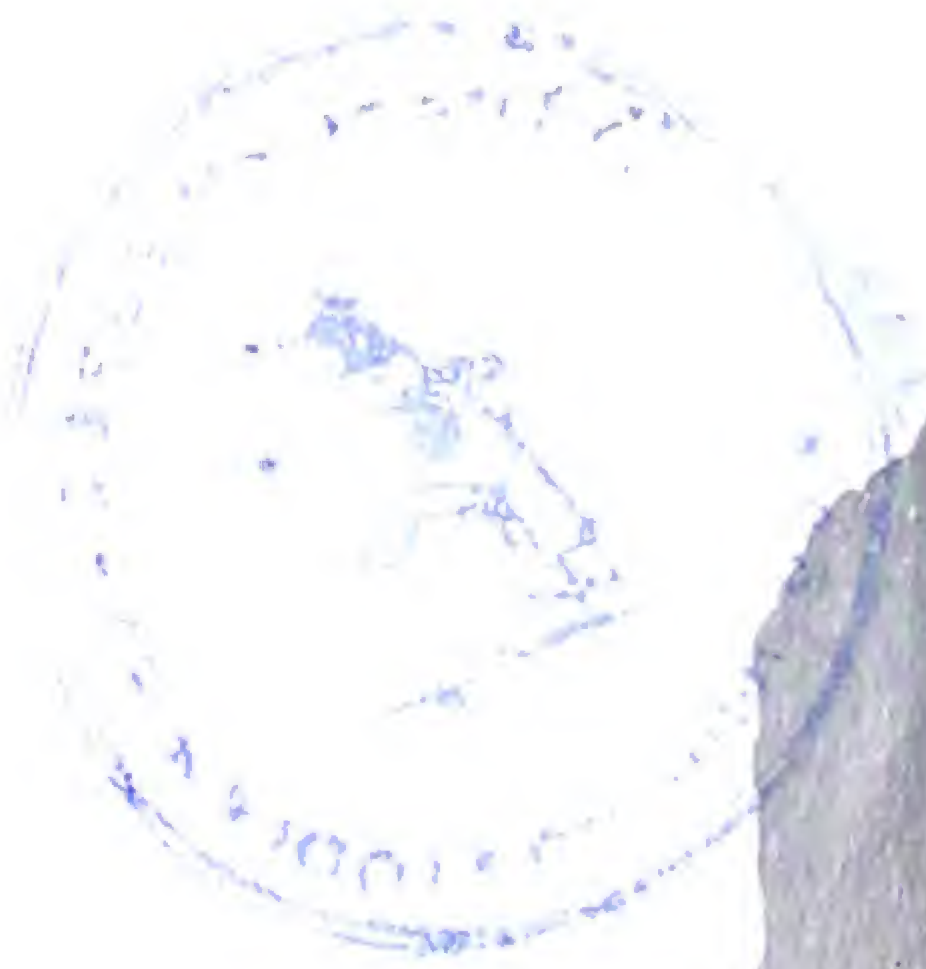
On arrival at Darjeeling we were met by Nyima in all the grandeur of a new warm suit and a highly ornamental Tibetan fur cap. As we proposed to set

¹ *La* = pass. For pronunciation of Tibetan names see pages 100-102

out the next day for our first march on the road to Gangtok, there was no time to be lost in arranging for transport. I had written some days beforehand to the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Donovan, to ask him to help me in engaging the coolies that would be required to take us to Gangtok. On inquiry at his office we found that all arrangements had been made, and in the course of the afternoon between twenty and thirty men, all fine, young, upstanding fellows, turned up at our hotel under the charge of a buxom and much-bejewelled young woman, who said that she was the agent appointed by the Government to supply coolies, for each of whom she would be entitled to charge a small fee. They would all be ready, she said, to start next morning, but in the meantime required money to buy themselves warm clothing, boots, etc., and also an advance of pay to leave with their families. As it is not usual to provide warm clothing for coolies engaged by the day in the hills, even when they remain with one for all the five stages from Darjeeling to Gangtok, we asked the agent what she meant and then discovered that, owing to a misunderstanding as to my requirements, the coolies had been engaged to go with us to Lhasa and expected to remain with us for several months. We pointed out that there was a mistake, and that we had no intention of taking Darjeeling coolies beyond Gangtok. This appeared to be a sad disappointment to many of them, as they had rejoiced at this opportunity of making a pilgrimage to Lhasa, which is the Mecca of all Tibetan Buddhists. One of them, Temba by name,



A SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN SIKKIM



CHANGU LAKE AND REST-HOUSE

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

was so insistent that we should take him with us, and his request was so ably backed by the agent, who proved to be his wife, that we eventually agreed to take him with us to Lhasa. He had originally been selected among the coolies who were to accompany the Everest Expedition, but attached himself to us when he saw a prospect of going to Lhasa. It was difficult to know what to do with him, as he had had no training as a servant ; his wife, however, who was clearly the predominant partner, said that he would turn his hand to anything—as indeed he did, though not always with remarkable success.

We proposed to make an early start the next morning, so ordered the coolies for 5 a.m. ; all loads were made ready the night before, so that there should be no delay in the morning. When the morning came we were up and ready to start at daybreak ; but there was no sign of coolies, nor did any arrive till 10 o'clock, and it was not until after lunch that we were able to start. None of the men that we had seen on the previous day had appeared ; they did not consider it worth while to go with us merely to Gangtok, and sent instead their sisters and their wives. The women in the Darjeeling Hills are just as good porters as the men, and are not so liable to fall victims to the attractions of the wayside beer-shop ; so we were quite content that the coolies should be women. Fortunately, our first stage was a short one of only seven miles, or two and a half hours, to the nearest rest-house, Badamtam, where we arrived in the middle of the afternoon, feeling that we were at last on our way to Lhasa.

The road to Gangtok is too well known to call for any description, and our five-day march provided no particular incidents. On the second day out, however, Cosson complained of a pain in his leg, and admitted that he had been suffering for some days from neuralgic pains in his calf and ankle, possibly due to an old wound received during the war. He had said nothing about this, hoping that the pain would disappear, but instead of that it gradually grew worse. He made light of it, and we continued to do our daily marches on foot to Gangtok.

From Badamtam our road lay through Namchi, Temi and Shamdong, crossing first the valley of the Rungit and subsequently that of the Tista. In the latter valley we passed through "Middle Camp," so named by the 32nd Sikh Pioneers, who had lived there for some months when they were making the cart-road to Gangtok in 1903-4. It was a hot day, and most of the inhabitants were sitting in the shade by the road-side engaged in the favourite occupation of their leisure moments, or, as Cosson puts it in his diary, "*tout le monde était occupé à donner la chasse aux poux.*"

We arrived at Gangtok on the morning of April 2nd, where we found old friends in the person of the Political Agent, Major Bailey, and his wife, with whom we spent three very pleasant days. Here we met Captain Eric Parker, who was on his way back to Gyantse, where he was in command of the escort of the British Trade Agent. On arrival we were also met by an elderly Tibetan in smart European clothing, with the usual Homburg hat, and wearing

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

the long gold and turquoise ear-ring affected by all the richer and more important people in Tibet. We took him at first for an official of the Sikkim State, and were much taken aback when he told us that he was Lhakpa, the servant who had been engaged for us by Major Bailey. He was evidently a capable and experienced traveller, and proved useful in making arrangements for our subsequent start from Gangtok. Here also we found Kusho K. K. Möndrong, chief adviser on mining matters to the Tibetan Government, who had been sent down from Lhasa to meet us and to make all arrangements for our journey up. Kusho Möndrong had been sent to England when a boy, and had been educated for four years at Rugby ; he subsequently went to Camborne for a year to study mining. Being a fluent English scholar, he was a very useful addition to our party and remained with us throughout the whole of our stay in Tibet.

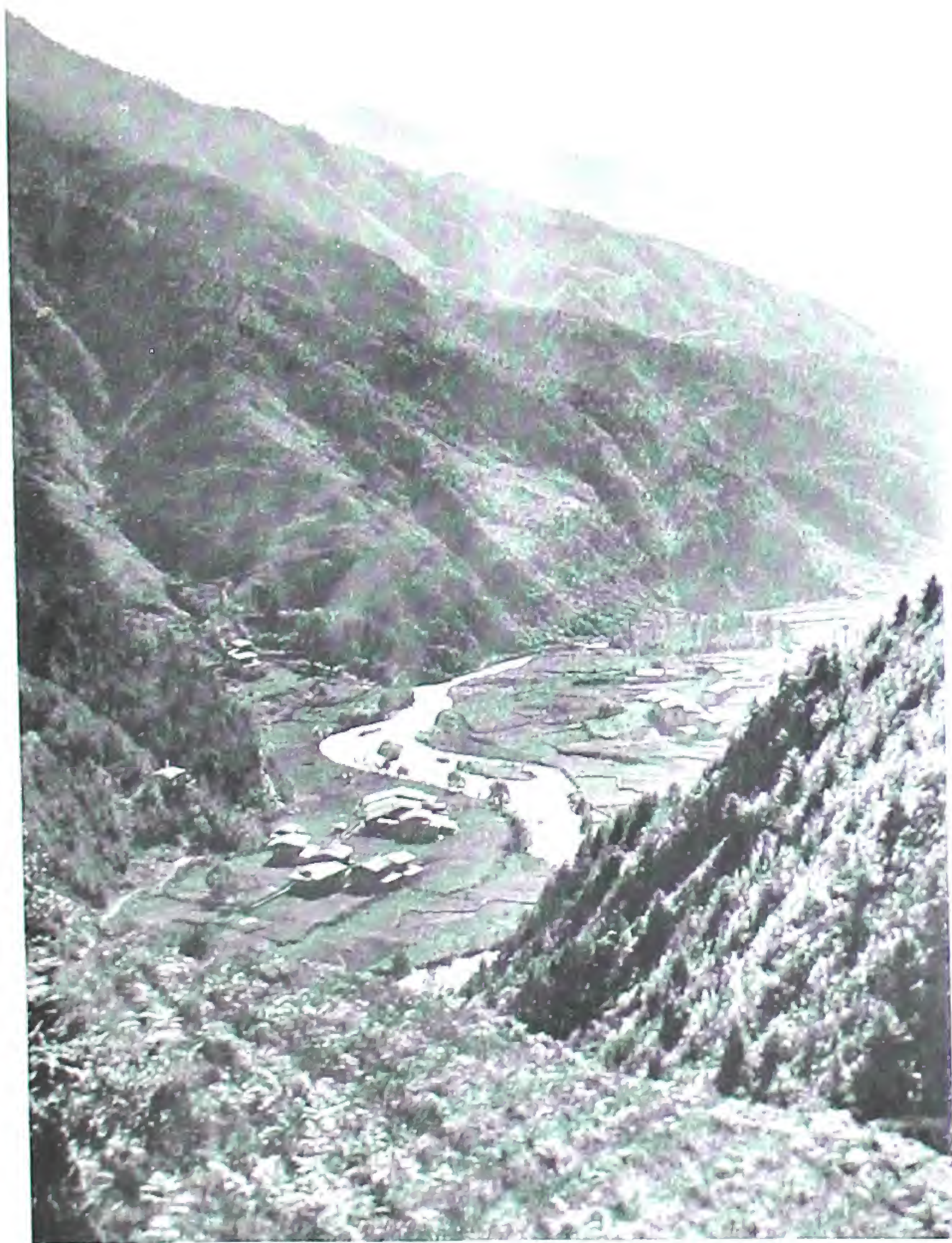
The day after our arrival at Gangtok, Surveyor Gujjar Singh marched in, having come by the lower, or Tista Valley, road from Darjeeling, and as the size of our joint party would have strained the local transport resources, we decided to move up in detachments, Kusho Möndrong and Gujjar Singh marching one day ahead.

On April 5th we got together our transport for the march to Chumbi, where we were to pick up new transport kindly provided for us by the Tibetan Government. There being a good bridle-track from Gangtok to the top of the Natu La, which is the boundary between Sikkim and Tibet, we hired mules

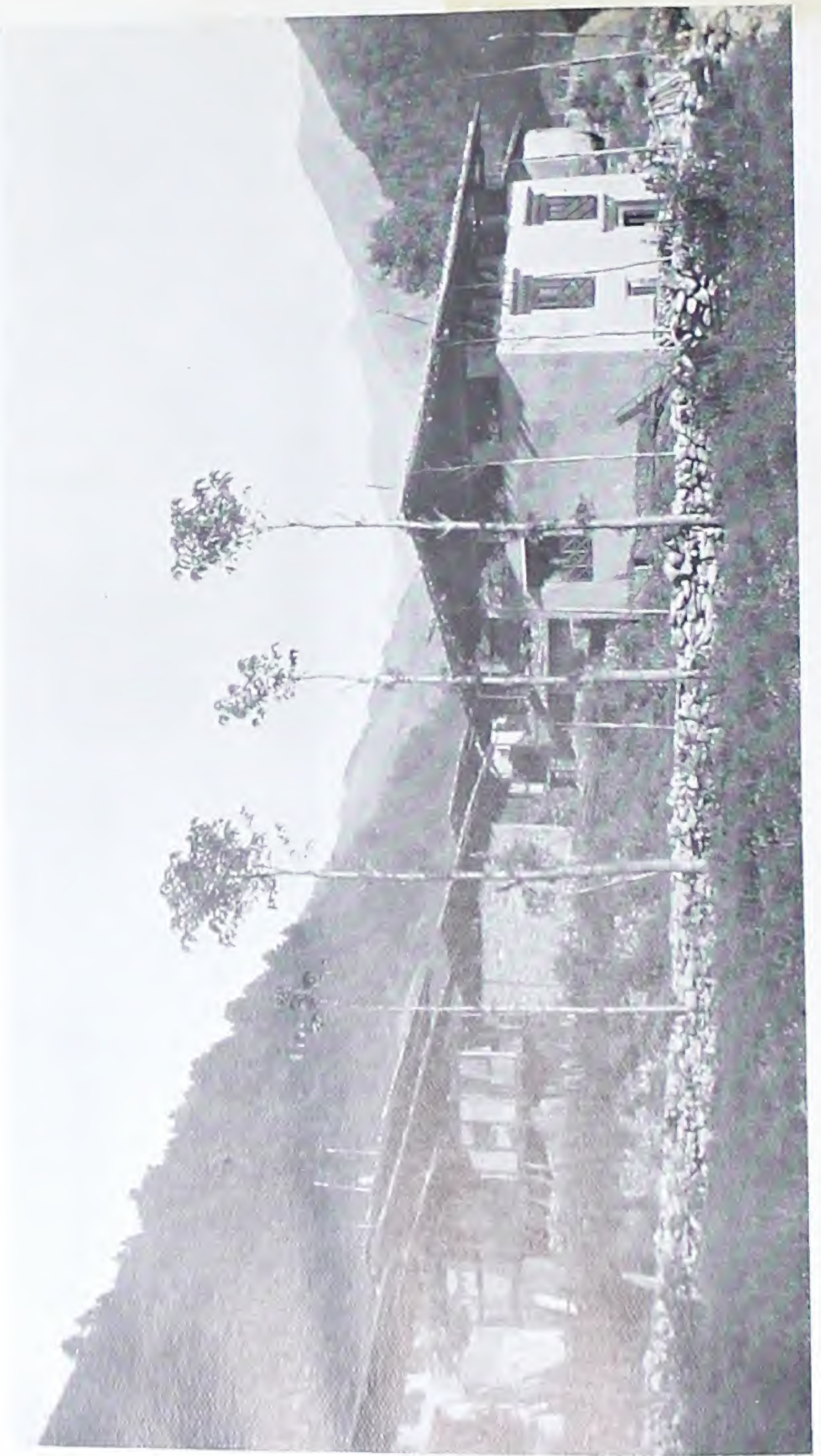
and ponies, including two riding-ponies for ourselves. Cosson's leg was by no means better and had indeed given him much pain during our stay at Gangtok, so much so that it had been necessary to take medical advice. The trouble was diagnosed as rheumatism, and we tried rubbing with liniment. This treatment had not yet alleviated the pain, which was sometimes so great as to necessitate a sleeping draught at night. It was therefore undesirable that he should walk, and we proposed to have ponies with us on all our marches in future. In any case this would be necessary in Tibet, where no one walks if he can find anything with four legs to ride on ; a mule or pony for choice, but failing that a donkey or a yak ; and, as honoured guests of the Government, it would be necessary for us, out of consideration for our hosts, to ride or at least to have ponies led with us on the march.

On April 6th we made our real start for Tibet. Our first stage was a short and easy one through typical semi-tropical Sikkim forest to Karponang, where we found a draughty wooden bungalow standing on a ridge in a small clearing. Below was forest as far as we could see, while above us again was also forest, but broken here and there by precipitous grey cliffs of slate and gradually dying away into a ragged fringe of fir-trees standing up against the sky-line thousands of feet above us. We had already climbed considerably and were in a climate very different from that of Gangtok, cold and wintry—a foretaste indeed of what was to come. In the forest below the spring was far advanced, and we had even

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THE CHUMBI VALLEY



CHAMPUTANG

found wild strawberries, almost ripe, along the roadside banks. Here it was still early spring, and the magnolias were only just bursting into blossom.

Next day we made an early start for Changu, the last stage before the Natu La. The road continued to wind up through forest, still of the same type as that of yesterday: mighty trees, with branches swathed in fern and lichen, rising out of a sea of dwarf bamboo so dense that even the light could barely penetrate. The path wound round steep spurs, sometimes above, sometimes below, sometimes even excavated half-way up the face of, giddy precipices, then into deep valleys in which mountain torrents swollen by recent rains rushed foaming down, bringing with them a cataract of mud and rocks. Here and there the path had been carried away or was blocked by a giant boulder or a fallen tree, the winter's legacy; but our mules and ponies, well accustomed to the journey to and fro in all seasons and all weathers, made light of obstacles which, if they could not be cleared, could always fortunately be turned. And so we climbed for perhaps three hours along the precipitous forest-clad hills, whose topography clearly indicated a country of torrential rainfall. Then a turn in the road, a short, sharp climb, still through the same dense bamboo undergrowth, and suddenly we were on the edge of an alpine valley, the Sikkim forest left behind, and the hill-sides covered with spruce and larch and rhododendron—and such rhododendron! We had heard and read much of the marvels of the Sikkim rhododendrons; all the way from Darjeeling we had looked

for them in vain and had begun to wonder if they were not a myth after all. For the last mile or two, it is true, a few trees of the common red variety, familiar throughout the Himalaya, had begun to appear here and there, but they had not prepared us for the gorgeous blaze of colour which now burst on us with such startling suddenness. Masses of white, of red, of mauve—tree after tree a riot of blossom. It was difficult to tear ourselves away, but the morning was wearing on and we were only half-way on our day's journey. So we passed along, still rising, though much more gradually now, up through a fir-clad valley, its higher contours showing their glacial origin as clearly as the precipitous hill-sides now left behind had given evidence of a history of torrential rains. Only the valley-bottom showed the characteristic forms of erosion due to water; even now, however, such action is only intermittent, for, as we passed, we found most of the streams still winter-bound and the small mountain rills merely long cascades of ice. Snow, too, was lying on the higher slope of all the ridges, for we were now approaching an elevation of 13,000 ft. Soon the rhododendrons were no longer trees, but merely tangled shrubs, and their flowers hardly more than buds. Still, it was spring all the same, for the sheltered slopes beneath the forest of spruce and larch were ablaze with red primulas, already in full blossom.

As it left the road the forest climbed up an old moraine, which dammed the valley, and behind which we found a mountain lake, nestling in the

DARJEELING TO GRANTSE

hills, and, towering over it, barren and desolate, the rugged, granite cliffs of the flanking ridges of the Natu La. The surface of the water was broken here and there by the ripple of rising fish, and a family of goosander was busily engaged in diving for its morning meal. Farther on at the head of the lakes half a dozen pochard were equally busy in the shallows along the turfy bank, standing on their heads after the ridiculous manner of ducks, feeding in the mud. The bungalow was just above the lake, and we were soon settled down before a good fire and a hot lunch. After lunch we decided to try and bag some pochard for the pot ; we took our guns and posted ourselves near the head of the lake, sending a servant round to the other side to put up the duck. They rose well and passed over Cosson, who distinguished himself by bringing down a high and fast bird. This was the first shot he had ever taken at flying game, for though a remarkable rifle shot and no mean shot at hare, he had hitherto had no experience of flying birds.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon snow began to fall. It continued practically all night, and we left in snow the next morning for the Natu La. The whole country was white and indescribably desolate ; except for innumerable tracks of the monál pheasant in the snow, there was no sign of bird or animal life, and no sound to break the dead stillness of this dreary region. Fortunately, the road to the pass was excellent and, except for the last mile or so, the ascent very gradual. As we started on the last steep ascent the snow began to fall more heavily, and, as we approached the top of the pass, we found our-

selves in driving snow and wind which, on the col itself, became a blizzard. So dense was the snow that for some time it was impossible to find the track, and we stumbled about among snow-drifts, into one of which two of our ponies fell, being rescued only with great difficulty and with the loss of a saddle. Although the road in normal conditions was well known to the muleteers, we were completely lost for some time, but eventually stumbled on to the right track and as we descended the weather cleared. About half-way down we met a party of Tibetans riding up, all heavily wrapped in furs and their faces hidden by the flaps of their fur caps and their goggles. One of them appeared to be a person of some importance, but conditions were not such as to encourage a halt for conversation, and we left them to go on their way into the blizzard. We subsequently found out that this was the Sukhang Depon, a Tibetan general, on his way to Sikkim on State business. When we met him many months afterwards in Lhasa, he expressed regret at not having stopped to speak to us, but explained that although he had heard that we were on our way, it had not occurred to him that the two Europeans whom he met stumbling on foot through the snow could be such important personages as ourselves! How, even to preserve his dignity, anyone could have ridden down that dangerous slope with rocky pitfalls at every step hidden by the snow, it is difficult to conceive, and it was not till we had been in Tibet for some time that we realised the risks that the Tibetan will willingly take to avoid the loss of





GYANTSE PEASANTS

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

dignity involved in going on foot. No matter how steep, no matter how rough, no matter how dangerous the road, wherever the pony can go his rider goes also, and on his back.

At the foot of the pass we found ourselves again in dwarf rhododendron and willow, and, a little lower down, in forest of spruce and larch, and we soon reached the little wooden bungalow of Champutang, where breakfast and a roaring fire helped us to forget our troubles of the morning. From here we looked down into the Chumbi Valley, and were immediately struck by its resemblance to the valleys of the Alps. This extends even to the houses, and, although there are many similar valleys in other, especially in the more westerly, parts of the Himalayas, there is nothing else like it in Tibet. As a part of Tibet, in fact, the Chumbi Valley is an ethnological and political accident.

It was still early and we decided, instead of stopping here for the night, to do a double march into Chumbi, the British Trade Agency's headquarters. We were on the march again soon after midday, and, after a long and steep descent into the valley, reached Yatung at 4 o'clock. We were met outside the village by Kusho Möndrong, and, a little farther on, by a messenger from the Tibetan Trade Agent, who presented a silk scarf (*katag*) with an invitation from his master to take tea with him as we passed. Although the weather was again threatening, and we were still some miles from our destination, we could not well refuse the Trade Agent's invitation, since he represents here the

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN TIBET

Government of Tibet. We were met at the gate by the Trade Agent himself, and were taken into a room facing the courtyard. At the low windows rows of long flat cushions, laid one on the other, made a divan which served as a seat during the day and a bed at night. Similar cushions ran along another side of the room and beside them were small wooden tea tables, carved and painted in brilliant designs of red, blue and gold. The walls were hung with painted scrolls representing lamaist deities. In the middle of the room four chairs were arranged round a table on which were Tibetan cups on silver saucers, small bowls of sweetmeats and dried fruits. This was our first experience of Tibetan tea. To most Europeans it is at first horribly nauseating, which is unfortunate, since etiquette demands the acceptance of at least two cups, a third indeed being advisable, but not absolutely compulsory ; one only is a serious breach of etiquette and brings bad luck to the house. The tea is a thick, greasy mixture compounded of Chinese green tea boiled in a brass pot for some time, a small quantity of carbonate of soda being added. When sufficiently boiled it is transferred to a churn, which is a long wooden cylinder, often as much as three or four feet long and six inches wide, with a tightly fitting wooden piston. Salt and butter are then added and the whole mixture churned to a thick emulsion which is poured into a teapot and then put on a charcoal fire to be kept warm for use throughout the day. Before drinking one has to blow away the greasy film of butter from the edge of the cup, and as this butter was never really washed when it

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

was made and has been kept sewn up in a goat-skin ever since—sometimes for as many as fifty years—it may be imagined that to the tyro the task of swallowing two cups is not an easy one. With practice, however, even three are possible ; one looks upon it more or less as medicine, for although nasty, it is warming and sustaining, and, after a cold and windy journey, one almost comes to welcome the teapot which awaits one everywhere.

Having drunk tea we proposed to move on, as we could already hear the rumble of a thunderstorm not far off. This, however, was not to be, for we discovered that our host intended that we should also take a more elaborate meal, and servants now brought in dishes of meat, vegetables and a kind of vermicelli, all cooked in rich sauces with spice and other condiments. Altogether we were faced with fourteen different dishes, each brought to us in a little china bowl, with another bowl of boiled rice which takes the place of the bread of an English dinner-table. With the food came also chop-sticks, which, however, defeated us. After a few efforts Cosson proclaimed his inability to eat with “*deux morceaux de bois*,” and I fully sympathised with him ; fortunately forks and spoons were also forthcoming. The meal was rounded off with the teapot once more and also with a variety of liqueurs, including Chinese spirits and a Tibetan spirit made from barley, a raw and intensely fiery alcohol.

We were now at liberty to proceed on our journey, having two or three miles still to go to the rest-house a little higher up the valley. While we were at tea

the baggage had passed through Yatung, but had not yet reached Chumbi, and before either it or we arrived at the bungalow the long-threatened storm had broken and both we and our baggage were drenched. Cosson came off rather better than I did, for, as we left the Trade Agent's house, his pony decided to avoid the storm if possible, and, taking charge, did the last three miles at a gallop. After the long double march my pony was too tired to care what happened to it, and we were left far behind. Fortunately, half-way I was met by an excellent little pony which had been sent by Mr. Macdonald to bring me in. When I arrived at the rest-house Cosson had already unloaded all the baggage. Our bedding was wet through and it took some time before a roaring fire to dry it out sufficiently for use that night. At the bungalow we found Kusho Möndrong and Gujjar Singh, who were waiting here till we arrived. We also found another room in the possession of the servants of two travellers who were to arrive that evening via the Jelap La, and who did in fact arrive shortly after. They proved to be Captain Finch and Mr. Crawford of the Mount Everest Expedition ; the rest of the party had already passed through, but they had been delayed in India by the late arrival of the oxygen apparatus which Captain Finch had made his speciality. They and their coolies had had an even worse time than we had. The Jelap is a more difficult and steeper pass, and their double march from Gnatong in Sikkim was longer than ours from Changu ; their coolies, many of whom were very poorly clad, had suffered severely in the

DARJEELING TO GRANTSE

blizzard which had met them also on the pass ; their clothes were torn and ragged and their feet sore and bruised. Fortunately the hill coolie is of a happy disposition, and, once he gets to his journey's end, a good fire and a square meal soon help him to forget the troubles of the day. We were much interested in Captain Finch's oxygen apparatus ; each outfit, consisting of four cylinders, weighed 36 lbs. and carried enough oxygen to last for seven hours.

At Chumbi we were to change to transport provided by the Tibetan Government, so we paid off our Gangtok ponies and decided to halt for the next day, partly to dry out our kit and also to allow Kusho Möndrong and Gujjar Singh to get ahead again. Kusho Möndrong was furnished with a letter from the Tibetan Government and bearing the seal of the "Kashag," or Council, a body which, subject to the orders of the Dalai Lama, is responsible for the practical administration of the country. This letter called upon all Tibetan subjects to give me and my party every assistance and to provide us with free transport and with such supplies as we might require. It was always desirable that the people responsible for providing transport and supplies should be notified of our requirements a day or two in advance, and for this reason it was decided that Kusho Möndrong should go ahead, and, as the rest-houses along the road were small, it was better to split up our party equally, so Gujjar Singh also went ahead with him. Finch and Crawford were to start the same day, but prepared to do a double march of about twenty-eight miles to Phari, while

Möndrong and Gujjar Singh would halt at Gautsa, about twelve miles above Chumbi. Finch and Crawford were not starting till the afternoon, and Mr. Macdonald kindly invited us all to lunch at the British Trade Agent's headquarters across the valley.

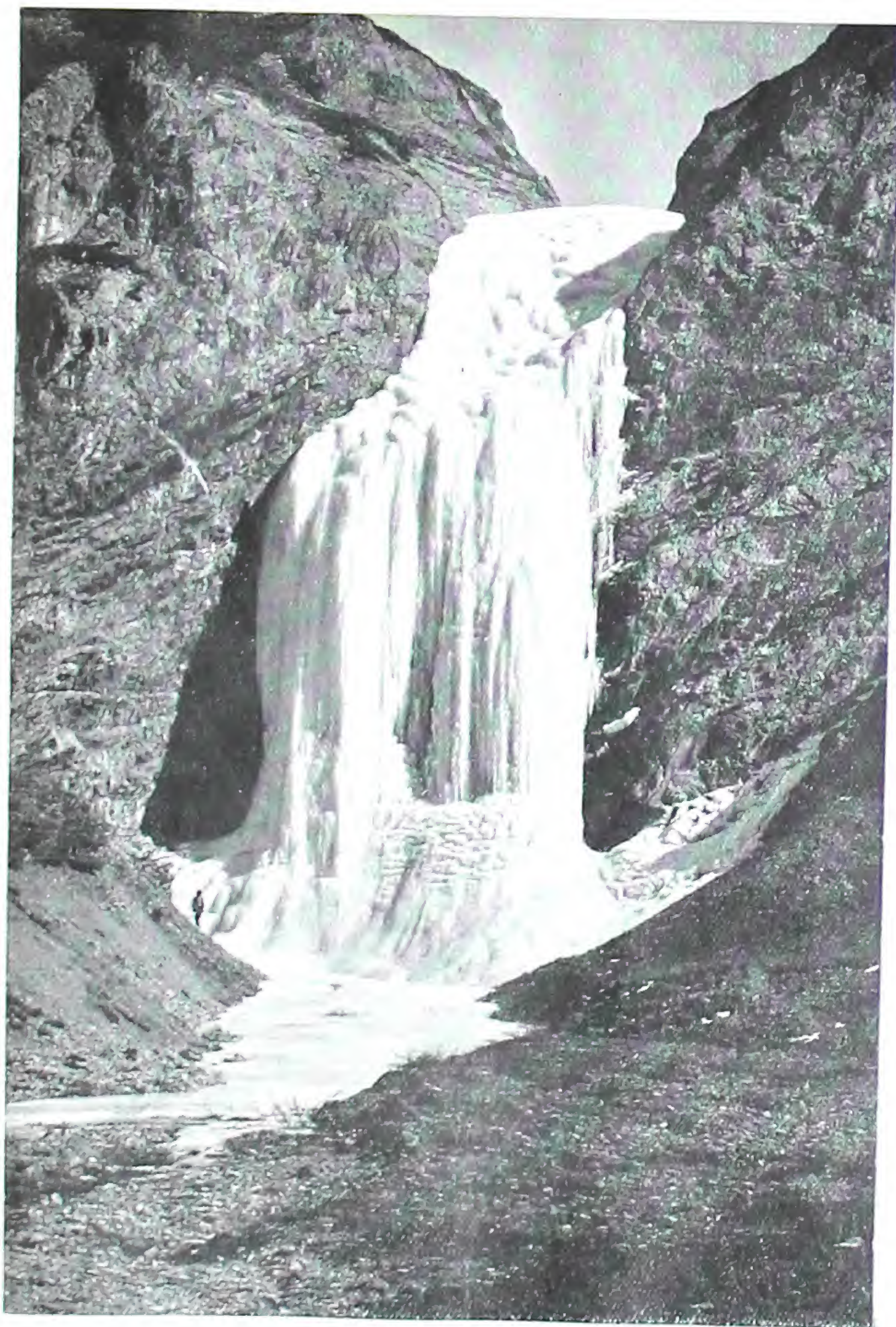
In the afternoon we repacked our baggage, which after a bright sunny morning was once more dry. As we had passed on the previous day through woods of pine and spruce, Cosson had recalled the resin plaster, a remedy employed in the Alps for strains and similar maladies. He thought of using it for his leg, so we sent a man out to collect resin from the pines and spruces above the bungalow, and he soon came in with a small tin full, to be employed in case the present remedies were of no avail. His leg, indeed, was causing me no little anxiety. Gyantse, which we should reach in about eight days, would be the last place at which we should find medical advice, and I hoped that by the time we arrived there he would be better. We still continued to employ the liniment and other remedies given us at Gangtok.

Next morning we had hoped for an early start, but as half our transport had to come from villages four or five miles above Chumbi and the remainder from others as much as six or seven miles below, there were no signs of ponies till the morning was well advanced, and we finally left shortly before midday. It was a beautiful morning, with a very decided feeling of spring in the air. The fields below the bungalow were full of sprouting corn, and alive with innumerable larks, presumably resting till conditions farther north were more favourable for

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

the next stage in their migration. As we passed they rose like swarms of bees, all the valley was full of them, and their numbers must have run well into the thousands. We crossed the Chumbi River by the bridge below the bungalow, and, as we passed the parade ground below the British Trade Agent's house, Mr. Macdonald came out to meet us, with his flag and an escort of mounted infantry. He proposed to see us on our way and rode with us as far as the old Chinese wall below Ga-ling-ka, where we regretfully said good-bye, he to return to Chumbi and we to cross the plain of Lingmathang and take the steep and stony valley road to Gautsa, where we found welcome fires awaiting us in the rest-house ; as we settled in for the night, the snow came down once more and we were soon in an entirely white world. As we were not to change transport till we reached Phari the next day, the Chumbi mules and ponies were put up in a shed near the bungalow. This was a cold and draughty place, and when I went down to see if they were being fed, I found that a mounted infantry pony, which had been kindly put at my disposal by Captain Eric Parker for my journey from Chumbi to Gyantse, was suffering from colic. Fortunately, the usual remedies brought it round, and by the evening it appeared to have recovered. The next morning, as we had a long march before us, which would evidently be through snow all day, we made an early start and got the baggage off soon after breakfast. My mounted infantry pony had been brought to the bungalow saddled, but without a bridle, and, as its bridle was

being put on and its head collar removed, it took the opportunity to make good its escape and made down the road to Chumbi. Lhakpa and Temba went after it, one on foot and the other on a pony, while I waited at the bungalow till they should bring it back. An hour passed and then an hour and a half, and no pony arrived, so I decided to leave it for either Lhakpa or Temba to ride when they had caught it, and to take the spare pony which they had left behind. The baggage was now well ahead and we started off through the rocky gorges above Gautsa. The ground and the leafless trees were covered with snow and the valley was drear and desolate ; the cold was intense. Of animal life we saw nothing at first but a few small birds searching vainly for an errant worm. Later we saw a black bear crossing the high snow-covered slope above us ; unfortunately, the rifles were not with us, and by the time we had reached them the bear was too far away for us to follow. We went on up the steep rocky valley, the path a mass of boulders hidden by the snow ; but, as we climbed higher, the valley opened out and we passed the frozen waterfall of Dothak, which is one of the sights of the road to Gyantse. Here we found snow-pigeon searching the track for stray grain ; although they would have been a very welcome addition to the larder, we were forced to leave them in peace, for the guns were packed on the ponies and difficult to get at. It still snowed from time to time, but the sun was struggling to pierce the clouds and the glare became so intense that we had to get out our snow-goggles. As we came out on to



FROZEN FALLS AT DOTHAK



BAM TSO AND CHUMOLHARI

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

the Phari plain we met a biting easterly wind, which, in combination with the glare from the snow, soon gave us badly chapped lips and sore and burnt faces. It was many weeks before we got over the effects of glare and wind, which daily made our faces more painful. This indeed is one of the greatest trials of Tibetan travel at this time of year, and if one were really wise one would adopt the use of a thick veil or wrap one's face up completely, as do the Tibetans. Although we had not shaved since we left Gangtok, our beards were not yet sufficient to protect our faces, as they did later on.

A mile or two from Phari we were met by the two Dzongpöns, the officials responsible for the administration of the Phari district. They are so called because they are in charge of the Dzong, or fort, the large building which, though not necessarily a fortress, dominates the administrative headquarters of every Tibetan district. As we rode up the Dzongpöns dismounted, and after presenting us with scarves, rode in ahead *ventre à terre* to be ready to receive us again at the rest-house. It was about midday when we arrived, and here we made our first acquaintance with the presents which are offered to travelling officials at every stage. Wherever we went we found the same invariable custom. Some distance out we were met by the local headmen with their attendant satellites, a group that we soon learnt to look out for anxiously when we felt that our day's march was becoming unduly long ; for when we saw the "reception committee" we knew we were very near our journey's end. As at Phari, so elsewhere,

after the presentation of scarves, the reception committee rode off ahead rapidly, while we followed more sedately, to be received in state on arrival at our camp. As we came in, men would rush to meet us two to each pony, one on the right and one on the left, and, each taking a rein, would lead the pony in. When we were ready to dismount others would seize the stirrups, often producing a pile of cushions or a box or leading us to a boulder to use as a dismounting stone. Tibetan tea was then brought and was followed by a procession bearing trays of eggs, grain, butter, meat, or such of these as might be produced locally. At Phari our presents consisted of trays of grain and eggs, an immense mass of butter sewn up in a goatskin and a whole sheep skinned, dried and mummified, which sat up on its haunches on the floor.

After duly receiving the presents, we dismissed the Dzongpöns with the necessary orders for the next day's march. The Chumbi transport was to be dismissed at Phari and other ponies engaged there for the journey to Gyantse. Although, as a guest of the Tibetan Government, I was provided with transport free of charge, I knew that this meant merely that the animals required for my party would be impressed from the villagers, this being a part of the system of forced labour prevalent in most oriental countries. It is an undoubted hardship to the individual villager to have to divert his animals, as well as himself, from their ordinary work and leave his home perhaps for several days, receiving nothing in return. I decided, therefore, always to pay for

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DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

our transport at the current rate of hire, which is in most parts of Tibet two tankas¹ per stage for each animal. I did this throughout the whole of my journey and found that it was greatly appreciated by the people.

Late in the evening Lhakpa and Temba returned with my mounted infantry pony. It had taken them practically all the way to Chumbi, and they had not caught it till they reached the place where we had parted from Mr. Macdonald the day before. They had had a long and hard day, having covered about forty miles, most of it on foot ; Lhakpa had succeeded in losing the mounted infantry bridle, which he had replaced by a very inferior Tibetan substitute ; both servants had evidently succumbed at more than one stage of the journey to the attractions of *chang* (Tibetan beer), and Lhakpa was quite unable to give any explanation as to what had happened to the bridle ; he and Temba had also apparently quarrelled, and were not on speaking terms on arrival. Their fondness for *chang* is undoubtedly the chief drawback to Tibetan servants, more especially to those that one picks up in Darjeeling. Whenever we were camped at a village at which it was procurable—and there are very few at which it is not to be had—at least half our domestic staff were in a perpetual state of either exuberant hilarity or extreme despondency. *Chang*, which is made from barley by fermentation, is a clear, colourless, acrid liquid with a not unpleasant taste ; when one is hot and tired, it is extremely refreshing ; it is very mild,

¹ 5 tankas = 1 rupee.

and it was a standing puzzle to us how the servants could drink enough to arrive at the stage of intoxication that they usually reached by the evening.

The sky had been overcast all day, but towards evening the clouds lifted and we had our first view of Chumolhari, which, though barely 24,000 feet, is one of the finest solitary peaks of the Himalaya. Cosson's climbing instincts were at once aroused and he studied the mountain carefully in search of the best line of attack. Climbing, however, was not part of our programme, nor would the weather have been suitable. Phari was still in the grip of winter, and the cold next morning was intense as we crossed the Tang La in the face of a biting wind. Our faculties, however, were not too benumbed to allow of our admiring once more the magnificent view of Chumolhari. We were both struck by the remarkable resemblance of this view of it to the Matterhorn. From the Tang La we dropped imperceptibly down to the vast plain, some thirty miles long by perhaps as many wide, which stretches all the way to Tuna. The monotony of our ride across it was somewhat relieved by the sight of many *kyang*, the wild ass of Tibet, which were dotted about the plain and which on our approach wheeled into line and drew up into what looked in the distance like squadrons of cavalry, such was their regularity. The cold continued to be intense throughout the whole ride, as indeed it always is on the Tuna plain, which is swept from dawn to sunset by a wind so violent and so cold that even furs are unable to resist it. We reached Tuna early in the afternoon, and, when the baggage arrived,

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NANGKARTSE DZONG



YAMDROK TSO

we set out to replenish our larder, which was very low. The Phari dried sheep we had not found appetising, especially as we had not seen its death certificate and it was quite possible that it might have died of disease. The animal had certainly been dead for months, and, as is usual in Tibet, had been kept in cold storage, the climate lending itself naturally to this mode of preservation. We decided, however, that we preferred our meat freshly killed, and we never succeeded in bringing ourselves to eat this dried mutton. Fortunately our Tibetan servants had none of our qualms, so there was no difficulty in disposing of the carcasses which so frequently formed an integral part of the presents offered to us at each stage. The result of our afternoon's sport at Tuna was nine pigeons killed and two hares missed. The failure in the matter of the hares is perhaps excusable, as we were scrambling at the time along a rough and stony hill-side in the teeth of a blizzard, our faces stung with hail and our hands so cold that we could hardly hold our guns.

For me Tuna evoked many memories. For three months I had lived there in a tent in winter—January 8 to April 5, 1904—with the Tibet Frontier Commission. It was no less desolate and hardly less cold than it had been eighteen years before. It was interesting to recall the long dreary days of paralysing cold, their monotony relieved only by systematic search for fossils which occur in some profusion in the shales and limestones of the Tuna ridge. We had found fossilised shells and other relics of a marine fauna which proved that, comparatively speaking,

Tibet is quite young amongst the countries of the world, having emerged from the sea about the middle of the Tertiary period, a matter of only some two or three million years ago perhaps.

When we left Phari we had decided to make double marches all the way to Gyantse with the exception of the first stage to Tuna, which was a march of 21 miles in itself, and was as much as we could well ask our transport to do in the day. The remaining stages were usually from 11 to 14 miles, and it would be easy to do two in one day. As our transport was to stay with us as far as Gyantse, we were able to start as early as we pleased, and next morning we were on the road soon after dawn. As usual, the cold was bitter, but the westerly wind had not yet begun and we were able to keep reasonably warm in our furs. The road still ran on across the northerly extension of the great plain inhabited only by *kyang* and *goa*, the Tibetan gazelle. An hour or so after our start we saw a herd of gazelle some little way off the road. Stalking in the open plain with no cover was practically out of the question and we found it impossible to get within range. We eventually managed to approach behind our ponies to within what we believed to be about 300 yards of the herd. Selecting the male with the biggest head, Cosson took the shot, his first at the larger Tibetan game and also his first with a new and unfamiliar rifle. The bullet passed just under the animal's neck, and the herd made off at lightning speed into the mirage. It is probable that we had under-estimated the range, as one does habitually at first at high altitudes.

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

Crossing the plain, we finally reached the Guru spring, the scene of the first fight with the Tibetans in 1904. Here a river bursts out of the limestone on the hill-side ; the water is popularly supposed to be warm in winter and cold in summer—a belief due, of course, to the fact that the temperature of the water is the same all the year round, but seems hotter or colder in comparison with the temperature of the air at different seasons. We found the river full of Brahmini duck (the ruddy sheldrake). Farther on the stream forms a little lake, which was covered with geese and mallard ; unfortunately they were unapproachable for want of cover, and we spent an hour or more in fruitless attempts to get a shot. We finally gave up and rode on to the rest-house at the little village of Do-chen, which stands on the shore of Bam Tso, a lake some 8 miles long by 4 miles wide. Once more we attempted to get within range of the geese and duck which swam along the muddy margins of the lake ; again it was impossible to approach for want of cover, but a lucky shot accounted for a goose and a stalk by Cosson resulted in a brace of duck, which, however, fell into the lake and were only recovered at the expense of wet and very cold feet. After a short halt for lunch at Do-chen, we resumed our journey to Kala, a village on the lake of Kala Tso, where we arrived late and tired but with two more geese and several duck—sufficient to keep the larder going for a few days and to allow of the despatch of a brace of geese to our kind friends at Gangtok. We were fortunate in finding the geese and duck still here, for they are said to move on early

in April to their breeding grounds farther north. To what extent this statement is correct I do not know. We found geese plentiful on all the lakes and rivers during the whole of this month up to and beyond Lhasa. In our later travels among the great lakes far to the north of Lhasa, we were struck by the scarcity of geese and duck. Geese we found only here and there and usually only in small numbers; nowhere did we see flocks comparable to those we found on Bam Tso and Kala Tso on our way up. We saw even fewer duck than geese, and only on one occasion did we see them in large numbers. This, however, does not refer to the Brahmini duck, which were ubiquitous, breeding in every valley and every swamp throughout the whole of this part of Tibet. They were ridiculously tame, being no doubt well aware of the fact that they are uneatable. In and around Lhasa they are to be found in flocks in the fields and on the road-side, where they are as tame as domestic ducks.

We started from Kala soon after daybreak and crossed two plains separated by a low col. We saw no game of any sort, nor indeed life of any kind till we turned into the valley leading down to Kangmar, where we found a few mallard on the stream. A little farther on the valley was full of sheep and goats endeavouring to pick up grazing among the stones; they were a pitiable sight, for we could see nothing for them to eat; even the withered grass of last year was all gone and nothing left but the roots, while the vetches and other small flowering plants which appear during the summer had long disappeared;

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THAS FROM THE POTAMA





KYI CHU VALLEY AT LHASA IN JULY
Showing Dikyilinga on left—Norbulinga on right

DARJEELING TO GYANTSE

we watched the poor beasts, which were little more than skin and bone, for some time as they scratched the ground with their feet in search of roots, which appeared to be the only form of grazing that they got. After a short halt at Samoda for lunch, we rode on to Kangmar, where we arrived in the middle of the afternoon. After tea we took our guns and strolled round the neighbourhood of the village, where we found partridge and hare ; I missed two partridges and Cosson bagged a hare.

A long march took us into Gyantse on the afternoon of April 15th. Our road was still down the same valley, with a few houses dotted about here and there, but it is mostly a scene of desolation, remarkable for the almost complete absence of vegetation, and the prevalence of ruins. Cosson's note in his diary aptly describes the valley : " *Triste vallée, seulement des pierres, très vilaine population surtout très sale, quelques misérables villages le long de la route et beaucoup de ruines d'anciennes maisons.*" Gradually, however, the valley begins to open out, a few bushes of willow and buckthorn appear, offering shelter to hares and partridges. At Saogang, the intermediate stage between Kangmar and Gyantse, where we stopped at the rest-house for lunch, the valley is wider, with fields on the left bank of the river and a broad expanse of swampy ground with scattered ponds in the middle. There were a few geese on the river-bank, too wild to approach, but as they wheeled over us Cosson brought down one by a high overhead shot. We were able also to add two partridges to the bag which we took

into Gyantse as a present for our host, Captain Eric Parker, who had very kindly asked us to stay with him in Chang-lo, the little fort which is the headquarters of the British Trade Agent and his escort. As we debouched from the valley on to the plain, we met the typical Gyantse wind, which blows so violently every day at this time of the year, raising clouds of suffocating dust. We were met in a dust-storm a mile or so from the British fort by the Dzongpön, whom we found sheltering dismounted behind a wall ; after presenting us with the usual scarves, he and his party rode on ahead and we followed as fast as their dust-cloud would permit. A short cut across the fields and an easy ford over the river led us to Chang-lo, where we found a most hospitable reception.

We had hoped that by the time we arrived at Gyantse Cosson's leg might be better, but this was far from being the case ; at Kangmar, while we were out shooting the day before, it had been so painful that he could hardly walk. I knew nothing of this at the time ; he was too staunch to mention it lest it should be a source of trouble and delay, and it was only much later, after he had completely recovered, that he admitted the intensity of the pain from which he had suffered incessantly, without a murmur, for two long months.

CHAPTER III

GYANTSE TO LHASA

OUR chief occupation in Gyantse was receiving and returning visits of Tibetan officials; the visits all involved the exchange of presents, and we found ourselves supplied for weeks with dried sheep, eggs and grain, while the Tibetans received at the return visit felt hats, tins of kerosene oil, biscuits and such other provisions as we had brought with us or could procure locally. Our numerous visitors included the two Tibetan Trade Agents at Gyantse, a Tibetan general, a colonel and the Dzongpöns. A visitor sends notice of his intended visit some little time in advance. On arrival he is met at the door, or farther out, according to his rank; he then presents a silk scarf and the host gives him another in return. After a few minutes' tea-drinking and conversation, the visitor takes leave, his presents having been either brought into the room, or, if too bulky, handed over to the servants outside. It is not usual for either party to make any reference to the presents or indeed to appear to have noticed them. On the return visit the formalities are the same; we notify our intention to call at a stated time and ride to our friend's house, attended by as many servants as possible; on arrival our

servants hand over our presents to the servants of the house, while we are being conducted upstairs by the master, who has met us at the gateway. We then sit down on cushions and drink Tibetan tea out of jade or china cups on silver saucers. It is not polite to remove the cup from the saucer and one lifts saucer and all when one wishes to drink. This custom led to an amusing incident when a certain Dzongpön, who was calling on us, was given tea in one of our English cups. His endeavours, after drinking the tea, to get down to the sugar in the bottom of the cup, while lifting the latter to his mouth by means of the saucer, only resulted, as might have been expected, in the cup flying off into his lap.

The day before we left Gyantse we paid a visit to the famous temple, and were shown round by two fat and pleasant monks. We fortunately arrived in time for the morning service, and found about fifty monks chanting hymns in antiphony ; some of the tunes were very like the familiar Gregorian chants of our European churches. We were taken into all the shrines and visited all the members of the Lamaist Pantheon. In a small square outside the temple we found the bazaar in full swing, the sellers squatted on the ground in the open with their wares spread out on cloths or mats in front of them. Our arrival was the signal for a horde of beggars to invade the bazaar, and they pestered us to such an extent that we had to take to our ponies and leave the field to them. The profession of begging is a more popular one in Tibet than perhaps in any other country.

GRANTSE TO LHASA

The beggar is, in fact, a recognised member of society and has a special class to himself. He is found in all the towns and villages, where he adds the trade of butcher to his other avocations. Although the Tibetan is a Buddhist and is therefore debarred from taking life, he cannot live without meat, and so is compelled to find a scapegoat to do the killing for him. The scapegoat is the beggar, or *Ragyabpa*, who is despised and outcasted in consequence. The members of the community in and about Lhasa are legion, and in places the streets are literally lined with them, sitting in rows and counting their beads ; as one passes, they rise and follow, and their demands for alms are so noisy, so incessant, and so persistent as to make a ride through Lhasa a matter of perpetual annoyance. Even in the country one finds them everywhere ; many of the nomads in the thinly populated lake region, far away to the north of Lhasa, also belong to the beggar community ; but as they have immense flocks of sheep and goats, they can hardly be called beggars. Their prosperity, however, did not prevent them from begging most vociferously whenever and wherever we met them.

On April 19th we said good-bye to the last Europeans we were likely to see for many months and made an early start for Gobshi, our first stage on the ride to Lhasa. Before leaving we had to dismiss one of our servants, who, we found, had been using us merely as a stalking horse behind which to carry on his normal occupation of trader. The number of our baggage ponies was well in excess of our own requirements, the extra ponies being laden with

bales of merchandise. Our boxes were filled with articles of trade, and even a tin hat-box, in which we carried hats to be given away as presents, was stuffed with fur-lined caps, much to the detriment of several of our best Homburgs. As transport was being supplied free by the Tibetan Government, such abuse of their hospitality could not be tolerated and we were compelled reluctantly to leave the trader to his trade. He was an excellent servant and had been very useful all the way up, but suffered from a not uncommon Oriental failing of being unable to speak the truth.

Kusho Möndrong and Gujjar Singh had as usual gone on one day in advance, and after a fairly pleasant though cold ride of about sixteen miles we found all arranged for us when we arrived at Gobshi early in the afternoon. From Gyantse onwards we were to see no more bungalows. For the rest of our journey to Lhasa we put up in Tibetan houses, rooms in which were kindly placed at our disposal by the owners. Our room at Gobshi was small and had neither doors nor windows, the latter being replaced by pieces of cloth and sacking. In the evening we took our guns and spent an hour on the rocky hill-side near the village. We saw a few hares, of which we bagged one.

The next day our road lay up a valley, the bareness of which was only relieved by a few poor houses, their flat roofs covered with last year's shrubs stacked for fuel. Here and there we passed through steep gorges, where innumerable prayer-flags and streamers, hung on ropes, were festooned across the valley.

GYANTSE TO LHASA

Our halting place was Ralung, a small village in a barren upland valley above the range even of bushes, and at this time of year there was no vegetation of any kind. Opposite the village we found a large, well-ordered caravanserai, in which quarters had been prepared for us. A stroll in the evening to some fields about a mile down the valley in company with two local urchins, aged respectively about six and four, as guides, resulted in a brace of partridges for the larder. Late as it was, the partridges were all still in coveys, and showed no signs of pairing for the breeding season.

The servant question was already becoming a difficulty. Ever since we had been compelled to part with one of our staff at Gyantse we had regretted his loss, for he was undoubtedly an excellent servant. Our *chef*, who had had some lessons from Mahomed Sharif on the way from Darjeeling to Gangtok, was still busy teaching himself to cook in the intervals of drinking chang. Another, though an excellent fellow in many ways, suffered from a lazy disposition, which he was too good-natured to correct. He brought us our food at meal-times, but could find no time for other work. It is true there was not much to be done beyond cleaning the boots and the saddles, for we had long since discovered that it was unsafe to allow a Tibetan servant to touch our clothes or our bedding; if we did, we found ourselves for some time afterwards, like the people of Middle Camp, "*occupés à faire la chasse aux poux.*" We therefore always made our own beds, got out our own clothes and rolled up our bedding again in the morn-

ing ourselves. In spite of this, our two servants were quite convinced that we must have a third; we suspected the reason to be partly that they might be able to devote more time to chang, and partly because they already had a friend in view; and in the evening they produced a seedy and disreputable-looking creature, who, they said, had accompanied our party all the way from Darjeeling. He was a Tibetan from Lhasa, Chendze by name, who had joined a Mesopotamian Labour Corps during the war and was now being repatriated, having spent some time at Darjeeling on the way, where he had worked as a syce to make a little money to take to his home in Lhasa. He knew a few words of Hindustani, and having been a syce, would probably be able to clean our saddles and bridles; so we engaged him, at any rate for the journey to Lhasa. In the end he remained with us throughout the whole trip, although dismissed more than once.

A cold night was followed by a freezing morning, which made the first few miles of our long march to Nangkartse by no means pleasant; but once the sun had topped the hills behind the Karo La, we were able to sit on our ponies without risk of frozen feet. After two hours' ride we reached the mouth of the gorge leading to the Karo La, the highest pass (16,200 feet) between Gyantse and Lhasa. Although there were as yet no signs of any fresh vegetation, we found a small grazing camp with sheep and goats already established here. The animals had not yet been let out to graze and the neighbouring hill-sides were therefore undisturbed; on one side of the



FERRY BOATS AT CHAKSAM ON THE TSANGPO



THE JUNCTION OF THE TSANGPO AND THE KYI CHU RIVERS AT CHUSHUL.

GRANTSE TO LHASA

valley, about 300 yards away, we saw a solitary female wild sheep (*burhel*), deeply interested in our caravan, and on the other side were two snow-cock just above the road. As, for reasons which will appear presently, we were not likely to be able to shoot for some time after crossing the Karo La, we stopped the baggage and Cosson got out his gun and soon had the snow-cock in the kitchen hamper. At this point we entered the gorge leading up to the pass, a narrow stony defile overhung by precipitous hill-sides capped, more especially on the north, by fine snow-fields and glaciers. The morning, which had been threatening at first, now gradually improved, the clouds cleared away and we crossed the much-dreaded pass in a warm and almost windless interval. The actual col is marked by cairns, which have been gradually piled up by wayfarers, each of whom, as he passes by, throws a pebble on to the heap as a peace offering to the local deities ; bunches of poles carrying prayer-flags are also stuck into these heaps of stones. As our Tibetan followers reached the top of the pass they shouted lustily, " So ! so ! so ! la-so ! la-so ! "—an invocation to the spirits of the pass, who, if not placated, are liable to inflict on the offending traveller misfortunes of all kinds, the least and commonest being a headache. By some Tibetans, however, headaches are attributed to the " poisonous air " of passes.

We began the descent at 9.30 and reached Dzara, in the valley below, at a little before 11. Dzara is the usual halting-place between Ralung and Nang-kartse, and is about fourteen miles from either ; but

there was no feeding for the ponies, and, as the rest-house was uninhabitable, we had already decided to make the double march to Nangkartse. We selected the sunniest spot we could find, and sat down to eat our lunch. There was still no sign of vegetation or of any sort of insect life, yet we were surrounded by dozens of larks, which greedily devoured the crumbs that we put on the ground for them; so tame, or so hungry, were some of them that they actually ventured on to the small carpet on which we were sitting.

We left Dzara at a little before noon and reached Nangkartse at about 3 o'clock. It was a dull ride, at first down a narrow stony valley, almost entirely uninhabited, and subsequently across the plain. As we left the mouth of the valley we saw Nangkartse Dzong on a ridge apparently only a mile or so away; but the mile subsequently lengthened into six or seven, for the rarity of the atmosphere at these altitudes makes objects appear much closer than they really are. We were now in view of the long, narrow lake of Yamdrok Tso, which almost completely surrounds the mass of hills opposite Nangkartse, and beside which stands the famous nunnery of Samding, the head of which is an incarnation of the Dorje Phagmo ("Diamond Sow"), a pig-faced member of the Lamaist Pantheon. The present incumbent objects to the destruction of game and we therefore put up our guns and rifles and made no attempt to shoot, although the nunnery was some miles away and the reports of our guns could not have been heard. The temptation to shoot was

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great, for ponds on either side of the road were full of bar-headed geese ; they would have been very useful for the pot, which, except for the two snow-cock shot in the morning, was quite empty. We objected to dried mutton, and fresh mutton was too thin to kill, so a fat goose would have come in by no means amiss.

The village of Nangkartse, built chiefly of sun-dried bricks and sods, nestles at the foot of a ridge on which stands the Dzong. The Dzongpön was absent, but his subordinates had arranged fairly comfortable accommodation for us in what was formerly the Chinese rest-house in the village ; the baggage arrived about an hour after us. In the evening snow began to fall, and continued at intervals all night. The early morning was dreary and cold, and the delay usually involved in changing transport animals was thereby still further increased. Fortunately, the snowfall had not been heavy and was no impediment to marching, but it was nearly eight o'clock before we were under weigh and by that time the day had cleared ; it was bright and sunny ; the snow merely enhanced the beauty of the scene, and the wonderful turquoise blue of the lake was well set off by the vivid whiteness of the surrounding hills. A pleasant march through perpetual, but stoutly resisted, temptation from innumerable bar-headed geese, took us into Pede Dzong early in the afternoon. As usual we were met a mile or so out by a representative of the Dzongpön, the latter being absent at the time. We found the members of the reception committee waiting by the roadside with

scarves, after presenting which they mounted their ponies and rode ahead to await us again at the gateway of the house allotted for our quarters, where they seized our ponies' heads and dragged the animals up to the dismounting stone which stands at the door of every well-ordered Tibetan house. The house allotted to us was the best we had yet had ; it stood on one side of a walled courtyard, three sides of which were occupied by stalls for the transport. We crossed this courtyard, mounted some steps and passing through a narrow doorway, found ourselves in yet another inner courtyard, much smaller than the first, around which the house was built on all four sides. There were two stories, the upper reached by a steep, dark, wooden ladder. Our room, which was on this floor, was a bright and airy one overlooking the main courtyard. There were several other people living in the house, including an old, deformed cobbler, who spent his day making, or repairing, long Tibetan felt boots. In another corner of the building was an old woman weaving woollen cloth on a hand-loom ; she, too, appeared to work incessantly from early morning to late at night. The cloth woven on these Tibetan looms is a very excellent thick tweed, but it is made in such narrow strips, usually about a foot wide, that it is not suitable for western use.

Our room, although bright and airy, was extremely draughty, for the side overlooking the courtyard was made up entirely of windows composed of a number of sashes of lattice-work, which, instead of being filled with glass panes, was pasted over with Tibetan



OLD BEGGAR-WOMEN IN LHASA



YAKS PLOUGHING

paper. The whole window consisted of a dozen sashes each about three feet square, and, as the paper covering the lattice was full of holes, we could only keep the draught out by hanging rugs over the windows. Another disadvantage to our room was that all the baggage animals were in the courtyard immediately under our window, and, as each mule or pony had either one large bell, or a complete chime of a dozen or more small ones, round his neck, the noise was such as effectually to prevent our sleeping. The Tibetan has an inordinate love of hanging bells round his ponies' necks. The custom appears to be originally a Chinese one, and the Chinese mules which come to Lhasa through Mongolia or Eastern Tibet carry each a single large, deep-toned brass bell, which in the distance makes a not unpleasant sound. The Tibetans, however, have improved on this system, and the ponies of the officials and their servants invariably carry a whole jangle, often a dozen or more, attached to a collar, which is tied round the animal's neck. The more bells the more important the official. When there are twenty or thirty of these in one party of riders the noise becomes deafening, and we found it eventually so intensely irritating that we had to give orders that none of the ponies attached to our camp were to wear bells.

We were now almost out of meat, and, being well away from the neighbourhood of Samding and its Abbess, we decided that we could safely shoot some of the many geese which were feeding in the fields and paddling about on the muddy margins of the lake. It seemed as well, however, to make sure that

there was no local objection to shooting, and we asked the leading people of Pede, who said that, although as Buddhists they were not permitted to shoot themselves, there was not the slightest objection to our doing so ; in fact they evinced the keenest interest in the sport, and nearly the whole village turned out to watch Cosson stalk some geese which had settled in a hollow near the lake. When he had brought down two, there was a concerted rush of a dozen or more boys and men to pick them up and a vigorous scramble for the empty cartridge-cases.

In return for the presents which they had brought on our arrival, we gave the two headmen a bottle of ginger-wine ; they were delighted with it and carried it off to a neighbouring house to drink ; apparently they had not much to spare for their friends, as they returned later in the evening in a state of considerable hilarity. At one time I was under the impression that ginger-wine was an innocuous, non-alcoholic, but warming beverage ; an experience that I had during my journey through the Pamirs some years ago disabused my mind of this belief. On a cold, stormy evening in early spring in the Karakukti Valley, in Chinese Turkestan, I arrived, after a long march, at the headquarters of an old Kirghiz, the chief personage of the locality, who very kindly put a *yurt* (felt tent) at my disposal and made me a present of a sheep. In return for his kindness I sent him in the evening a bottle of ginger-wine. This was about 6 o'clock ; at 8 o'clock the door of my tent opened and my Kirghiz friend lurched against the doorway ; remaining on his feet

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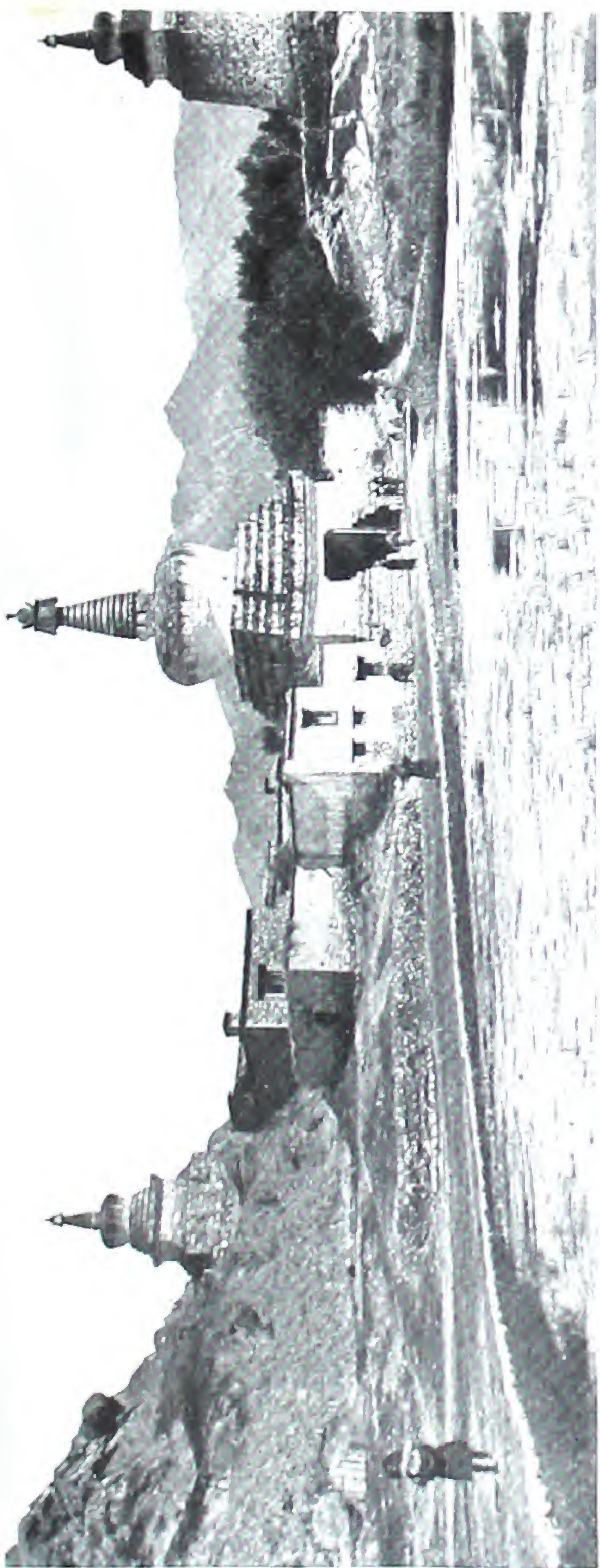
GRANTSE TO LHASA

with difficulty, he tried to express his appreciation of the gift, though he had no longer command of his speech ; finally, overcome by his feelings, he collapsed in a heap in the snow and was carried off to bed by his retainers. I heard afterwards that he had drunk the whole bottle himself, and that, being accustomed ordinarily to nothing more potent than *kumiss* (fermented mare's milk), the common Kirghiz intoxicant—which by the way, both in taste and effect, is not unlike chang—he was rapidly overcome by the ginger-wine.

Next morning we were away early, for our transport was to be changed on the road at the small village of Tramalung, where the path leaves the lake and mounts to the Kampa pass, to descend again into the valley of the Brahmaputra, or the Tsangpo, as it is called in Tibet. The Tibetan name for this great river is not as distinctive as it might be, for *tsangpo* merely means river ; every stream of any size is locally known as *tsangpo*, and often has no other name. After a painfully cold ride along the shore of the lake, in a biting east wind, we arrived at Tramalung at 10 o'clock. We found a sunny house-top sheltered from the wind and had our breakfast in comfort, sitting on the roof. Our transport was ready, and, as the baggage arrived about half an hour after us, we were on the march again by 11. A steep ascent of about 1,500 feet took us to the top of the pass, where the valley of the Tsangpo comes into view, backed by range after range of snow-capped hills, which lie between the river and the culminating peaks of Nyen-chen-thang-la, the

southern rim of the great Tibetan plateau. The valley was already green with young crops, and here and there patches of willows and poplars in early leaf. It was the first time we had seen vegetation since we left Chumbi. When we had looked our fill at the unaccustomed green, we started on the violent descent to Kampa-partsi, our halting-place for the night. This is a small village some way above the river and is the first met with on the way down from the pass ; here too the willows were in leaf and a blossoming almond added a welcome touch of spring.

From Kampa-partsi the track drops down into the Tsangpo valley and crosses large alluvial flats, now covered with the fresh green of the young crops. Villages dotted about the plain were bright with the pink and white of almond and peach blossom. After a couple of hours along the flats, we passed through hills of blown sand on to a rocky path along the river-bank, finally ascending to a small cove where we found two ferry-boats waiting to take us across the river. These barges are great oblong boxes with a rudely carved horse's head in the prow ; they carry fifteen laden mules and are rowed across by two people in the bows, a third taking a steerage oar in the stern. The crossing occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for each barge, the two being sufficient to take ourselves and all our transport. Fortunately, it was not necessary to unload the baggage, and we were able to step ashore, animals and all, straight on to the road for Chushul, our next halting-place, three miles farther on. This crossing, known as Chaksam



THE GATE OF LHASA



A SQUARE IN LHASA

GRANTSE TO LHASA

ferry, evoked many memories of a camp eighteen years before, on the southern bank of the river, where we spent several days on our way to Lhasa in August 1904. The two wooden ferry-boats appeared to be the identical pair that we had used on that occasion ; but now there were only half a dozen men and some thirty mules, whereas before there was an endless stream of troops and baggage being ferried across for the march to Lhasa. One recalled sadly the death of a fine soldier, Major Bretherton, who, with several Ghurkas, was drowned at this crossing by the overturning of a Berthon boat.

A mile or so outside Chushul we were met by the Dzongpön, who presented the usual scarf and rode in ahead of us. We found a large room ready for us in a house on the outskirts of the village. After lunch we were deafened by the noise of drums and cymbals and weird cries coming from the yard outside our windows. We looked out and saw a party of mendicant mummers, wearing masks, who executed dances worthy of the " dancing dervishes." The rapidity with which they whirled was bewildering, while in and out among the giddy ring another turned " cart-wheels " at an equally astounding pace. The dancing was varied by songs, somewhat dismal, though now and again a mummer would step into the ring and dance to a brighter measure.

The larder again called for replenishment, and we made careful inquiries as to whether there was any objection to our shooting. We got the same reply as at Pede, and were beset by immediate offers to show us where the geese were to be found. The

sight of our guns at once drew a large following out to see the fun. We found a flock of geese feeding in the fields a short distance away. They were so tame that there was no sport in shooting them and after Cosson had killed two we stopped, although we could have got a dozen without difficulty. Two, however, were sufficient to carry us to Lhasa, where we should find fresh supplies ; so we shot no more, much to the disappointment of the spectators.

At Chushul the Kyi Chu, the river on which Lhasa stands, joins the Tsangpo, and henceforward our road would lie along its bank all the way. The change from the high country between Gyantse and the Kampa Pass to this valley was both welcome and remarkable. From intensely cold winds and snow we had come into a brilliantly sunny, windless valley and into heat which was almost excessive. The intense reflection from the sand, which abounds throughout the valley, burnt our faces till they blistered, and meat would not keep for 48 hours. We had, in fact, stepped suddenly out of winter at nearly 16,000 feet with the frost and snow and piercing winds, into the bright and sunny spring of between 11,000 and 12,000 feet ; we had descended in 24 hours nearly 4,000 feet. Ploughing was in full swing, and the fields were dotted over with gaudily caparisoned pairs of yaks, carrying waving plumes of yak-tails dyed a brilliant scarlet, and bits of coloured rag attached to horns and yoke ; these added bright patches of colour to the country-side. In sheltered nooks among the granite cliffs and boulders on the river-bank spring flowers were in

GRANTSE TO LHASA

blossom, primulas and a tall sweet-smelling plant with a mauve flower not unlike a Michaelmas daisy. Rose-trees too were putting out their fresh green shoots, but it was still too early for them to flower.

The next day we did a double march to Nyethang, chiefly along the flat sandy plain of the valley, but occasionally rising to avoid the river and crossing cliffs of an alarming height ; the carcasses of ponies on the river-bank a hundred feet below bore witness to the dangers of the path. We finally reached Nyethang about the middle of the afternoon and found the welcome shelter of a house. Early next morning we started on our last stage to Lhasa, still following the river-valley all the way. About six miles above Nyethang the valley makes a sudden bend and, as we turned the corner, we came in full view of the Potala, some ten miles away, with its gilded roofs flashing in the sunlight. This first glimpse of Lhasa is peculiarly impressive ; the sacred city itself lies hidden by the two rocky hills which stand one on either side of the gateway and bar it from the view of the outside world, and it is only when one passes through the gate that one sees the town for the first time ; but the Potala, the symbol of northern Buddhism, dominates the whole plain and is the last one sees, and also the first, of Lhasa.

A hot but easy march brought us into the town at 11 o'clock. Some way out we had been met by a series of officials whose duty it was to guide us from point to point ; and finally, near the gate of Lhasa a monk in full canonicals emerged from a sandy ridge beside the road. We failed at first to recognise in

this magnificent apparition our friend Kusho Möndrong, whom we had last seen in a European shooting suit at Gyantse. He explained, however, that in Lhasa all Government officials must wear the specific dress or uniform of their class, and he was therefore dressed as a lama, wearing on his sleeve the badge of his rank. We now found that, owing to a mistake, no quarters were ready for us, and Kusho Möndrong kindly invited us to his house in the city. We spent several pleasant hours with him and his brothers, but evening drew on and no news of arrangements arrived. As our party numbered ten or a dozen in all, we could not think of quartering ourselves on our host's household for the night, and I decided to write direct to the Tsarong Sha-pé ; my note found an immediate response, and by evening we were established in roomy quarters in a large building known as the Doring House, in the heart of the city and immediately opposite the Chö-khang, the great Buddhist temple of Lhasa.

CHAPTER IV

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

AS the Tsarong Sha-pé and his fellow Sha-pés will reappear frequently in the following pages, it would be well to introduce them formally at once and explain who and what they are.

They are in fact members of a Council appointed by the Dalai Lama for the administration of the realm, and correspond in a general way to the Secretaries of State of more democratic Governments. They communicate personally with, and take their orders from, the Dalai Lama ; but they do not act without the knowledge and concurrence of the Lön-chen, or Chief Minister, who in all civil affairs appears to rank next to the Dalai Lama ; to continue the analogy he might perhaps be compared to our Prime Minister. Each of the Sha-pés has his definite sphere of administration, but all his public acts and decisions are communicated to the whole body of Sha-pés, or *Kashag*, as it is called, for consideration and sanction, and all orders are issued in the name and under the seal of that body. At present the Kashag consists of the Tsarong Sha-pé, the Ngapü Sha-pé, the Timmin Sha-pé and the Parkhang Sha-pé. The three first are laymen, and take their titles from the names of their estates. The fourth is a monk ; during most of our stay in Tibet he was only acting

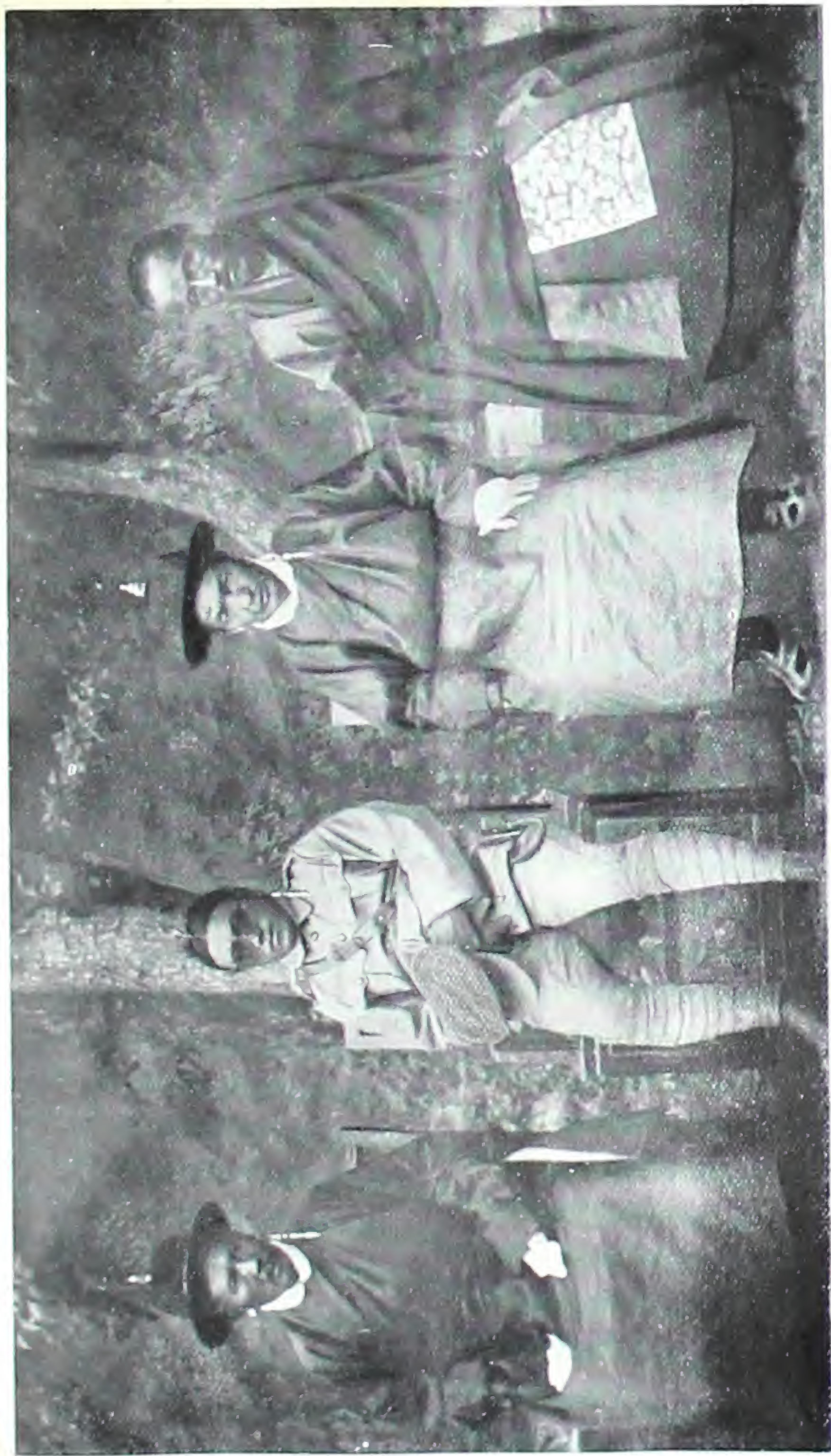
in the post, the permanent incumbent having died recently in Kham and no successor having yet been appointed. I believe, however, that before we left the Parkhang Sha-pé had been confirmed in the appointment. Being a monk he had no private property from which to take his title, but as he happened to have his quarters in Lhasa in a building allotted to the printing press (*par-khang*), he was known for convenience as the Parkhang (or “printing press”) Sha-pé—a means of distinction which to the western mind seems perhaps somewhat incongruous. Of the four Sha-pés, the oldest is Parkhang, who told us that his age was fifty-nine; he is an old-world gentleman of the best type with a perfection of courtesy and a charm of manner rarely met with even in the most highly civilised countries of the West. The remaining three Sha-pés are considerably younger; like Parkhang Sha-pé, and indeed all Tibetans of high position, they also have a remarkable charm of manner.

Of the three lay members of the Kashag the most outstanding is undoubtedly the Tsarong Sha-pé, who amongst his other portfolios includes that for the army; he is also master of the Lhasa mint. He is a younger man, perhaps between thirty-five and forty, of great ability, keen intelligence and extraordinary virility; he is deeply interested in all modern forms of progress. He is said to be of quite humble origin, and we were told that he owed his present position to the ability he displayed as a leader during the war which took place about ten years ago between China and Tibet; the Tibetans were

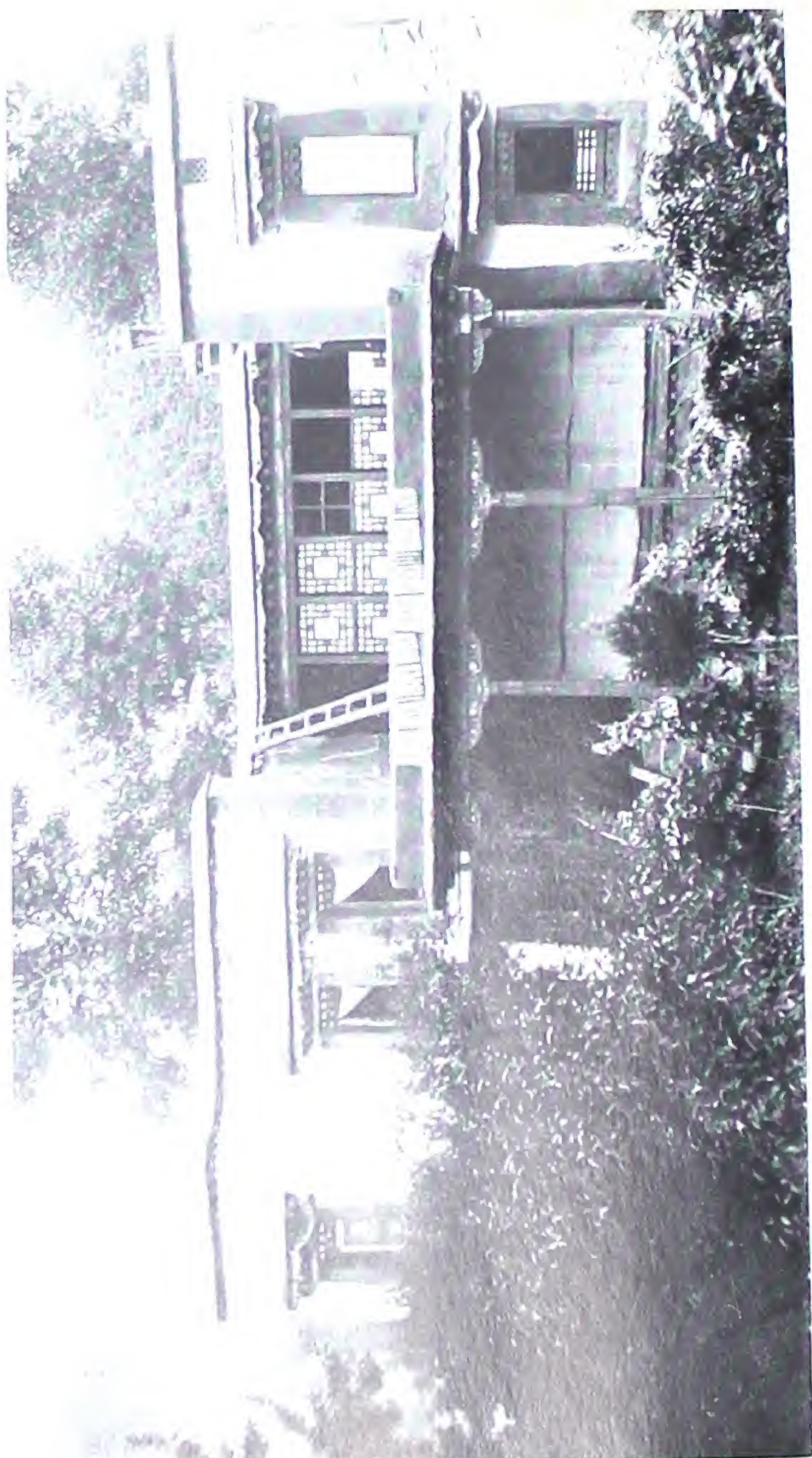
LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

defeated at first and Lhasa and the surrounding territories were captured and administered for more than a year by the Chinese. The Dalai Lama and his ministers, including the present Tsarong Sha-pé, fled to Darjeeling, where they threw themselves on the protection of the Indian Government. Subsequently the tide of war turned; the Chinese were defeated and driven out of Lhasa, and the Government returned. The Tsarong Sha-pé's predecessor in office was accused of having betrayed his country to the Chinese, and he and all the male members of his family were executed. His estates and title, so we were told, were conferred on the present Tsarong Sha-pé, who, as an additional reward for his services, was bidden to marry the widow, the daughter and the daughter-in-law of his predecessor. His present wife is said to be in fact the daughter of the former Tsarong Sha-pé; by her he has a charming little son, aged four, with whom we struck up a firm friendship; the little fellow is at present deeply imbued with military ardour; he dresses in khaki uniform, comes to attention and salutes like an old soldier, and is happiest when trying to wield his father's sword. If the latter continues to escape the ultimate fate that overtakes most high officials of oriental courts, his son may well succeed him one day as Commander-in-Chief of the Tibetan army. Although our official dealings with the Tibetan Government were carried on through the Kashag as a body, it was really the Tsarong Sha-pé with whom we dealt and who made most of the arrangements for our tours.

It was on April 26th, just three weeks after leaving Gangtok, that we arrived in Lhasa. By the evening we were installed in the Doring House, a large building of three stories with a central courtyard in the middle. We were by no means the only inhabitants of the house, which was occupied also by large numbers of monks, who had arrived in Lhasa recently for the great festival or pageant which was to be held on the following day ; most of the top story, however, was placed at our disposal. The house, being in Lhasa itself, was surrounded on all four sides by streets or lanes, except on the east, where it overlooked a small square adjoining the temple or cathedral of Lamaism, the Chö-khang. On two sides it was closely approached by other buildings. As we rode into the town it was evident that the Lhasa methods of sanitation were still much as they had been eighteen years before, and, although no doubt inoffensive to people unaccustomed to our more elaborate western methods, it was difficult not to experience a certain amount of revulsion at the sights one saw in the road, and also a certain amount of uneasiness as to the dangers of disease. It must be admitted, however, that beyond smallpox, which appears to be endemic, the population of Lhasa is not reputed to suffer from any of the diseases, such as enteric and typhus, that one would expect to find in such surroundings. This may be due either to gradually acquired immunity or, which seems more probable, to the fact that the climate is usually too cold to offer facilities for the propagation and dissemination of such diseases. Nevertheless, we



FOUR SHA-PÉS
Mendö, Tsarong, Timmin, Parkhang
(Ngapi is absent)



DIKYILINGA

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

did not care for our surroundings, and we liked them still less by the morning. One of the most conspicuous features of Lhasa is the horde of apparently ownerless dogs by which all the streets, lanes, and open spaces are filled. It is not an uncommon sight to see twenty or thirty in a single group quarrelling over some specially appetising morsel of carrion retrieved from one of the refuse heaps which occupy most of the rare open spaces of the town. The dogs and a certain number of pigs are in fact the scavengers of Lhasa, and are the sole representatives of a municipal Board of Health. The numbers of the dogs in Lhasa itself must run literally into thousands ; for the most part they are ownerless ; they enter no houses, but roam about the streets day and night. It is not, therefore, difficult to imagine the state of pandemonium that can arise, and in fact does arise nightly throughout the town, whether from a local quarrel over a bone or from some unexplained night fear ; a bark is heard and is taken up and echoed by hundreds of throats throughout the town. It is, indeed, doubtful if for any consecutive five minutes during the whole night there is even approximate quietness. In the neighbourhood of the bigger houses, such as the Doring House, where owing to the large number of inmates scraps and other refuse are likely to be had in some quantity, there is always a large permanent population of stray dogs, and such was the noise during the two nights we spent there that we found it practically impossible to sleep, and we decided that we could not stay in such surroundings. Fortunately a letter to the

Tsarong Sha-pé explaining matters produced an immediate response, kindly placing at our disposal either of two vacant houses in the country just outside the gate of Lhasa. The houses were the Lhalu House and Dikyilinga, the former standing out in the plain to the west of the Potala, while the latter was near the banks of the Kyi Chu, and not far from Norbulinga, the Dalai Lama's country residence. I knew the Lhalu House of old, for it had been the headquarters of Sir Francis Younghusband and his mission in 1904 ; I remembered that, although a pleasant and comfortable house, it was surrounded by a swamp and I preferred to be nearer the banks of the river. So we chose Dikyilinga, which had been occupied by Sir Charles Bell during the year that he had spent quite recently in Lhasa. It is a compact, comfortable and airy house, with a small walled garden full of peach-trees, roses and hollyhocks. When we arrived there we found the garden a blaze of pink and white blossoms of peach and wild pear ; the rose-bushes were in bud and so were the peonies, but all untended and left to nature ; the roses unpruned, with their long ragged shoots straggling over the neighbouring lawn. It was now early spring in Lhasa, the poplars and willows were beginning to put out their fresh shoots ; the turf was full of small primulas and bunches of purple iris ; stocks were already in blossom in pots in the houses ; lettuces and onions were coming up in the gardens, and peas, beans and corn in the fields. Although the nights were still cold, the days were pleasant and sunny, more particularly the mornings, for clouds

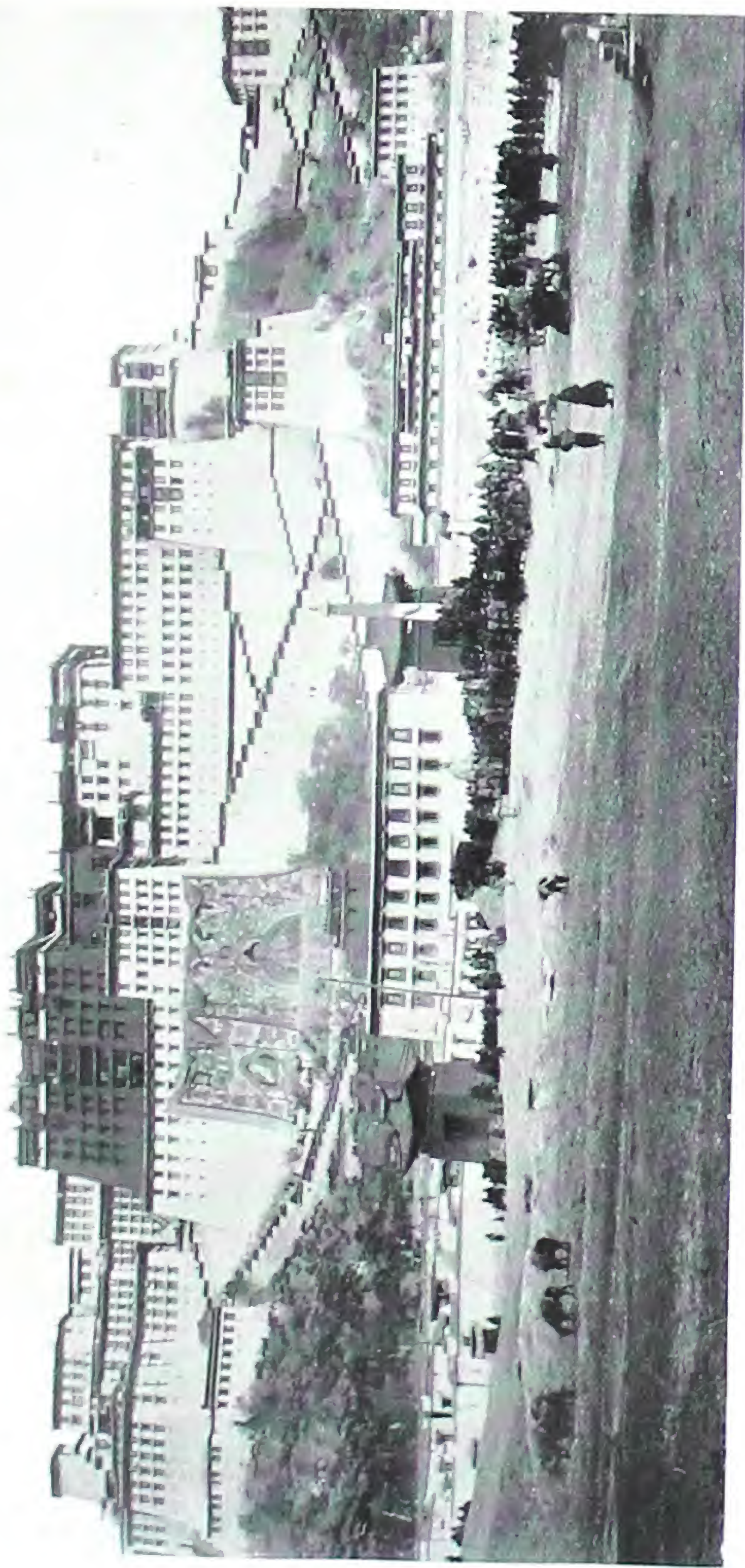
LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

and not infrequent storms came up from the west in the afternoons, bringing sleet and hail and cold winds.

Having arranged for our new quarters, into which we should move as soon as they were ready, the next step was to get into touch with the Kashag and draw up a programme of work. Numerous visits must be paid, notably to the Dalai Lama, the Lön-chen and the Sha-pés, while visits of other minor officials who had already called must be returned. On the day after our arrival nothing could be done since Lhasa was *en fête* ; one of the great pageants of the year was being held at the Potala and was being attended by the Dalai Lama and all his officials. Tibetan etiquette demands, too, that at least two days' notice should be given to high officials of one's intention to call ; so a programme of visits was drawn up with the assistance of Kusho Möndrong, and notice was sent of my proposal to call, first of all to the Sha-pés, longer notice being given to the Lön-chen and the Dalai Lama.

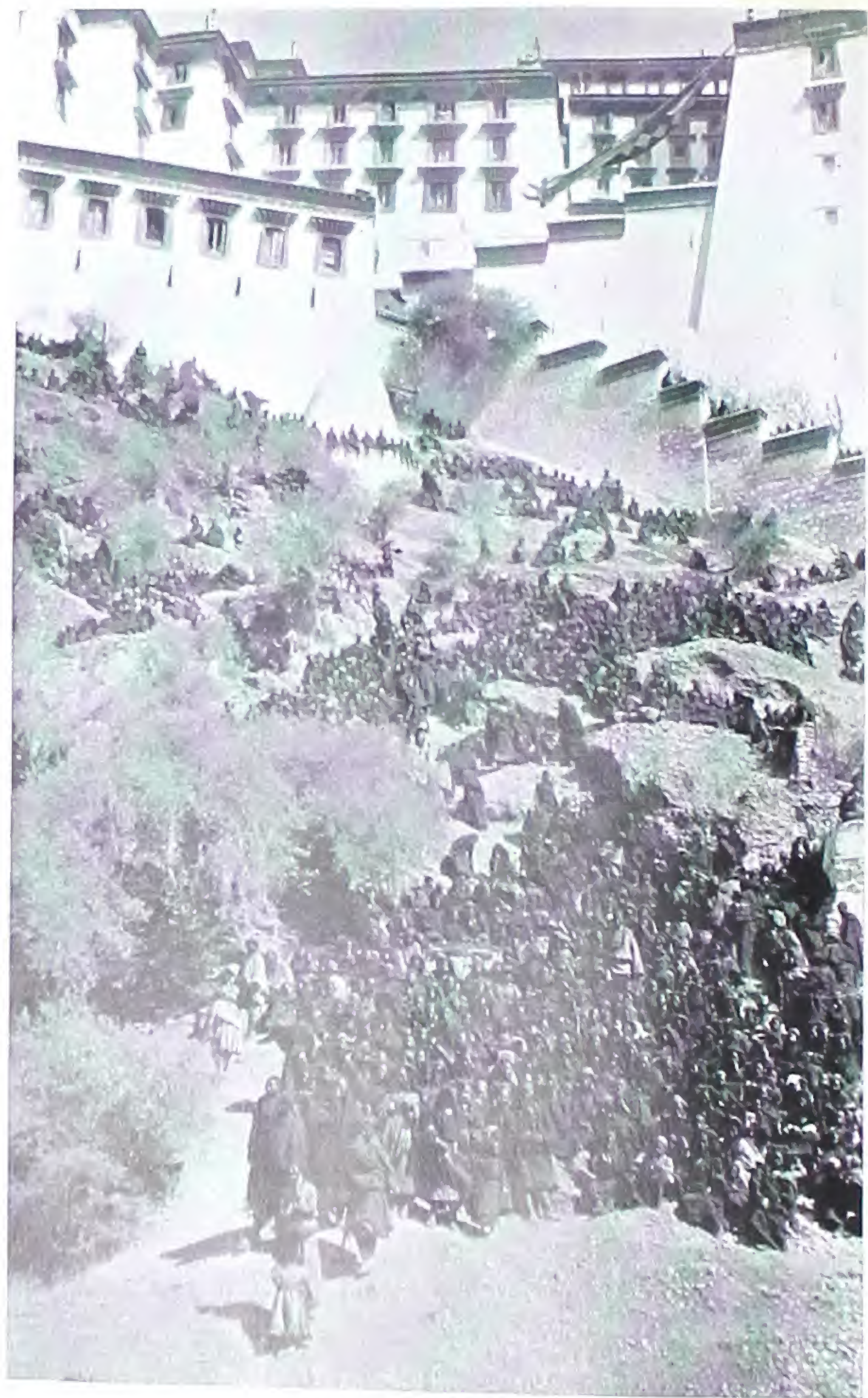
Early in the morning of the day after our arrival (April 27th) Tsendrung Kusho, a monk, who had been told off as our major-domo and whose duty it was to look after our needs and make all arrangements for us during our stay in Lhasa, presented himself with the information that seats had been specially prepared for us at the fête, which would begin at about 8 o'clock. As it had not been possible to procure ponies for ourselves, Kusho Möndrong very kindly mounted the whole party and we started on a bright sunny morning for the Potala, in an open space at the foot of which the main entertainment was to

take place. Here we found that a Tibetan tent had been pitched for us on the roof of a house in a most admirable position, from which we could see everything ; carpets were spread on the roof and there were chairs and tables for Cosson, Gujjar Singh and myself and cushions for the Tibetans. Our three Tibetan servants, Nyima, Temba and Chendze, also came with us, but preferred to go below and mix with the crowd. The fête, which was in fact a most elaborate pageant, began with a visit of the Dalai Lama to the Chö-khang ; after spending some time there he mounted his pony and rode back to the Potala, where he took up his position, attended by the Tsarong Sha-pé, in one of the rooms at the top of the building, from which he looked down on the entertainment below. On his arrival at the Potala, two enormous scrolls, or sacred pictures, were let down from the upper ramparts, covering the greater part of the main southern foundation-wall of the building ; the scrolls, representing deities of the Lamaist Pantheon, are magnificent examples of Tibetan *appliqué* work and are embroidered in all the colours of the rainbow ; some idea of their size can be got from a comparison with the small black dots on the hill-side to the left, and at the foot of, one of the scrolls ; these are members of the audience come to see the fête. The pageant itself took the form of a procession, which began at 8 o'clock in the morning, and, moving slowly and almost uninterruptedly across the space at the foot of the Potala, lasted till 12.30 p.m. Now and again the procession would halt during the execution of a dance in the centre of the arena.



THE POTALA

Showing sacred scrolls



THE AUDIENCE ON THE SLOPES OF THE POTALA

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

As it is unusual for Europeans to be in Lhasa so early in the year as the end of the third Tibetan month corresponding to the beginning of our fifth month, it is probable that, with the exception of Sir Charles Bell and his party, we were the first Europeans in modern times to see this pageant, which, although in some of its features, such as the dances, not unlike others to be seen at many of the great monasteries of Tibet, is unique in the wonderful procession which files past for so many hours and in which thousands of people take part. All the performers are monks, contingents being provided by all the great monasteries, such as Drepung, Sera, Gaden and many others in the neighbourhood of Lhasa. The arena is the roof of a vast underground prison and granary, one of the entrances to which is seen in the middle of the photographs. In most of our pictures the procession is shown passing through on the left, and, to the left again, is seen a tent erected for the Sha-pés and for more important officials, with a few privileged spectators, mostly monks, on either side of it. On the opposite side of the arena to the tent, places were also reserved for friends and families of officials, but not a few members of the general public managed to elude the vigilance of the door-keepers and find their way in. Throughout the performance they kept pushing forward into the arena reserved for the performers, but were promptly beaten back by the ushers, monks carrying willow-poles about fifteen feet long, with which they mercilessly belaboured those intruders who were not quick enough in eluding them.

The ushers and their poles are shown in several of the pictures ; one is well seen to the left of the elephant.

The rest of the audience covered the rocky slopes below the Potala and all the neighbouring housetops. The procession, which now filed past, appeared to represent every part of Tibet and every epoch of its history : monks carrying gorgeously emblazoned banners embroidered in silks of every hue ; others bearing standards of all sizes ; others again with immense ceremonial umbrellas such as are held over the heads of oriental potentates when they move abroad ; others carrying drums ; others with trumpets so long that two men were required to each. And so they filed past the whole morning. Now and again a group would leave the procession, which would halt while they executed a dance in the centre of the arena. At one time it would be a dance of boys, and, at another, of monks with drums on their backs, others again of lamas wearing grotesque masks and magnificent breast-plates and aprons made of carved human bones. At another time a cow, a donkey or a sheep would be led across to represent the products of the country. The one performer who did not pass on and who never left the stage was, curiously enough, a clown, who, gorgeously attired and wearing a hideous mask, played throughout the whole entertainment the part of the typical clown of a European circus, at one time mimicking the performers, at another making a show of impeding them, and in fact making a general nuisance of himself. It was curious, and, to us, not

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LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

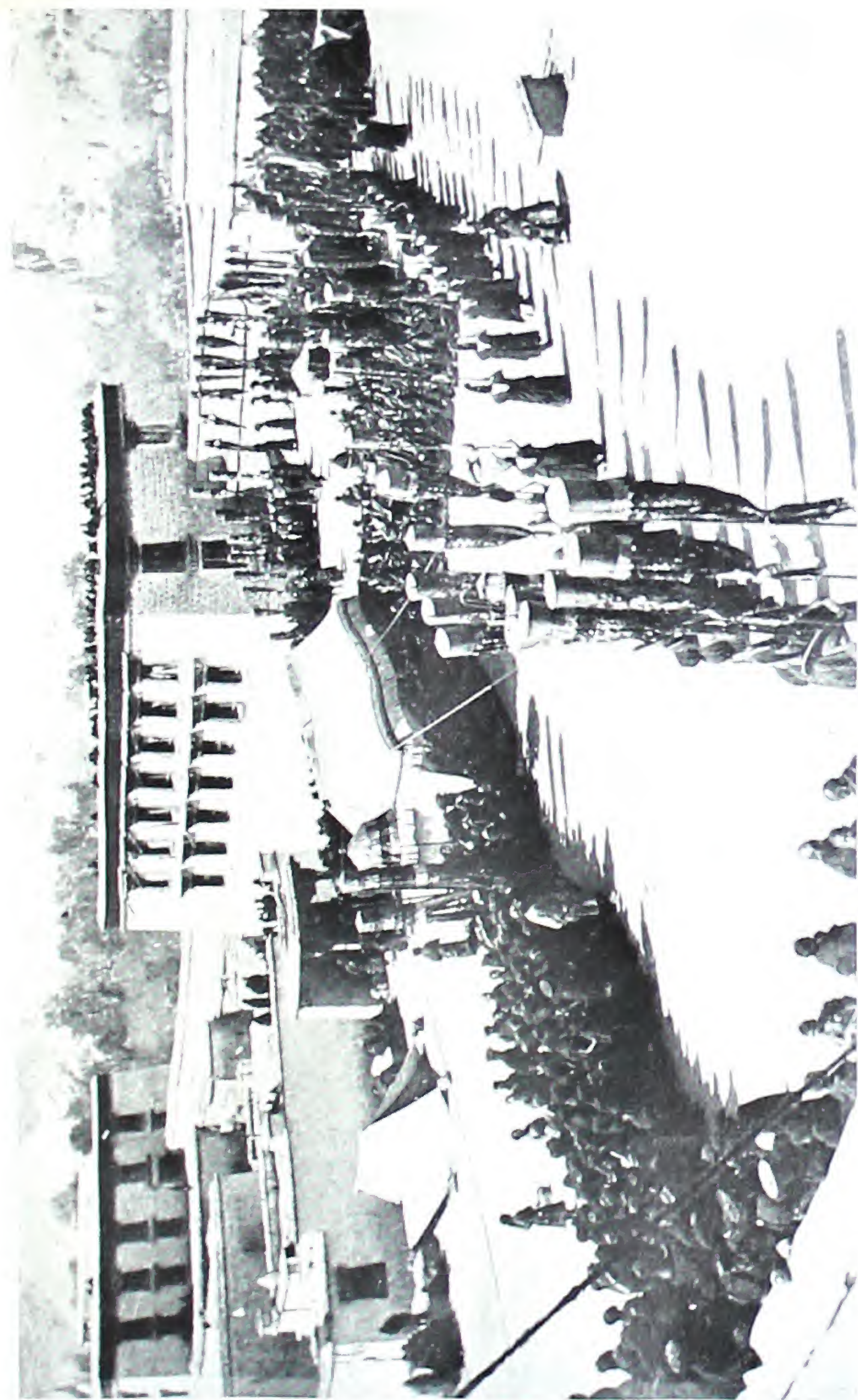
a little incongruous to find this comic element introduced into a pageant bearing a semi-religious character. Towards the end of the procession came the famous oracle of Nechung, the Delphic oracle of Tibet, which is regarded with the deepest awe and reverence by all. A gigantic image, gorgeously attired, was borne in by numerous attendants ; on its approach all the high officials left their seats in the tent, and, making deep obeisance, hung it about with scarves, their tributes of respect. We were told, our informant being a monk, that till comparatively recently the soothsayer himself was wont to take part in the procession, and, being an old and holy man with special divine gifts of insight into matters beyond the ken of ordinary man, was treated almost as a god ; since his death, however, which had happened some years before, the oracle had been represented in the processions merely by an image. Whether the divine powers of his successor were not sufficient to entitle him to a place in the procession, he could not say. We give this story for what it is worth ; in all matters of this kind we found the average monk remarkably ignorant ; he knew neither the history nor the meaning of the forms and ceremonies of the Lamaist religion, nor could he even identify, as a general rule, more than a small proportion of the deities and demons represented, whether by statues or by pictures, in his temples. We made strenuous attempts to obtain a written account of this pageant, together with its meaning and its history ; but in spite of many promises all we succeeded in ultimately extracting was the statement that it represented a

vision of the fifth Dalai Lama, who, on regaining consciousness, had caused a description of it to be written down, and that each year the vision was repeated, not in the minds of the successive Dalai Lamas, but passing from the brain of the chief image in the Chö-khang into that of the chief image in the Potala, and thence, through an image in another temple on the outskirts of Lhasa, back again to its source in the Chö-khang; and as the ghostly procession passed, invisible to human eye, its concrete embodiment was represented by this annual pageant. There is, we were told, in Lhasa a complete account of the whole ceremonial and we were promised a copy, but unfortunately it failed to reach us before we left Tibet.

The pageant was closed by bands of demons, by men in archaic armour with helmets and steel corselets and, finally, by a procession of sham elephants carrying howdahs and followed at the end by a single live elephant, not a particularly fine specimen of his species, but one which is stated to have been in Lhasa now for many years.

The present Dalai Lama is the thirteenth of the succession, and, like his predecessors, is popularly believed to be the reincarnation of the Bodhisatva Avalokita. According to Waddell, the suggestion of the reincarnation of the Dalai Lamas was not evoked till the reign of the fifth of the succession, in the seventeenth century, when the powerful ruler Nagouang Lobsang, who built the Potala, claimed divine origin in order to strengthen his temporal position. Since then all Dalai Lamas have been

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THE PAGEANT
Procession of banners



THE PAGEANT

Dance of boys

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

regarded as incarnate deities. When a Dalai Lama dies his soul is supposed to be transferred to the body of a newly-born babe and his successor is sought amongst the children born at that time ; babies showing miraculous qualities are sought out and the true reincarnation is recognised by certain signs, such as his ability to pick out from among a number of miscellaneous articles those which were the property of his predecessor. During the last century the selection was largely controlled by influences emanating from the court of Peking, for Tibet was still under the suzerainty of China ; now, however, the Tibetans have renounced allegiance to their no longer powerful eastern neighbour and future incarnations will no doubt be decided by influences of a more purely local character.

The present ruler of Tibet is said to have been recognised as the true incarnation through the vision of a monk, and we were told that he was born in the district of Thakpo, which lies to the south-east of Lhasa. When the child is officially recognised as the new Dalai Lama, he and his parents are taken to Lhasa ; he is established in the Potala, while his relatives are given houses and property in the neighbourhood. The mother of the present Dalai Lama is said to be still living in Lhasa.

During the minority of the child the government of the country is carried on by a regent, and, the latter being naturally unwilling to be displaced, several Dalai Lamas have failed to attain their majority ; in fact, each of the three predecessors of the present ruler " passed over " at the age of seventeen,

and the Dalai Lama of to-day is the first since the year 1805 to rule the country in his own right. He was born about the year 1874, and is now nearly fifty years old. He probably owes his survival beyond what has been called the "fatal age" for Dalai Lamas (seventeen years) either to the possession of a strong personality or to the care of watchful friends and relatives. He is a man of considerable intelligence and force of character, and has managed to survive the many vicissitudes of Dalai Lamahood. He has twice fled from his country; first, quite unnecessarily, when the Younghusband Mission visited Lhasa in 1904, and again, more prudently, when the Chinese conquered the country a few years ago. By the irony of fate, on the first occasion he fled to China on the approach of the British Mission, while on the subsequent approach of the Chinese army he sought protection at the hands of the British in India. Now, owing to the anarchical state of China, he has renounced all allegiance to his former suzerain and his relations with Britain, as represented by the Government of India, are of the most cordial nature, for he has at last recognised that nothing is further from the thoughts of his neighbour than the annexation of his country, and that he has nothing to lose and all to gain by the maintenance of friendly relations with the country which is the natural outlet for his trade. The products of Tibet are few, chiefly wool and borax, but India is a ready purchaser for all it can produce; while cotton goods and other manufactured articles required by its people are most cheaply obtained from the same source. The

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

chief imports from China, with which trading relations are still actively carried on in spite of the two countries being at war with one another, are brick tea, porcelain cups and silk fabrics, which are made in China for the Tibetan market.

Next morning we moved into our new quarters. We had selected Dikyilinga because we knew that the surroundings of Lhalu were swampy and we expected to find drier conditions near the river-bank. It was, therefore, with no little surprise that we found ourselves, once through the gateway leading into the grounds of our new quarters, riding through woods of willow and poplar growing in a lake with the water often over our ponies' knees. The house stood in a corner of the grounds overlooking the river, and some 200 yards from the gate ; we waded through water all the way, almost to our door, and it was right up to the walls on two sides of the house. It was difficult at first to understand where all this water had come from and why it should be there ; so we set to work to investigate and soon found that it was due to the damming up of some of the irrigation channels which form a network over the Lhasa plain ; several such channels combine to form a big stream which passes through the grounds of Dikyilinga, and which was now dammed in such a way as to form a lake, whose waters rose to a height of a foot or so up the trunks of the trees. This method of growing willows and poplars in standing water is universal in Lhasa and practically throughout the year the whole country-side is a lake. Later on we even found fields of wheat completely submerged ;

they might have indeed been rice-fields, for only the heads of the grain showed above the water. This did not seem to have any deleterious effect on the crops, although it necessitated their being plucked instead of reaped; but the same custom appears to prevail practically throughout Tibet.

As Dikyilinga would not be ready for us till the following day, we were compelled to spend another night in the Doring House, and this was no more peaceful than the last. Fortunately, we were able to leave early next morning for our new quarters, where we at once set to work to make our preparations for our next journey. It was not yet decided where I was to go; this would depend upon discussion with the Kashag. In the meantime replies came to my letters proposing visits to the various officials, and it was arranged that my whole party should call on the Dalai Lama on the morning of May 1st. In the meantime I paid visits to all the four Sha-pés individually and also to the Lön-chen. All the information available regarding the mineral resources of the country was put at my disposal by the Kashag and I was now in a position to draw up a programme of proposed tours. It soon became evident that the journey that I had hoped to make across Tibet from east to west would neither be the most suitable nor the most interesting for me, nor yet the most profitable to the Tibetan Government, which wished me to visit certain parts of the great lake region to the north of Lhasa and also the valley of Thakpo in South-Eastern Tibet. So far as the lakes were concerned, the desires of the Tibetan Govern-

LHASA IN THE EARLY SPRING

ment exactly coincided with mine, since that district had been the main object of my journey as originally proposed. The addition of South-Eastern Tibet to the programme would enable me to visit country not hitherto seen by any European, although I should touch in certain places the route followed by Majors Bailey and Morshead during their remarkable exploration of the course of the lower Tsangpo made, after the Abor expedition, in 1913. The latter tour promised to be of greater interest than the journey across Western Tibet, and I therefore gladly fell in with the wishes of the Tibetan Government.

Having now determined the general lines on which the work should be carried out, the next question was to draw up as far as possible a detailed programme and to estimate the length of time likely to be required for each tour. Thakpo was fairly well known to many Tibetans in Lhasa ; it was in fact the native country of certain high officials and indeed of the Dalai Lama himself. It was possible, therefore, to make out a rough estimate of the minimum amount of time required for a visit to that region ; but when it came to detailed information regarding the lake district to the north and north-west of Lhasa, the universal ignorance was astounding. Beyond two or three marches from Lhasa, nobody seemed to know anything about the country, either as to stages, distances, roads, supplies, or anything else, nor could I get any information as to the probable nature of the weather. Knowing, however, that the lake district was much higher than Lhasa, its base level being well over 15,000 feet, it seemed

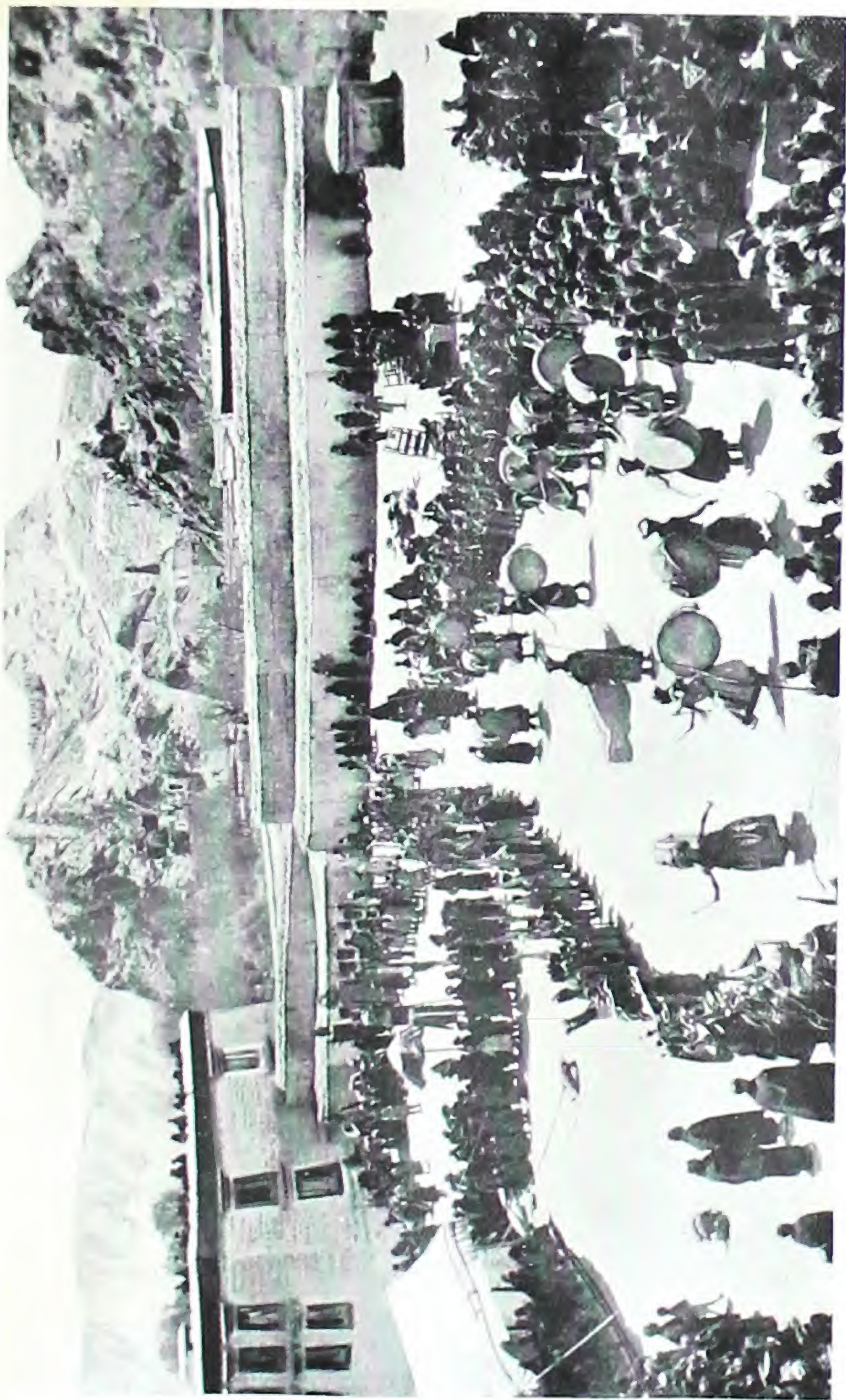
preferable to visit Thakpo first, for that valley was lower than Lhasa and ought already to be out of the grip of winter. This had been practically arranged, when someone was found who knew the country in the neighbourhood of Nam Tso, and who said that throughout the whole of the lake district the rainfall during the summer was excessive ; that our camp would never be dry and that we should be very seriously impeded by swollen rivers. It was therefore decided that the lake district should come first, the weather there being now alleged to be fine. It was still impossible to get any detailed information about this northern tract, and we resigned ourselves to starting into the unknown with the assurance that we should find nomads everywhere and would be able to pick up guides and information as we went along. It was impossible to make any real attempt to estimate the time that would be occupied, and, as it was necessary to keep a month at least in reserve for a visit to Thakpo in the autumn, it was decided to do as much as possible in three months and to return to Lhasa not later than the beginning of August. Plans having thus been definitely settled, messengers were sent out by the Sha-pés to warn all officials in the lake region to be prepared to give our party every assistance. Camps were always to be ready for us a few days in advance, together with transport and necessary supplies. It was arranged that we should be accompanied by Kusho Möndrong, and also by Kusho Nishimba, a lama, who was one of the collectors of the salt tax for Western Tibet. It was to be the duty of the latter to make all arrangements

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regarding camps, transport, and supplies, while Kusho Möndrong would be more directly concerned with procuring detailed information as to what was known of the mineral resources of the country that we were to pass through. Matters having been thus settled, we proposed to make a start as soon as possible and suggested that we should leave four or five days later. After some discussion, which apparently involved a certain amount of astrological calculation to ensure the selection of an auspicious day, it was finally decided that we should leave Lhasa on May 10th.

It now remained only to call on the Dalai Lama and receive his approval of our proposed plans, and on the morning of May 1st we all put on our smartest clothes and set out on our mules for Norbulinga, the Dalai Lama's country residence, which was within a mile or so of our house. Messengers galloped ahead to say that we were coming. Attended by Kusho Möndrong, who was to act as interpreter, and by our major-domo, Kusho Tsendrung, each with a more or less numerous retinue, we arrived at the Dalai Lama's hall of audience ; this was not actually in Norbulinga itself, but was in a small building at the back, and close to the grounds surrounding a new country house which he had just built for himself and which was almost ready for occupation. The audience chamber was a single-storied building on one side of a courtyard, the other sides being occupied by offices and quarters of various retainers. We dismounted at the gate of the courtyard and as we entered were told that the Dalai Lama was ready

to receive us. We had all brought special silk scarves of the best quality obtainable in Lhasa. We had also brought presents which had given much food for serious thought. When leaving India we were not aware that it was necessary to offer presents when calling upon the Dalai Lama and all the high officials of Lhasa. Such presents as we had with us were intended for the smaller fry in the wilder parts of the country, and there was nothing suitable for the Dalai Lama, to whom one would naturally wish to give only something that he might be expected to appreciate. Fortunately we had two of the new mechanical electric torches, which had only recently reached India and had certainly not yet been seen in Lhasa. There being three of us in the party, it was advisable to offer a present from each of us and we sacrificed a canteen of half a dozen glasses that we had brought for our own use. There were two types of electric torch, one being rather larger than the other; this I presented as from myself, the smaller torch as from Cosson, and the canteen as from Gujjar Singh. As we crossed the courtyard to the audience chamber, the presents were taken in in advance and we were ushered in to the Dalai Lama's presence. We found him seated at the end of a room which was almost bare, except for a handsome lacquered Tibetan cupboard serving as an altar, and on which stood some images of Lamaist deities; a row of the usual bowls containing offerings of grain, butter and water, stood in front of the images and those were flanked on either side by two beautiful vases of Chinese porcelain. There were frescoes on



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Drum dance



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Priests' dance with bells and *dorjes*

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the walls of the room, and, on the beams of the ceiling and on the pillars supporting the roof, elaborate conventional designs of dragons, etc., were carved and painted in red and blue and gold ; there were also one or two sacred scrolls on the walls. The Dalai Lama sat in a gilded chair on a dais raised a little above the floor ; he had no head-dress, but wore a long yellow robe of Chinese brocade and long Tibetan boots coming up to the knee. As each of us approached him, we threw our scarves over his hands and he took similar scarves from an attendant standing beside him and placed them over our hands in the same way ; he then shook hands with each of us, and, after inquiries as to our journey and the state of our health, Kusho Möndrong being the interpreter, Cosson and Gujjar Singh were taken into an adjoining ante-room, where they were given tea and waited till my interview was over. I was given a chair and a table just in front of the Dalai Lama, and tea was brought. He asked many intelligent questions about conditions, both economic and political, in India and in other parts of the world, and we finally discussed my proposed programme, in which he appeared to take a keen interest. After about forty minutes' conversation I suggested that I should take my leave and I said good-bye, promising to report progress to him through the Sha-pés from time to time.

On our return to Dikyilinga we found an invitation, which we accepted, from the Tsarong Sha-pé to lunch with him on the next day but one. In the meantime we were kept busy with preparations for

our start on the 10th. From Gyantse to Lhasa we had been provided with riding ponies from stage to stage ; but they were no better than the ordinary baggage ponies, and had neither good manners nor good paces. We decided that we must have our own animals for the trip to the lake district and were strongly advised to buy mules rather than ponies. We had noticed that most of the Tibetan officials rode the former and concluded, therefore, that the advice was sound. We finally bought two Chinese mules, both of which were, as might be expected, highly recommended by their owners. The price was rather staggering, 450 rupees (£30) each, but we were told, also by the owners, that it was by no means high for Lhasa. As it had been necessary to put oneself into the hands of one's friends in this matter, there was nothing for it but to pay the price and hope to recover it when selling later on. Events proved, however, that we had paid a great deal too much, and when we endeavoured to sell six months afterwards we were offered about a quarter of what we had paid. As usual, the stranger buys in a dear market and sells in a cheap one ; so cheap indeed was the selling market that we refused to deal, and eventually took the mules back as far as Chumbi, where we sold them for a little less than half what they had cost ; but we had had the use of them for six months, so there was no reason to grumble. If the manners of the average Tibetan pony are bad, those of our mules were infinitely worse. We only took delivery just before leaving Lhasa, so had had no time to give them an exhaustive

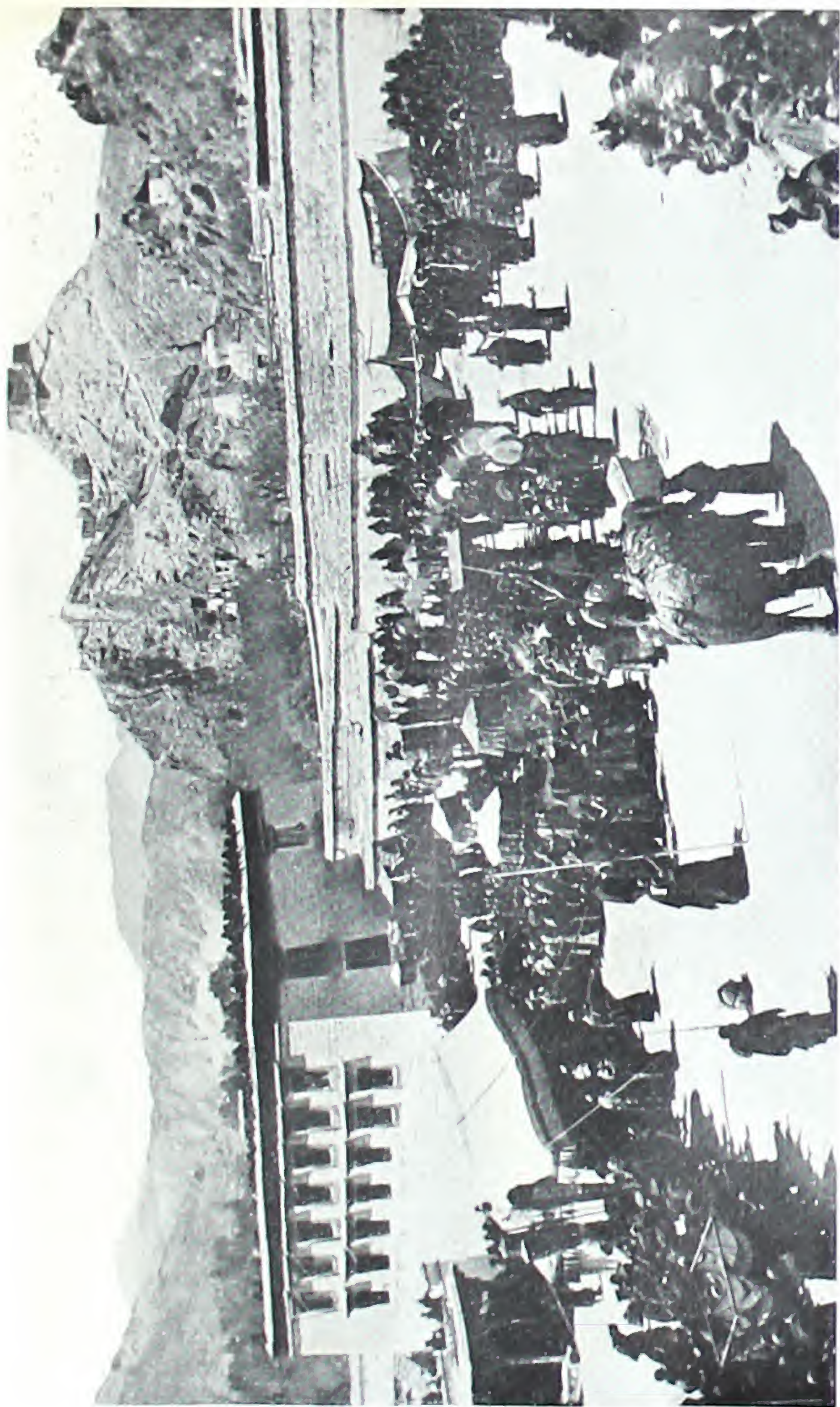
trial and we did not discover their vices till later on. Each had its peculiarities ; mine shied as I have never known any animal shy before. It rarely passed a stone, a tuft of grass, or a bush without throwing itself off the path altogether, sometimes leaving me behind. On some days indeed it appeared to be perfectly demented ; on others it was not quite so bad, but in all our travels I never knew it to go more than a few yards without shying ; even if it were on a bare, empty, sandy desert on which it could see nothing to shy at, it would shy at the footprints that it knew it must be leaving behind it in the sand. Cosson's mule, on the other hand, rarely shied, but was a confirmed stumbler and made no attempt to save itself ; like all stumblers, it was at its worst when the going was good, and a week rarely passed without its falling on its nose ; its fall was so rapid and so unexpected that it was sometimes impossible for its rider to avoid going over its head.

The next few days were occupied with sight-seeing and visits, the latter including lunch with our friend the Tsarong Sha-pé, who, having been to Darjeeling, is thoroughly familiar with western ways and prides himself upon his entertainments *à l'anglaise*. He has either an Indian cook or a Tibetan who understands European cooking, and he gave us an excellent, if somewhat protracted lunch, of about sixteen courses. All the table appointments, including china and glass, were excellent, but it seemed almost sacrilege to use for a table-cloth the magnificent piece of Chinese brocade that he employed for the purpose. In the matter of drink the *pièce de résist-*

ance was *crème de menthe*, with whisky and water also for those who preferred it. We all three had accepted his invitation, but Gujjar Singh, being a Sikh, was prevented by his caste from eating food cooked by anyone but a Sikh or a Brahman; he confined himself to eating biscuits and dried fruits, not a very substantial substitute for the elaborate meal provided. Kusho Möndrong as interpreter was a member of the party, and we had a long and interesting talk with our host, touching a great variety of subjects. We found that he had a step-daughter, aged fourteen, at an English school in Darjeeling.

May 4th. This was a red-letter day, for in the afternoon Cosson received his first letter from Courmayeur. It had been arranged that all our letters should be addressed to the Bengal Club in Calcutta, whence they were to be forwarded to Gyantse, the terminus of the Indian postal system; thence Mr. Martin, the assistant to the British Trade Agent, had kindly undertaken to send them on to Lhasa. The Indian post arrived twice a week at Gyantse, and there was a daily Tibetan post from Gyantse to Lhasa. English mail-day in Gyantse was almost invariably Sunday, and I had hitherto received my home letters regularly once a week. Although Cosson had left Italy on March 2nd and ought to have had already many letters from his home, nothing had reached him except a single postcard at Gyantse. This was naturally disturbing to him, and we had already sent a cable from Chumbi and had a reply at Phari to say that all

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The Lhasa elephant



KUSHIO MÖNDRONG, THE TSARONG SHA-PÉ, CÉSAR COSSON

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was well. What became of his letters we do not know to this day. Throughout our whole journey with the exception of about three weeks towards the end, my letters arrived weekly with the utmost regularity, and, although Cosson should have received at least one and more often two by each mail, he was frequently a fortnight or three weeks, and sometimes as much as five weeks, without any news at all. It was evident that his letters went astray before they reached Bombay, otherwise they would have arrived as regularly as mine, and we rather suspected that some of the post offices not a thousand miles from Courmayeur were not altogether sure where India was. One letter which arrived about the middle of the year confirmed our suspicions, for it had been sent from Italy to America to begin with, and, after wandering about that continent for some little time in search of India, was finally put on the right track. From Gyantse, however, our letters reached us with the greatest regularity; they were despatched immediately by Mr. Martin to Lhasa, where they arrived in four days, whence again the Tsarong Sha-pé most kindly arranged to have them sent out after us, no matter where we were; messengers were ordered to ride night and day with them; they certainly rode all day, doing a daily average of about forty miles.

On May 5th we were entertained by all the Shapés to a most elaborate Tibetan lunch in our own house; from early morning streams of attendants poured into the kitchen, building special hearths and bringing in vast quantities of provisions of all

sorts. In our dining-room the table was laid for eight, the four Sha-pés, Kusho Möndrong and our three selves. At 2 o'clock the Sha-pés arrived; we met them on the door-step with scarves and conducted them in; we then had an elaborate meal *à la tibetaine*, consisting of about twenty-five different dishes, including vermicelli, eggs, stewed pork, fowls' livers, meat dumplings, fish, boiled chicken and various stewed fruits; we drank, as usual, *crème de menthe*. Throughout the meal, which lasted about two hours, the conversation turned chiefly upon topics connected with European progress, such as wireless telegraphy, X-rays, colour photography, in all of which the Sha-pés showed a keen interest. We subsequently adjourned to the garden, where I took a photograph of the Sha-pés before they left.

Cosson was a source of much interest to our Tibetan friends in Lhasa; they had never before seen an Italian and congratulated him on being the first to reach their capital and have an audience of the Dalai Lama. They were not strictly correct, but there had certainly been no Italian in Lhasa for nearly two hundred years—not, in fact, since Orazio della Penna and his Capuchin mission had left Tibet in despair.

Having completed our preparations for our journey to Naktsang and Namru, the two main administrative provinces of the lake region, we spent our mornings visiting the Potala and the chief temples of Lhasa. In spite of its magnificence, the great Lhasa Cathedral, the Chö-khang, is on the whole disappointing. Wonderful golden statues studded

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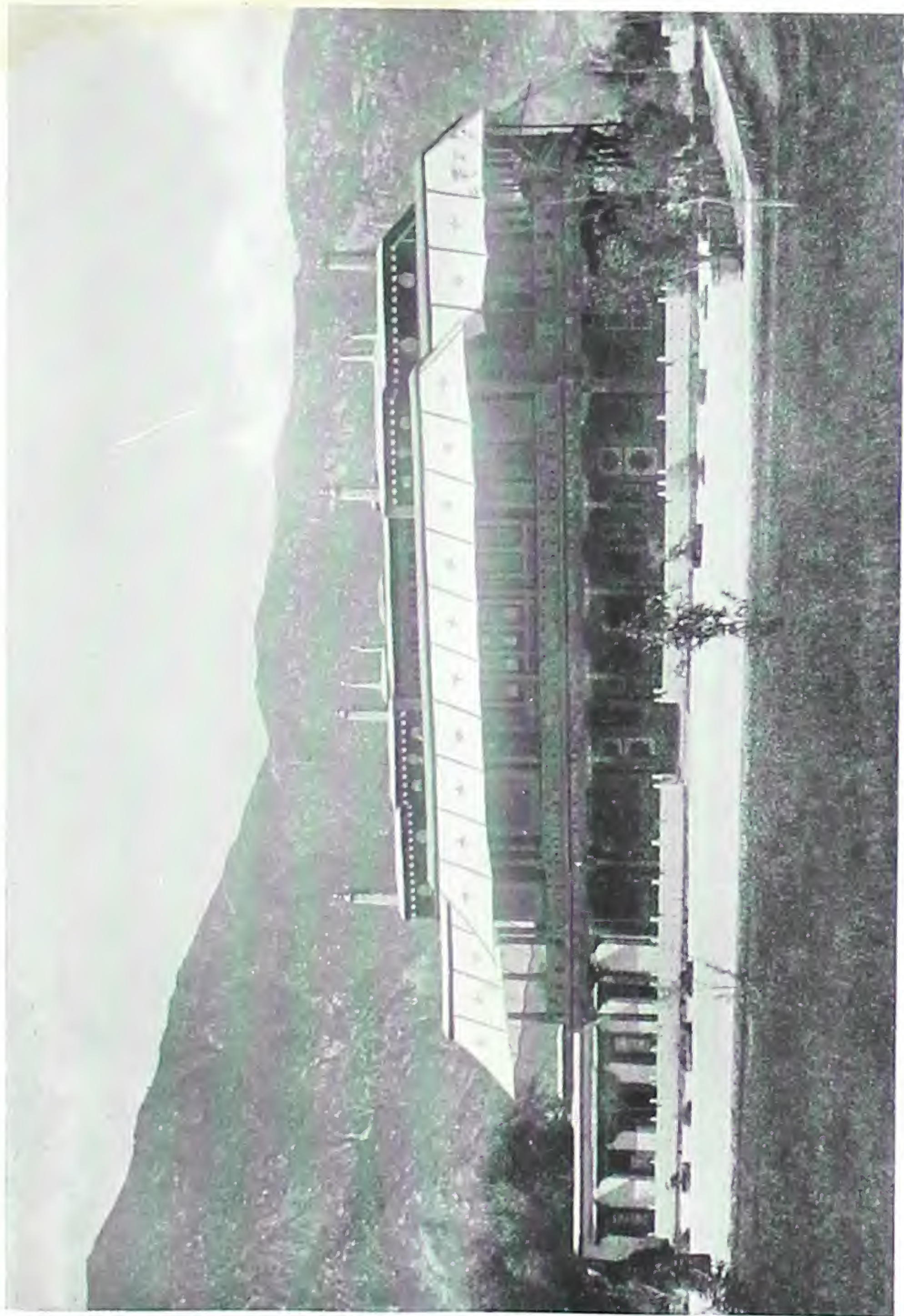
with priceless gems—pearls, rubies, emeralds, turquoises—are buried in the obscurity of shrines lit only by the gold and silver butter-lamps burning on the altar ; in most cases the niches are so small that they are completely blocked by the images round which one circulates along a narrow passage in a space so confined that one has no room to look at anything. To make a complete tour of the temple, with its innumerable shrines, where gods and devils sit cheek by jowl peering out of the darkness, would occupy a whole day. We spent a morning there and saw only the principal images in the richer shrines ; we were fortunate in finding a lamaist mass in progress, the body of the temple filled by several hundreds of monks seated in rows and chanting a Buddhist litany. From the Chö-khang we passed on to the Potala, where we visited the principal temples. The Potala is occupied by the Dalai Lama only in the winter ; from early spring till the end of the autumn he lives at Norbulinga.

Although Lhasa has been very fully described in the books of Mr. P. Landon and Lieut.-Colonel Waddell, who accompanied the Younghusband Mission in 1904, it may not be out of place to mention here its more striking features. To enter the town we pass through the gateway in the base of the sacred monument, or chorten, which fills the narrow gap between the two high points on the Lhasa ridge. On the left the rocks are crowned by the gigantic pile of the Potala, the Dalai Lama's palace ; while the steep conical point on the right is capped by the College of Medicine. Even the most enlightened

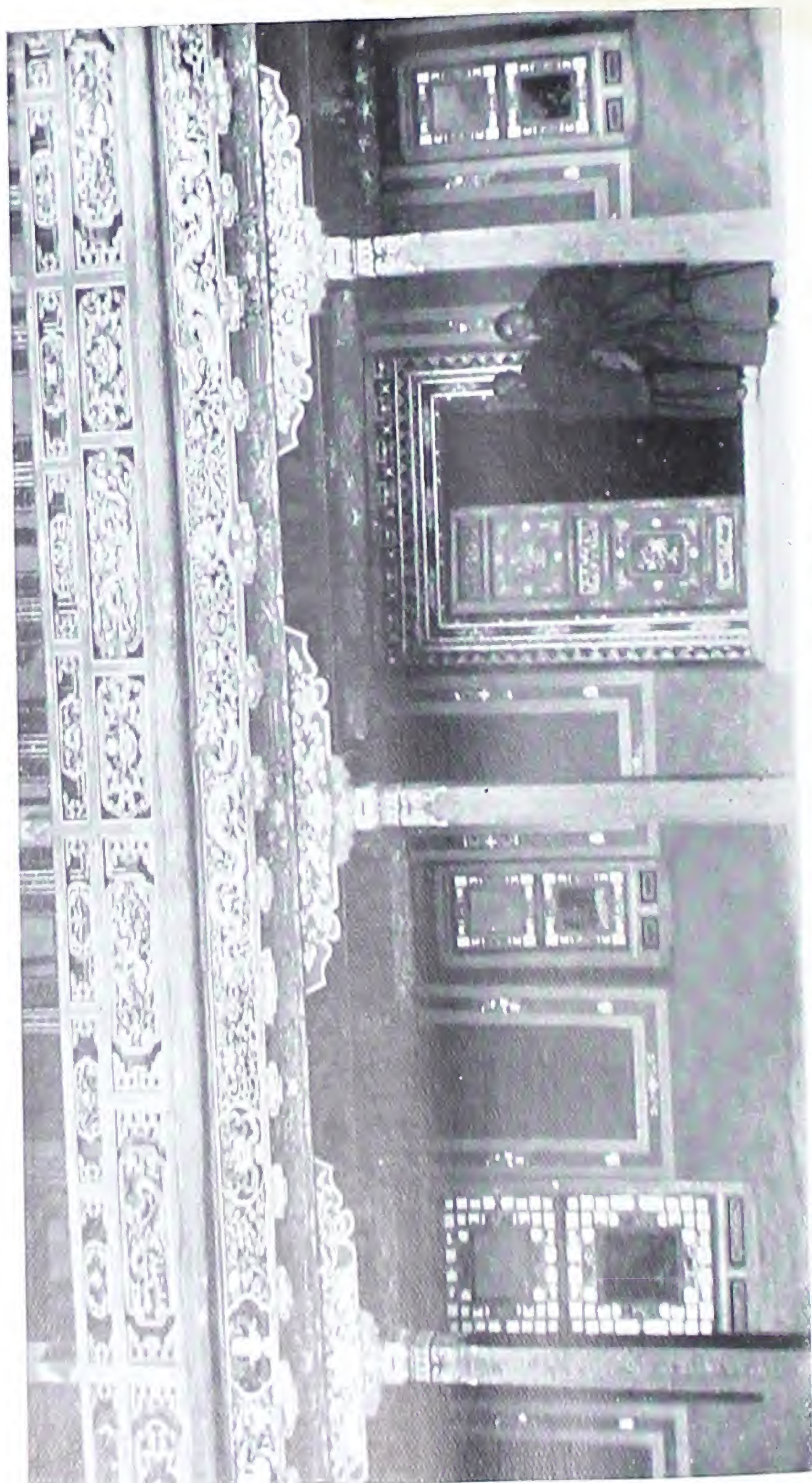
Tibetan ideas on the subject of medicine are primitive in the extreme, and the patient suffering from a serious malady who should fall into the hands of the learned professors of this institution would, if he survived, survive in spite of them. As might be expected, the professors are monks ; they have, it is true, a system of anatomy of their own, based on imagination rather than on fact ; their ideas on the structure of the human body are none the less concrete, and they have evolved a chart showing the respective functions and relations of all its component parts. This chart reminds one of the old maps of the world drawn by the geographers of a thousand years or more ago, but is relatively less accurate.

The chief occupation of the professors, however, is not the treatment of disease, but is the manufacture of pills compounded of ingredients into which it is preferable not to inquire too closely. The pills are highly esteemed throughout Tibet and often bear a sacred character ; their properties are chiefly prophylactic, such as the prevention of mishaps to travellers from accidents, from lightning, landslides or avalanches, or from the depredations of robbers or evil spirits. Pills blessed by the Dalai Lama himself are naturally the most highly valued and constitute a gift prized above all others by the Tibetan about to undertake a journey.

Leaving the College of Medicine behind us on our right, we emerge from beneath the chorten and follow a broad road to the city. On the right are water-meadows, low-lying, swampy, bordered by



THE DALAI LAMA'S NEW COUNTRY HOUSE



CARVED AND PAINTED FAÇADE

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willows and poplars ; beyond these again a high wall surrounds a large plantation of the same trees. On the left are a few small houses, one- and two-storied, behind which rises abruptly in all its grandeur the marvellous structure of the Potala ; tier above tier it climbs up the hill-side to a height of some 650 feet above the plain ; endless rows of windows gaze out over Lhasa from the white-washed battlements, and in the centre of the pile, painted red, and, dominating all, rises the temple and monastery with the Dalai Lama's private apartments ; these are crowned by a number of gilded roofs of Chinese design, the reflection from which on a sunny day can be seen from afar and make of the Potala, the lodestar of the country, a blazing point of light.

At the foot of the Potala the road passes between two famous monuments : on the right a granite monolith erected to commemorate the incorporation of Tibet into the Chinese empire two hundred years ago ; on the left, on a base some four feet high, a carved stone slab—another edict—stands on the back of a tortoise, the whole covered by a roof built in Chinese style of glazed tiles which are now claimed to have been made in Lhasa but were almost certainly imported from China. Just beyond this point the road divides ; one branch goes straight on, through a depression which almost throughout the year is a sea of mud, to the northern part of the town. On the left-hand side of this road a willow plantation surrounded by a wall stretches up to the eastern foot of the Potala.

At the junction of the roads one may see from time to time prisoners exposed to the view of the populace as a warning against crime. They sit by the roadside, their heads thrust through a heavy block of wood about a metre square and ten to fifteen centimetres thick ; this they wear about their necks throughout the day, while their friends and relatives bring them food and sit with them ; near them is posted a notice detailing their crime and punishment. On our return from the lake region in July, we found two prisoners undergoing this punishment of the “ kang,” which is of Chinese origin. We were told that the chief merchant in Lhasa had recently been murdered ; while he was playing cards or dice in a tent at a party given by a leading resident in his garden, a man had come up behind him and had shot him at close quarters. One of the other guests, who had been sitting opposite to him and who, it was stated, could not have failed to see the perpetrator of the crime, and who was said to be a business rival of the murdered man, was arrested although he declared that he had seen nothing ; his servant was also arrested as the suspected murderer. Investigation failed to bring the crime home to either, but the presumptive evidence was considered to be sufficient to warrant their conviction on suspicion ; as nothing could be proved against them, they were not condemned to death, but were sentenced to wear the *kang* and to be exposed to public view in the more important thoroughfares of Lhasa for some weeks, after which they were to be banished from the country.

The second branch of the road at the foot of the Potala inclines to the right, and, passing between a swampy willow garden on the one side and water-meadows full of grazing cattle, sheep and donkeys on the other, runs to the famous "Yutok sampa," or Turquoise Bridge, a structure built of granite and roofed over with bluish-green glazed Chinese tiles, the colour of which gives its name to the bridge. The tiles, like those of the roof over the edict stone, are said to be of local manufacture, but there is little doubt that they too are Chinese. The bridge and the roads at either end of it are the haunt of innumerable beggars, many of whom are blind, deformed or diseased, and who spend the whole day telling their beads or loudly reciting prayers and beseeching the charity of the passers-by.

From the bridge the road runs through more swampy ground for about a hundred metres to a gateway in the city wall. On the left, beyond an expanse of reeds and bulrushes, stand the ruins of what was formerly one of the four most important Lhasa monasteries. During the late war between Tibet and China the monks are said to have been pro-Chinese, and on the defeat of the Chinese army the monastery was sacked and burned and the empty shell now stands as a warning to traitors. On the right of the road an expanse of black mud extends to the wall of the town and is usually the feeding-ground of numerous lean, long-haired pigs, which are dependent on the city refuse for their food. Inside the gate an open space, which serves

as refuse-heap, public latrine and children's playground, is again the haunt of dogs and pigs. Beyond this space the buildings of the town begin and several narrow lanes lead off among the closely packed two-storied houses. One of the lanes leads past the Doring House to the Chö-khang, opposite the entrance to which a large willow-tree of great age overhangs the Doring, a stone slab recording events in early Tibetan history and said to be over a thousand years old.

The entrance to the temple itself is dark and cavernous ; it is approached by a yard paved with flag-stones on which all day long one may see pilgrims prostrating themselves in front of the sacred edifice. The devotees, both men and women, stretch themselves at full length on their faces, rise immediately and prostrate themselves again, continuing this exercise for hours at a time with perfect regularity.

All round the Chö-khang the streets and lanes are lined with shops which occupy the ground-floors of the houses. In the open spaces, and where the streets are less narrow than usual, rows of stalls occupy the middle of the road. Here one may buy food of all sorts, such as tsamba, grain, dried fruits, potatoes, and, in the summer, lettuces, turnips, peas and beans, and peaches brought from the Tsangpo Valley. Even European tinned provisions are to be found here and there, as well as candles, cigarettes, and matches, all brought up from India. Tibetan clothing, too, can be bought ready-made, with fur caps from India and China,

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silks, cotton fabrics, long Tibetan felt boots and even leather boots from India, Homburg hats, cups and bowls of Chinese porcelain, jewellery of turquoise and amber, coral necklaces, jade bracelets and thumb-rings, and innumerable other *menus articles de commerce*. Down the centre of each road or lane there is a drain about 3 feet deep, covered over with stone and mud ; but gaps are found here and there, and it is well always to avoid the middle of the road. Unfortunately, Lhasa lies on very swampy ground, too flat to provide a suitable outfall, and this praiseworthy attempt at a drainage system is not as successful as it deserves to be. Throughout the summer and autumn the streets are quagmires ankle-deep in mud and water ; some indeed are lagoons impassable except on horseback, the mud and water often over a horse's knees. Owing to the situation of the town, the introduction of an efficient system of drainage would be a difficult and costly matter.

Most of the houses of the leading officials and important personages are in the town, large three-storied buildings erected round a central courtyard. The owners live in the upper story, their retainers below and the cattle and horses on the ground-floor. Every house has one or more latrines, a room on the outer wall and extending to the ground so that it can be cleaned out from below, an operation that is performed once a year. The family water-supply is often derived from a well in the central courtyard which could only by a miracle escape contamination during the wet season. At

that time of year indeed bowel complaints are prevalent and are probably attributable to a faulty water-supply.

On the north side of the town the two most interesting buildings are the small Merou monastery and the temple known as Ra-mo-tche. The monastery is supposed to stand on the site of the church built by the Christian fathers early in the eighteenth century, but no vestige remains except the bell, which now hangs in the Chö-khang. From Merou monastery a street now runs north to the Ling-kor, the sacred road which surrounds Lhasa. Opposite the monastery the middle of the street is filled by a wall some ten metres long by a metre wide and two metres high, of "mani" stones, so called from the slabs with which the wall is faced and which are carved with the mystic formula, *Om mani padmi hom*; the constant repetition of these holy syllables is a means of acquiring great merit, ensuring salvation. The carved stones are often painted as well, in red, yellow and blue, and while many bear the mystic formula others have carved on them images of one or other of the lamaist deities or demons. Similar walls are found in other parts of Lhasa, and indeed all over Tibet, and some are almost as much as 1,000 yards in length.

About two hundred metres beyond the wall the street ends in a small open space always crowded with a horde of beggars. At one side stands the small but very sacred Ra-mo-tche temple, which, like the Chö-khang and the Potala, is crowned by a gilded roof of Chinese design. Passing the temple

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one finds oneself on the Ling-kor. This road, which completely encircles Lhasa, is about five and a half miles in length and within it lies the whole of the city as well as the ridge on which stand the College of Medicine and the Potala. Pilgrims come from the uttermost parts of Tibet and even from India to make the circuit of the city and all day long one may see parties of men, women and children, often families not only with their children but accompanied even by a sheep, realising at last what to many must have been the dream of their lives. Always they pass in the same direction, from left to right or in the same direction as the sun, for to walk in the reverse direction brings no merit and may be attended with disaster. Each pilgrim as he walks turns his little brass prayer-wheel, a hollow cylinder filled with written prayers and pivoted on a metal rod fixed in a wooden handle; a small lump of brass attached to the one side of the cylinder by a short chain gives the necessary impetus to enable the wheel to be kept turning by a gentle motion of the wrist. As the wheel turns, so the prayers are supposed to repeat themselves incessantly, while the pilgrim has his lips free to acquire additional merit by muttering continuously the mystic formula *Om mani padmi hom*, or merely the first syllable *Om*, which serves the same purpose. In many parts of Tibet one sees also larger prayer-wheels, some as much as six to nine feet in diameter and as much in height, turned by hand by means of a crank and striking a bell at each revolution, thus enabling the devotees to calculate the

number of prayers that he has said. Other wheels are placed on housetops where they are turned by the wind and others again are turned by water. In Tibet salvation by means of mechanical prayer is now indeed a high art.

But it is not only the pilgrim from afar who makes the circuit of the Ling-kor. Every inhabitant of Lhasa itself who has a serious regard for his soul's welfare circumambulates the holy city, we were told, at least once a month, some even oftener. Certain days, too, are more auspicious for the performance of the rite, and on those one saw a continuous stream of people passing round. For the greater part the road is not of much interest ; at every cross-road one finds groups of beggars, blind, lame and diseased, attended by numbers of mangy dogs, and all vociferously demanding alms. On the north side, near the Ra-mo-tche temple, we found many families of beggars living in filthy conditions ; in black tents of woven yak's hair they pester the passers-by, blocking the way and holding up their thumbs and protruding their tongues in sign of submissiveness ; they crowd round one uttering the beggars' whine of " Koutche, koutche," and if one gives them a coin one is immediately besieged by a horde of dozens of them, who collect as if by magic and follow one for hundreds of yards with piteous wails for more. At the extreme eastern edge of the city the road passes through the beggars' quarter, where the walls of the small and dirty huts are built of horns imbedded in mud, like those of the butchers' quarter at Dre-pung. The most interesting point in the circuit is

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HYANG-PA-CHEN



NYEN-CHEN-THANG-LA RANGE FROM HYANG-PA-CHEN

at the south-west bend of the road, just behind our house Dikyilinga, where it mounts steps cut in the limestone cliff at the foot of the small ridge which runs down from the College of Medicine ; here an arm of the river washes the base of the cliff and the face of the rock is covered with carved and painted images of gods and demons, many hundreds of which surround a large central image of Buddha.

In the intervals of visiting and sight-seeing we found some amusement in bargaining for Chinese and Tibetan curios brought to us by a local dealer. Every winter traders go down to Calcutta from Lhasa with cloisonné, Chinese porcelain, jade, Mongolian and Tibetan urns and teapots, brass images, painted scrolls representing lamaist deities and numerous other products of Chinese and Tibetan art. These find a ready sale in India, and we had hoped that in Lhasa we should have the pick of the market at reasonable prices. Shortly after our arrival one of the leading dealers of Lhasa, whose methods soon led us to christen him "*Le Voleur*" (The Robber), called upon us with various objects for sale. He brought chiefly Chinese porcelain and cloisonné, the former for the greater part modern imitations of Ta-tsing pieces, usually bearing Kang-hi or Chien-lung marks. The cloisonné was, with rare exceptions, modern Japanese. For all these articles our friend The Robber demanded ridiculous prices ; but we soon found that he was prepared to accept readily a quarter of his original demand and bidding began generally at about one-tenth of the price asked. At first he brought only modern rubbish, all of which, being a

good Mohammedan, he was prepared to swear on the Koran was hundreds of years old. Later on, however, he produced a few good pieces of china, but it was disappointing to find that there is now practically nothing left in Lhasa. There are still a few good pieces in the monasteries, no doubt; but if they could be bought at all, their prices would be quite as high as one would pay for similar articles in London; the monasteries are not supposed to sell their treasures, and all sales are made clandestinely. The country has, in fact, been drained of its Chinese art treasures during the last fifteen years or so, and nearly everything which is now either offered for sale in Tibet, or taken down to India for sale during the winter, is modern imitation said to be manufactured in China and Japan especially for this trade—that is to say, for the Lhasa-Calcutta curio market.

CHAPTER V

THE REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES : LHASA TO SHEN-TSA

ON the morning of May 10th we made our start for the north, having only a very hazy idea of where we were going. The occurrence of various minerals was reported from Nakt-sang and Namru, districts said to lie about 200 miles to the north and north-west of Lhasa, and which could be reached either by the road leading due north from Lhasa, over the Pempo-go La and along the eastern shore of Nam Tso, or else by the valley of the Ta-lung Chu to the west of Lhasa, and thence north-west over the Goring La. We had finally decided to go out by the latter route and come back by the former. As always happened when setting out from Lhasa, our transport did not appear till late in the morning, and it was nearly 9 o'clock when we left. This was unfortunate, as we had a long march, longer indeed than we knew, for our first stage. Even when the animals arrived loading took a long time, for although we had decided to leave some of our provisions in Lhasa to await our return, we now had to carry food for the servants. We should not find any supplies of grain, or tsamba, in the region to which we were now going, and we had therefore to

carry tsamba for the servants and grain for our two mules, as well as flour for ourselves and for Gujjar Singh. All this baggage weighed about 1,100 lbs. and required seven baggage animals to carry it. Another heavy item was money ; our transport would cost about sixty silver tankas a day, or about 5,000 tankas in all, while nearly as much again had to be allowed for purchase of supplies, for presents, and other miscellaneous expenses. Since the war, silver is no longer employed for coinage in Tibet, and all money is now copper, except in Lhasa, where notes issued by the Tibetan Government are used to some extent ; but they are not accepted or understood in the remoter parts of the country, and it was necessary to carry practically the whole of our money in copper coins of the value of $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ of a tanka respectively ; we must have taken actually about 20,000 such coins, most of which were about the same size as a half-penny, some being as large as a penny. The counting of all this money was not only a tedious but also a very dirty process ; the coins had been long in circulation and were filthy, for personal cleanliness is not a feature of the ordinary Tibetan and his money naturally becomes as dirty as his person. In order to minimise the risk of loss owing to a baggage animal falling over a cliff or into a river where its load might not be recoverable, we divided the money, which amounted to several pony-loads, into a large number of parcels, putting a small quantity with each piece of baggage.

Leaving Dikyilinga, we took the Gyantse road to the big stone bridge at the mouth of the Ta-lung



THE GORING GLACIER



APPROACH TO THE GORING LA FROM THE NORTH

Valley, where we turned off and followed the left side of the valley, through numerous villages scattered over a cultivated plain, to Nang-tse (or Nangkar-tse), a long and tedious ride through uninteresting country. As a rule the road was fairly good except where, passing between the fields, it was used *more asiatico* as an irrigation channel. This custom, which is prevalent throughout the East, is not a little disconcerting, especially when the path, such as it is, runs between walls from which the boulders have fallen down into the track and fill the bottom of the road-cum-irrigation-channel along which one is compelled to ride up to one's pony's knees in water. It was nearly 5 o'clock before we reached Nang-tse. Some distance out we found the usual "reception committee" waiting for us; they showed us a group of tents pitched against the walls of a small village on one side with the public refuse heap on the other; a dozen mangy dogs were nosing about among the tents, and expectant pigs were grunting on the no-longer productive refuse heap. A more unpromising site for a camp from the European point of view it would have been difficult to find, and as there was a broad stretch of beautiful turf a few hundred yards away, we decided to have the camp transferred, much to the surprise of the local people and even of our own servants, who could not understand our objections to such a convenient site. The tents were easily moved, and we soon found ourselves sitting on a pile of Tibetan cushions and struggling with Tibetan tea, which was all we were likely to get for some time, as our baggage was still a long way

off and not likely to be in for an hour or two ; it was in fact almost dark before the ponies arrived. The stage was too long for such a late start, being nearly twenty-four miles, and we decided that in future we would aim at marches of not more than fifteen or sixteen miles.

Another rather long stage had been arranged for the next day, so we proposed to make two marches of it, and sent on orders that night to have a camp pitched half-way, at the village of Mara, which proved to be about ten miles away. In Tibet it is the duty of the headmen, in all but the smallest villages, to keep a certain number of tents to be pitched for Government officials passing through their villages on tour, and we found camps ready pitched for us at most of our stages during the next few days.

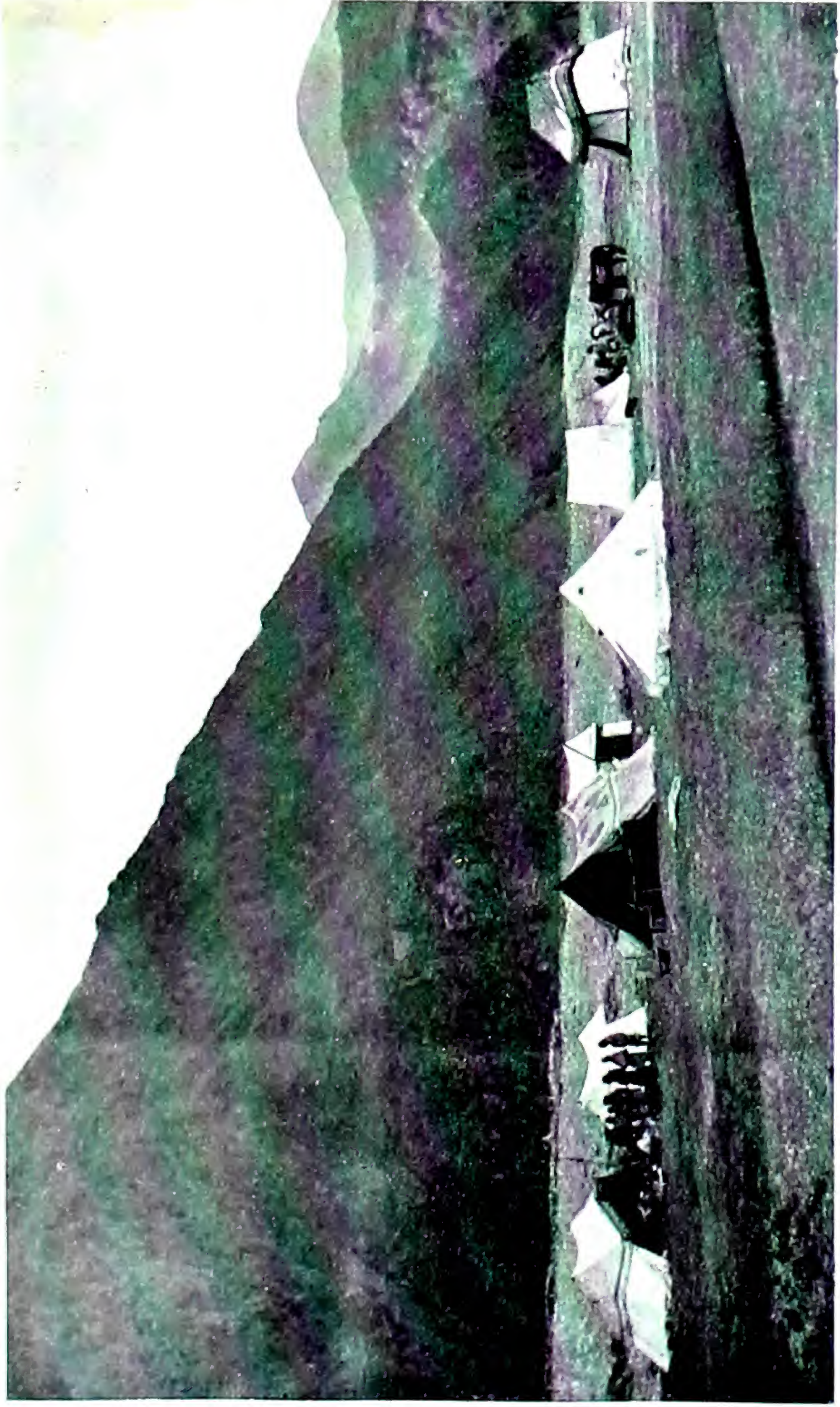
The sites selected were usually as unfortunate as they had been on the first day, and it was often necessary to change the camp on our arrival. At Mara we were fortunately in time to prevent mistakes and had a very pleasant camp on the turf beside the river. After a bath and a late breakfast I went out to investigate the local geology, while Cosson took his gun and went after some geese which a villager reported to have settled in the fields a short distance down-stream ; he was soon back with a goose. The next morning we moved to Dhechen, the headquarters of the valley and residence of the Dzongpön. It was another short stage, and we were in early ; a camp had been pitched for us the day before, but there had been rain in

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the night and the ground on which the tents stood was under water ; we found a dry spot a little way off and again had the camp moved. There had been a considerable amount of snow and rain recently in the surrounding hills and the main river was coming down brown and muddy ; but a small, clear stream from a side-valley flowed past our tents ; it was crossed by a bridge, under which was a large pool full of fish, so we got out the trout-rod and put a fly over them ; after a little hesitation they rose readily, and we caught six or seven fish ranging from half a pound to a pound. They gave very fair sport, although not as good as trout of the same size. Unfortunately, when it came to eating the fish we found that they were soft and bony and had a rather unpleasant flavour, a great disappointment, as we had looked forward to much sport in the future ; but, the fish being uneatable, there was no point in catching them, so we fished no more.

The next day we marched to Hyang-pa-chen, the last village we were to see for some time ; our road lay along a narrow valley with steep hills on either side, but finally near the village emerged on to a wide plain bounded on the north by the snowy range of Nyen-chen-thang-la, the double peak of that name standing out against the sky and towering far above all the surrounding mountains ; although its height is only 23,255 feet, I know no more imposing peak, especially when seen from a great distance ; the only mountain that I can compare to it in this respect is Monte Viso in the Cottian Alps. In

recent maps published by the Survey of India the name of this mountain is given as Charemaru ; I could not trace the origin of this name locally, but there is no possible doubt that the correct name is Nyen-chen-thang-la. It is well known to all Tibetans who have been north of Lhasa and is indeed one of the three or four most sacred mountains in Tibet, as sacred in fact as Kailas, near Lake Manasarowar in Ngara Khorsum. An educated Tibetan gave an alternative name, Nying-chen-thang-la (*nying* = heart), but the form Nyen-chen-thang-la seems to be the commoner. The spelling of Tibetan names is a matter of great difficulty and we may perhaps be pardoned if we digress slightly in order to give some notion as to the correct pronunciation of the names found throughout this book ; many of our readers will no doubt agree that there are few things more irritating than a book of travel in which no clue is given to the pronunciation of the place-names. Tibetan is a tone language in which only three tones are ordinarily employed, and it occasionally happens that two or more words, although spelt differently, may all have the same pronunciation and may fall in practically the same tone. Throughout our journey Gujjar Singh was always accompanied by a local Tibetan, from whom he obtained the names that he put on his map ; subsequently Kusho Möndrong was kind enough to go through the lists, also with local informants, and write them out in Tibetan which I transliterated. It was not infrequently found that certain names would be spelt in two or three different ways even by the local



CAMP AT MARA



QUIET YAKS

people. Transliteration into English characters is not easy, for the value of a Tibetan consonant depends in many cases on its association with other consonants written in combination with it and which completely change the sound of the letter ; in fact the Tibetan alphabet abounds in combined consonants analogous in a sense to our vowel diphthongs. Thus a single letter corresponding to the English *g*, and pronounced as such, may have the letter *r* written underneath it, in which case it loses the sound of *g* and becomes a hard *d* pronounced almost like *dr* in English. The complications that are introduced into the written language by these compound consonants are such that the language as pronounced bears but little resemblance to the language as written. To quote an extreme case, the direct transliteration into English characters of the Tibetan word for rice is *abras* ; it is pronounced *dré* ! It is therefore evident that mere transliteration of Tibetan names is out of the question, and it is customary to use a more or less conventional phonetic system. Several such systems have been devised, but that most commonly employed in India for cartographical purposes is a slightly simplified form of the system given in Sir Charles Bell's Tibetan Grammar. In this book we have employed a simpler form still ; it is unscientific, but will enable the reader to get fairly near the correct pronunciation of the names. Of the vowels, *a* is always long as in the English word *father* ; *e* is like the French *é*, *i* also as in French ; *o* approximately as in English ; *u* is pronounced

like *oo* in English, as in *pool*, and *ō* like the same letter in German or *eu* in French. All the consonants as in English with the exception of *lh*, which is pronounced like *ll* in Welsh—this will perhaps not be of great assistance to the reader, but there is no corresponding sound in English.

Hyang-pa-chen is a small village of a dozen houses or so dotted about the middle of a great plain which lies at the intersection of several valleys descending from the snow-clad mountains on the east, north and west. Here we changed transport, our new baggage animals being yaks, which were to remain with us for three marches, including the passage of the Goring La, a pass 19,000 feet high, to reach which it was necessary to cross a glacier deep in snow and a mile wide. For this purpose yaks were more suitable than ponies. The road was said to be bad, so we attempted to make an early start, but, as almost always happened when there was a change of transport, our endeavours were frustrated, partly by the late arrival of the yaks and partly by their behaviour when they did ultimately arrive. There were only three drivers to every dozen or so of yaks; the latter were extremely wild, and, when loaded, proceeded to career madly across country until they had got free of their saddles and their loads, much to the detriment of our crockery. However, we got away finally between 8 and 9 o'clock, marching eastward across the plain for five or six miles. About half-way across we found ourselves on the old terminal moraine of a glacier now covered with stunted

growth of a shrub not unlike some form of gorse ; this we found full of hares, so we got out one of the guns and in a very short time Cosson, who was now definitely established as the hunter of the party, had killed four, which would be enough to meet immediate requirements. On the far side of the plain, the road mounted over a shoulder and descended again into a narrow valley ; on either side were granite hills sloping down to a broad and rapid stream. The slopes were covered with boulders of all sizes and shapes, across which ran the track, such as it was. With perhaps the exception of two passes, the Chak La and the Tekar La, which we were to cross some months later, this was the worst apology for a road that we met with in the course of our travels. One of our mules had been newly shod on its fore-feet before we left Lhasa, but at the end of the day's march it had no shoes left. For the whole day in fact we had to pick our way over boulders of granite so rough that we were compelled to get off and lead our mules.

Although yaks are much better than ponies for this sort of country, as also for snow and ice, they are much slower, their normal pace being not much more than two miles an hour, so we did not get in till late in the afternoon, although our march was only about sixteen miles. We were now once more at a high altitude, about 16,000 feet, and during the last few days the weather, which had been on the whole fairly fine while we were in Lhasa, had begun to break up ; there was a piercingly cold wind blowing down the valley off the snow, and, with the

exception of the rapids in the river, all water was frozen. We found tents pitched for us near a small grazing camp, which supplied us with milk and fuel (yak-dung).

We had hoped to cross the Goring La next day, but the local guide that we had picked up at Hyang-pa-chen said that it would be out of the question to reach any suitable camping-ground beyond the pass in one day: and, as conditions on the other side would in every respect be much more unpleasant, it was preferable to make a short march and camp at the foot of the pass, crossing on the following day and making a long march to the nearest grazing camps. Conditions were already so unpleasant as regards temperature, etc., that it seemed difficult to imagine that they could be worse on the other side; but we fortunately decided to do as we were advised and made a short march of ten miles, still up the same valley, to the lower end of a small plain at the foot of the terminal moraine of the Goring glacier. The track was not so bad as it had been the day before, since the higher reaches of the valley were less rocky, and we rode for the greater part of the time over turf, though here and there we had to cross patches of swampy ground in which more than once our ponies were very nearly bogged. The place at which we camped was known as Tug-li, and is the nearest point to Lhasa attained by any of the numerous Europeans who attempted to reach that city during the last century; it was here that Mr. St. G. Little-dale, with his wife and nephew, was turned back in

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1894. He had hoped to be able to make a rush for Lhasa once he had crossed the Goring La, but circumstances were too much for him, and he was compelled to retrace his steps, although so near his goal.

Just as we were leaving camp in the morning a post arrived from Lhasa, having come out in two days. To our joy there were home letters for both of us, dated April 10th, and, as this was May 15th, they had made very good time from Europe. We subsequently found that in favourable circumstances, that is to say if it did not waste any time between posts either at Bombay or Calcutta, a letter reached Lhasa from home in just under a month.

Some of the officials who accompanied us from Hyang-pa-chen had volunteered the information that in the valley in which we now were there were several herds of wild sheep, or burhel (*Ovis nahura*).¹ One herd was said to have descended two days earlier to the camping ground that we had just left; we had seen no signs of them while we were there, so on arrival at Tug-li decided to search the head of the valley in the hope that they might have moved higher up. In the afternoon we took our rifles and a couple of local men and went about two miles up the valley to a point from which we could see all the slopes at its head; but careful search revealed nothing. We saw only a marmot, which the men with us begged us to shoot for them as they said they had no meat and not much food of any kind; as the skin, too, would now be in good con-

¹ Burhel is the Indian name; the Tibetan is *na*.

dition and furs were always useful, Cosson crept as near as he could to it behind the rocks and took a shot at a little over fifty yards with his rifle ; it was sitting up on a stone, and he put a bullet very neatly through its head. Although the period of hibernation was only just over and the marmots could not have been long out of their winter quarters, the animal was in good condition, as also was its coat. Most Tibetans do not eat marmots, but several of the men with us were very glad to have the meat.

For some days the weather had shown signs of breaking up, and, rather to our dismay, the evening rapidly clouded over and snow began to fall ; this was not a cheerful prospect, with our next march over a difficult pass and a wide glacier, at an altitude of 19,000 feet. It snowed off and on during the night, and next morning we found the whole country covered ; fortunately, the snow had been fine and only a few inches deep, so we decided to make an attempt to cross the pass. It was still snowing intermittently, but soon after we had loaded up and were ready to start the weather picked up. The Goring glacier with its terminal moraine is a tributary of the main valley in which we were camped and which the track up the pass now left. We began at once to climb up the slopes of the moraine, on which there was at first a certain amount of soil and dried tufts of last year's vegetation ; but conditions soon changed, and we found ourselves on a stony scree with no road of any kind. This continued for about two miles, and was most trying

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to all the animals ; gradually, however, we approached the wall of the glacier, the path mounted steeply through a deep covering of snow, into which the yaks sank up to their knees, and it was a long and toilsome climb up to, and across, the glacier. Fortunately, all the crevasses were filled with the winter snow and there was no danger of accidents. We finally reached the farther side of the glacier and climbed a rocky slope of about a hundred yards to a narrow col, a mere gap in the rocks ; this was the actual pass. We had left Tug-li (16,700 feet) at 6 o'clock and we reached the top of the pass (19,000 feet) at 8.10. We had both walked all the way, for it seemed impossible to expect our mules to carry us over such country ; not so, however, our Tibetan companions and followers ; every one of them got on to his pony when he left camp and stuck manfully to its back the whole way up.

Once over the col we found ourselves in an entirely new type of country. For the first few hundred yards the path was a rough track over talus slopes ; on our left a *cirque* of snow-capped peaks fed a glacier four or five miles long and covered with fresh snow. This appeared to be an easier route than the steep rocky path, so we left our ponies with the baggage and took to the glacier, which we descended almost to its snout, where crevasses and *séracs* drove us down the side, back to the path again. As we descended we could see spread out below us a land of rolling downs, broad valleys and open plains and we realised that we were now indeed on the great plateau of Central

Tibet, while a piercing wind and many degrees of frost gave us a foretaste of the weather that we were to experience during the next few weeks. The steep descent from the path lasted only for three or four miles, after which the fall of the ground was barely perceptible ; then we rode on across broad valleys and over low intervening ridges in bare, desolate country, treeless, shrubless, with no trace of vegetation except the dried tussocks of last year's grass. We saw no signs of habitation or of flocks, and no game ; but as we crossed a small ridge between two valleys we saw, some thirty miles away to the east, the broad expanse of the waters of Nam Tso. Still descending steadily, but very gradually, we found ourselves in a bay of a vast plain ; at the foot of a slope, about three miles away, there were two black tents which we hoped might be our destination ; for the wind was now a gale, bringing with it squalls of driving snow ; the cold was arctic, and we both had splitting headaches, no doubt the result partly of the exertion involved in crossing the pass at such an altitude, but probably due in greater measure to the fact that we had started on a cup of cocoa, and had so far eaten nothing, although it was already the middle of the day. We were both bad " doers " in the early morning, and neither of us was ever able to face a serious meal, especially when it took the form of a leathery omelette, made by Nyima of eggs which were more than doubtful, fried in rancid Tibetan butter over a smoky cow-dung fire. In fact we soon gave up attempting to eat anything except a morsel



CROSSING THE GORING GLACIER



A TEMPORARY NOMAD ENCAMPMENT

of bread with our cocoa before starting on our day's march, but we carried with us a cold lunch to be eaten on the way. To this inability to eat in the early morning must probably be attributed the frequent headaches that we suffered from all the time that we were living at these high altitudes. For nearly three months we were never much below 16,000 feet ; had the weather been fine, we might possibly not have been affected to the same extent ; but the perpetual gales, the dust, and almost daily blizzards, from which we suffered right up to the middle of June, kept us in a state of constant misery and discomfort.

Half an hour's ride beyond the two black tents, which after all were not our destination, took us, round a corner, out of the bay and on to the plain where the sight of a large encampment a mile or so away brought some little comfort. As we rode up two mounted men came scurrying out from the camp and asked us where the Pömbo (high official) was and if he would soon be in. I replied that I was he, but this was too much for them, they could not believe it possible that a real Pömbo, much less two Pömbos, could arrive at their camp attended merely by a ragged syce with neither jingling bells nor outriders, and it was some time, even with the added protestations of Chendze the syce, that they made a show of believing. However, they finally got off their ponies and offered scarves, and I ordered them to ride back into camp ahead of us. No doubt their incredulity was entirely reasonable, for the Tibetan official, when he rides abroad, is

surrounded by a gorgeous and noisy retinue ; first of all three or four nondescripts ride well ahead, carrying matchlocks, or even modern rifles, with red and white pennants fluttering in the breeze ; then will follow a local headman or other minor official with his retinue ; then the servants of the great man, and lastly the great man himself, probably dressed in the most gorgeous clothing he possesses ; the rear is brought up by more servants and retainers ; for Tibet, too, after all, is an oriental country, and worships, in common with all the other nations of the East, the great god *Izzat*, or *Prestige* ; to the western mind the lengths to which the Oriental will go to maintain and enhance his *izzat* are a source of never-ending amazement. So far as we were concerned, the Tibetans we met in the course of our journeys ultimately realised that our *izzat* was so great as to require no adventitious aids to its enhancement.

When our incredulous hosts finally took us into camp, the headman, who ought really to have come out to meet us, received us, full of apologies, and took us into the shelter of a tent where we were glad to stretch ourselves out on piles of cushions, covered with gaudy Chinese silks, and drink hot milk which was brought to us fresh and steaming in an earthenware jug. It was now nearly 1 o'clock and we had been marching since six. We had covered some twenty-four or twenty-five miles and the baggage was far behind ; it did not indeed arrive till late in the afternoon, when, for the first time, we had our own tents pitched, with a view to

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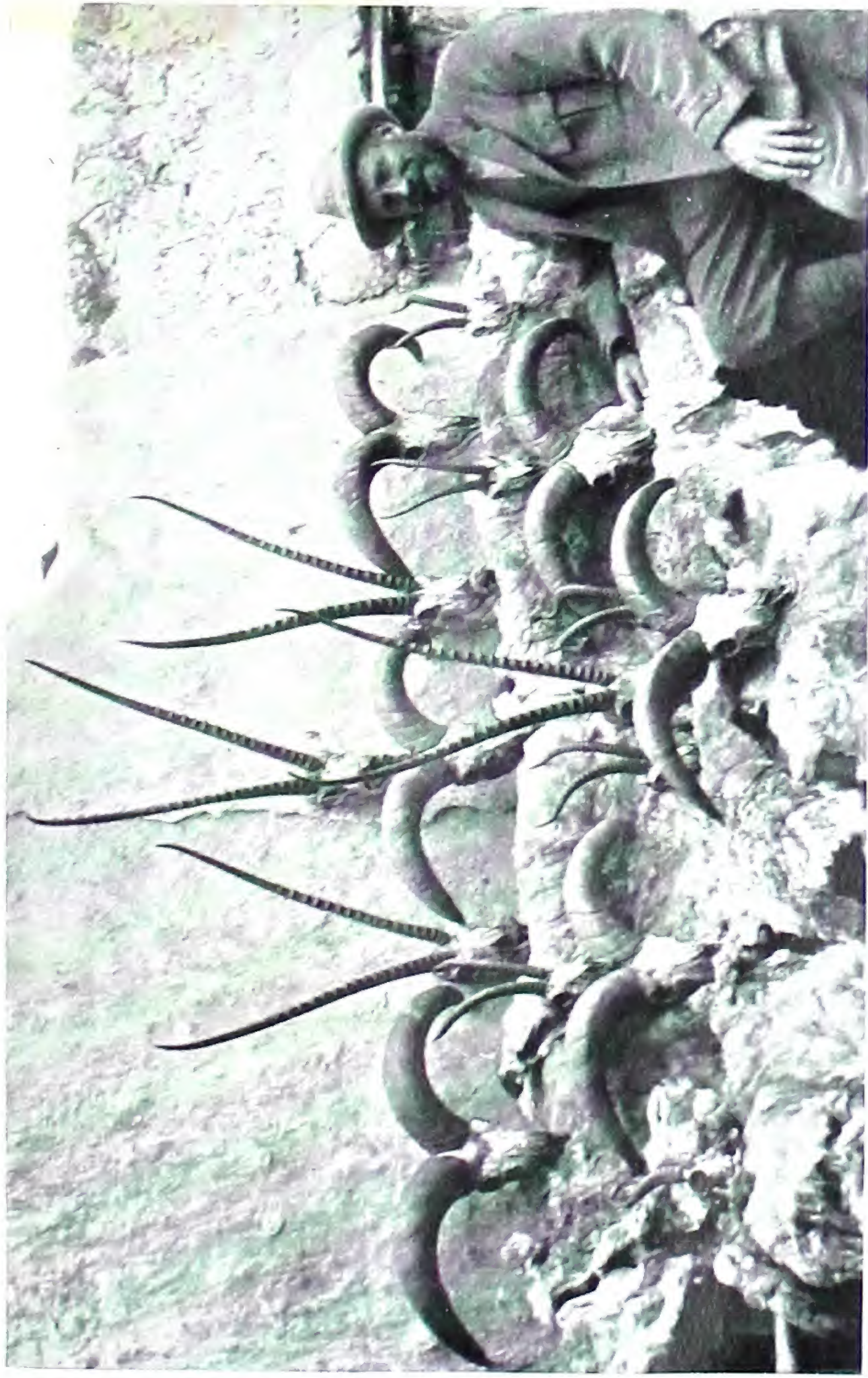
sheltering more effectively from the gale which howled across the plain and threatened to carry away the flimsy cotton Tibetan tent which had been prepared for us. The black yak hair tent is a much better and more substantial article ; but *izzat* again steps in, for, being the tent of the mere nomad, it is beneath the dignity of the official to live in it, and he must have a flimsy white embroidered imitation of the Chinese tent. It was no easy matter to pitch our own, for the wind got under the outer fly and ballooned it to such an extent that we feared our pegs and poles would go. They weathered the gale, however, not only on this occasion, but daily afterwards, for, from the day we crossed the Goring La and entered on the great plateau till the day we left the latter by the Pempo-go La, two months and a half later, there was rarely an afternoon without its hurricane.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the wind dropped, but the sky was heavily clouded and threatened snow ; a serious disappointment, for I had hoped for a starlit evening, so that I might get an astronomical latitude. It was, indeed, only the first of a succession of disappointments, for, during the whole of the trip, there were not more than a dozen evenings on which it was possible to make star observations ; we were soon out of sight of all triangulated points and crossing new country, neither mapped nor even traversed by any previous explorer, and it was a misfortune that it was so rarely possible to give Gujjar Singh a latitude by which to rectify his position on the map ; but it reflects great credit on

the accuracy of his work that, in spite of this handicap, his position, two and a half months later, when he was able to check it by known fixed points in the neighbourhood of Lhasa, was not more than a couple of miles out.

We had now definitely left the Lhasa province and our present camp, Tho-gar-gyab-lung, was in the district of Namru ; there was only a small permanent camp here of two or three black tents, surrounded, like most permanent camps, by a wall of sods, about four feet high, built round the tents to keep the wind out ; the rest of the encampment, twenty or thirty tents of all sorts and sizes, had been set up for our benefit, and fifty ponies had arrived to replace the Hyang-pa-chen transport, which was to return from here. Most of the people who now met us were tenants of Kusho Möndrong, whose family own large tracts of land in Namru, from which they draw a considerable income in kind, chiefly in the form of wool, butter and yaks' tails.

These people were natives of Namru and were of a different type from those of Lhasa and the more southerly districts of Tibet. Living as they do in tents all the year round, they appeared to be hardier and their features were coarser and more rugged. All, both men and women, were dressed in sheepskins, which they wore with the fleece inside. The women no longer wore the triangular Lhasa headdress, but their hair fell in a number of plaits down their backs, the ends adorned with beads of turquoise, amber and coral. The men were bare-headed for the most part, their uncut hair a thick tangled mass, innocent of



COSSON'S BAG TO JUNE 1922



COSSON WITH BURHEL

any comb, and forming a matted covering, which served the purpose of a fur cap. They wore also the usual Tibetan queue, consisting of a single thick plait prolonged by a continuation of black silk or string reaching almost to their knees. Ivory rings were worn round the queue and charm-boxes of silver and brass were attached to its lower end. When working or travelling, they usually wound the queue round the head, to keep it out of the way. The more important members of the community wore hats, the commonest type being a long, narrow cylinder of straw with a broad rim, the whole covered with white cotton cloth. Others wore fur caps and others again conical caps made of the felt which is employed so largely by all the Mongol tribes of Central Asia. The type of most of the people that we met with in the lake region was very much the same as that just described, except in the western parts of Naktsang, between Shen-tsa and Tangra Tso, where it was decidedly more Mongolian and where we occasionally encountered men with beards, a remarkable contrast to the characteristic Tibetan with his hairless face. Amongst the Naktsang people we rarely saw either girls or women ; curiosity occasionally attracted them to the edge of our camp, but they fled hurriedly as soon as they saw that they were noticed. Their dress is the same as that of the men, even to the felt cap, and at a distance it was difficult to recognise them for women. Those that we saw fairly close were better-looking than the average Lhasa women and did not disfigure themselves, as the latter do, by smearing their faces with the dark

brown paste used by most Tibetan women to preserve their complexions, and with which they cover their cheeks and foreheads, thus adding to the general appearance of uncleanness which is universal amongst the lower orders in Tibet.

In Lhasa this unpleasing habit of smearing the face is in vogue even among the upper classes, but amongst them it is not universal, and we saw many Tibetan ladies who did not indulge in it. They were by no means uncomely, although to us they all seemed to be very much alike, with broad flat faces and the almond-shaped eyes characteristic of the Mongolian races. In complexion they were fair for an oriental, their faces being of a pale olive colour, with pink cheeks, and their eyes black or brown. Their hair is invariably black ; it is worn fluffed out at either side of the head, and its apparent quantity is greatly increased by the addition of masses of false hair (said to be imported from China), which is attached to a triangular frame worn on the top of the head. This frame, which is covered with red cloth, is studded with lumps of turquoise, coral and amber, and is sometimes festooned with rows of seed-pearls. Much jewellery is also worn by the richer ladies in the form of immense ear-rings of gold and turquoise, and necklaces of coral, amber, agate and seed-pearls ; gold rings in which are set various precious stones, such as rubies, sapphires and garnets, are worn on the fingers, while every Tibetan woman, however poor, wears on her breast a small box of turquoise set in gold, in which are enclosed spells, charms and prayers written on paper.

The men too carry charm-boxes, but of a different type and made of brass or silver, often with an opening in front to show the small image of a god carried within. The men's charm-boxes are usually hung round the neck, but are sometimes too bulky to be worn, in which case they are carried by a servant. The men also wear amulets and charms sewn up in leather pouches and tied round their arms.

A sheep was killed for us, and we were also presented with butter and grain, the latter chiefly split peas brought from the lower valleys we had just left, for the country in which we now were was too high for cultivation, and, with the exception of one single place—a warm corner 1,000 feet lower on Tangra lake, the farthest point that we reached to the north-west—we saw no cultivation during the whole of our journey on this plateau till we were once more within a couple of marches of Lhasa. In return for their presents we gave the local headmen a tin of jam and a tin of golden syrup.

Our march having been a long one, Gujjar Singh, who had been mapping steadily every day since we left Lhasa, did not get in till late in the evening, and I decided that in future our marches must be shorter to enable him to complete his work each day without undue strain; so the next day, instead of going to Lho-lam, as had been originally intended, it was arranged that we should camp at Dong-ro, which proved to be an easy march of about 14 miles and rather shorter than was really necessary. Our route—there was no road—lay W.N.W. across the plain, which was about 8 miles wide; in the

middle we had to cross a wide and rather deep river, the Tri Chu, well over the ponies' girths ; the current was swift, and it was difficult to ride over without getting wet. We next crossed a small col and another stream, the Ngang Chu, and dropped into a broad valley-plain extending far to the north-east, up to the shores of Nam Tso, which we could see in the distance. The plain was closed in by low hills on the west, and here we found our camp beside a small stream of clear water. On the way we had seen some gazelle and had proposed to stalk them, as Cosson had his rifle with him ; they were on a ridge above us, and down below on the plain were groups of bigger animals that we took at first for kyang, but more careful examination through our glasses showed that they were antelope, the first we had seen. We decided that they were much more exciting than goa, so rode off to try to stalk them. They were some miles away in the depths of the quivering mirage that we never failed to find on the great Tibetan plains, and they were very wild ; when we were within half a mile of them they made off towards the distant hills, and, as there was no cover of any kind, it was evidently hopeless to attempt to stalk them, so we gave them up and decided reluctantly to content ourselves with the goa. It was tantalising to have seen our first antelope and not to be able to get near them ; but all the game in this part of the country is extremely wild ; it is regularly hunted by the nomads, most of whom have guns and who build small shelters of stones behind which they lie in wait for the animals. Their shooting is a laborious operation,



TIBETAN GAZELLE (GOA)



TIBETAN ANTELOPE

for they have only primitive matchlocks, and, when they have stalked their game, they must produce their tinder and their steel to light their fuse, then fill the pan with powder—a long process calling for considerable patience on the part of the quarry.

Having failed with the antelope, we decided to return to the gazelle, and pushed our mules into a trot to reach the ridge again before they had been frightened away by the arrival of the baggage. I was riding in front and Cosson a little behind me across the plain, when I heard a clatter, and turned round to find Cosson's mule on its nose ; it had put its foot in a rat-hole and come down. For once it was not the fault of the mule, for the hole could not be seen at the surface, being one of the underground burrows of *Lagomys*, commonly known as the "tailless rat," or "mouse-hare," of Tibet. From now onwards for the rest of the journey over the region of the lakes we were to become well acquainted with this little animal ; everywhere the plains were perforated a few inches underground by a network of burrows like glorified mole-runs. Except where the ground was completely water-logged, there was hardly a square foot of flat country without them ; as one rode along, the plain was alive with rats, which on our approach made for their burrows, where they sat and watched us, disappearing underground if we came too near. Unlike marmots, they do not hibernate, for we had known them in 1904 at Tuna, where we used to see them out during the day-time all through the winter, collecting such fragments of dried vegetation as they could find, to

carry into their burrows. When we got back to the road we found Gujjar Singh with his plane-table on the top of the ridge ; the gazelle were nowhere to be seen, and, though we went some little distance in the direction in which they had been feeding, we saw no more of them. Our meat would be finished on the following day, and it was important that we should find some game ; for, although there were several camps of nomads near at hand, all their sheep were merely skin and bone, for there was no grazing yet on the plateau, which was still in the grip of winter ; even the coarse, tussocky grass had been eaten down to the roots, and there was no trace of fresh green to be seen anywhere. All that the sheep and goats had to eat was the roots which they dug up for themselves, scratching the ground with their fore-feet. They may also have found young shoots still underground.

Next day we made a very short march, of only 4 miles, to Lho-lam, a grazing camp where we found two black tents in a sheltered spot at the mouth of a narrow rocky valley. This would be the last day on which we should see any of the known triangulated points which Gujjar Singh had been using hitherto ; I had hoped to fix others farther ahead, and had decided on a very short march so that we might have the whole day for survey work. While Gujjar Singh and I were busy with the theodolite, Cosson went out to replenish the larder and was back before midday with a gazelle, a male with a fair head and in remarkably good condition for the time of year.

During our stay at Lhasa Cosson's neuritis had gradually improved, but it had by no means disappeared, and none of the treatment so far employed had been entirely successful. As a last resource, he fell back on the resin which had been collected for us in Chumbi; covering a piece of lint with it, he applied it to his ankle. About a week after our departure from Lhasa the pain left him entirely and did not return during the remainder of our journey. The resin must be given the credit for his cure, although the rest in Lhasa may no doubt have been partially accountable for it.

When we left camp in the morning the day had been unusually fine, a bright cloudless morning with practically no wind; as usual, the cold was intense, and the stream beside our camp was frozen solid, as was also the stream at Lho-lam when we arrived there. So long as there was no wind the cold was not so trying, but soon after we arrived at Lho-lam the usual wind began, and by the afternoon it was a gale. For the first time since we had left Lhasa, and also the last for many days to come, the evening was clear and I was able to get a latitude.

From Lho-lam we continued up the small valley in which we had camped to a low col, which brought us out into an upland valley about two miles wide and lying between low parallel ridges. The valley was full of flocks of sheep and herds of yak, although there was still no sign of fresh grazing. There were camps of black tents on either side of the valley. We followed the valley for several miles, finally crossing a small river flowing to the

north, a tributary of the Ngang Chu, which flows into Nam Tso at its south-western corner. On the other side of the river we found a stretch of bad bog-land in which the animals sank to their knees, but which fortunately only lasted for about half a mile ; it was followed by a gentle slope full of rat-holes, which was almost as difficult for the animals as the bog. We finally climbed a low col, descending on the other side into a plain with numerous black tents, but still no grazing other than the dried stumps of last year's grass. There was no variety in the country, which was merely a series of valley-plains, lying at an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet, with hills and ridges on either side rising to 18,000 and 19,000 feet. After a march of six hours we found tents pitched for us at a permanent encampment known as Kyang-nyi. We saw no signs of game anywhere, this being due no doubt to the large number of grazing-camps. The country was generally uninteresting ; even the geology was monotonous. Ever since we had crossed the Goring La and had descended to the plateau we had been travelling over a series of sandstones and shales mixed with a considerable amount of volcanic material, all of which, although different from any group of rocks I had hitherto met with in Tibet, was apparently devoid of either fossil or of minerals of any interest. The weather was equally monotonous, with the usual piercing wind and clouds threatening snow. The following morning was, if possible, colder than usual. After crossing a plain for about a mile we gradually mounted to a ridge (elevation

about 17,000 feet), from which we descended again to another plain with a small lake at its head; all round the shores of the lake, and on small islands in the middle, there were pairs of Brahmini duck, evidently preparing to breed; there were also a few sea-gulls and terns. As we passed the lake the weather, which had been threatening for some time, broke and snow began. There was a strong wind in our teeth, and we were soon in a blizzard, which lasted the whole day. When we arrived in the evening, after a long march, the whole country was under snow to a depth of about six inches; fortunately it cleared up during the night and it was not actually snowing when we set out next morning. Two short marches over the same monotonous type of country took us to Iri, a grazing-camp on the south side of a plain much frequented by nomads during the summer; but there were only two small camps on the plain at present. At the camp before Iri we had seen some wild sheep on the hill-tops; Cosson had tried to stalk them, but they had made off before he could get a shot. This was disappointing as it would have been interesting to know what they were. I examined them through my glasses from the plain below and was almost certain they were *Ovis ammon*; there were four males and all appeared to have good heads. Cosson, who had succeeded in getting fairly close to them, had never seen *Ovis ammon*, nor had he seen burhel (*Ovis nahura*), and was, therefore, unable to say which they were. Subsequently when he shot burhel at Shen-tsa, he was inclined

to think that these had been the same. It is a matter of some little interest, since although we heard that there were, or had once been, *Ovis ammon* in many parts of the country that we visited, we were invariably told that they were no longer to be found at the actual camp at which we were, but always at the next; and so we went on to Wompo on Tangra Tso, the western limit of our journey, with the *nyen* (*Ovis ammon*) always one day's march ahead.

Our camp was no sooner pitched at Iri than the usual snowstorm came on. This time it looked as if our tents could not possibly withstand the wind; but they weathered the storm, which lasted till nearly 10 o'clock at night; fortunately, it stopped then, and there was no risk of our tents coming down on us in the middle of the night. It is never safe to allow more than a few inches of snow to accumulate on one's tent, for the weight becomes too much for the bamboo poles unless the snow is beaten or scraped off the outer fly every hour or so. We could not trust our Tibetan servants to do this during the night, and, had the snow continued, we should probably have found ourselves struggling in the early hours of the morning under a mass of wreckage. Fortunately, the next day was fine, but the whole country was deep in snow, and, as we left camp, we found tracks of wolves and foxes, which had evidently been prowling round the tents during the night, while the tracks of a bear also passed quite close to our camp. Bears and wolves were said to live in the hill above us, and Gujjar Singh the

REGION OF GREAT LAKES: LHASA TO SHEN-TSA

day before had found a cave with bones of sheep in it ; it was probably a wolf's den, although it might equally have been the home of a bear, for the brown bear eats sheep. The local people said that there were lions and tigers in the same hill. We found later that the same superstition attached to other mountains, which were said to be the homes not only of lions, tigers, bears, and wolves, but of other fierce and fabulous monsters. At Shen-tsa we were even told of dragons which live not in the hills but in the sky, and come to earth, luckily only at rare intervals, for they cannot alight except when the land is shrouded in mist.

As we left camp we saw three antelope in the plain below us and spent an hour or two trying to stalk them, but there was no cover and it was impossible to get within reasonable range. We also saw many kyang and goa, both of which were equally wild ; all these animals are hunted by the local nomads and are almost unapproachable.

A long march of about 25 miles across the Iri plain and over a broad range of hills into an open valley took us to A-chen-tsongo, a permanent grazing-camp beside a small lake. We had intended to camp half-way, but, owing to a misunderstanding, no arrangements had been made and no fuel brought, so the rest of the party had gone on to A-chen-tsongo. What with our numerous officials and their still more numerous following, for most of whom no tents were carried and accommodation had to be provided by the local people, camps always had to be arranged in advance. It is true that our

own party—that is to say, Cosson, Gujjar Singh, myself and our servants—were independent and could camp wherever we liked, provided we could find fuel; but this was not to be had except at nomad encampments, or at some last year's camping ground, where yak-dung was still to be found lying about.

As we had no warning that plans had been changed, we expected to find our camp among the hills just beyond the Iri plain, and spent a good deal of time on the road over sport and geology; but, as we rode on and on and found no signs of a camp, we began to realise that there must have been some mistake; we were finally met by two men from A-chen-tsongo who had come out some seven or eight miles to look for us; which was just as well, for we had no guide with us, and, there being no road, we might easily have lost our way. For some time we had been following the tracks of our transport animals, but we might have lost them at any moment. We finally got into camp late in the evening, while Gujjar Singh, who was also under the impression that we were to camp half-way and had taken his plane-table on to one of the higher peaks in the neighbourhood, did not get in till after dark.

Our camp was at the foot of a long ridge where the ground sloped gently down to a small lake in the valley below. There were a few geese on the shore of the lake and a great many gazelle. As we wanted meat, Cosson took his rifle and went after the gazelle; but there was no cover and they were wild; across the lake a wolf, too, was stalking the herd; dusk



WILD SHEEP (BURHEL)



ANTELOPE

interfered with his sport, so Cosson shot a goose with his rifle and left the other game till the morning.

Another long march of over 20 miles took us into Shen-tsa (or Shen-dsa) Dzong, the headquarters of the province of Naktsang. Leaving the small lake basin in which we had camped, we crossed a low col and descended into a valley-plain, between two and three miles wide, through which meandered a river flowing to the north-west, sometimes in several channels, sometimes only in one, but which, where we crossed it, was about thirty yards wide and two feet deep. The water was still clear, as the snows had not yet begun to melt. On the left side of the valley a snow-covered massif dominated the whole country-side; this is shown on the map made by Pundit Nain Singh during his journeys of 1873-5 under the name of Gyakharma S. Peaks, which are at the northern end of a transverse range some 40 miles long, an offshoot of the western extension of the Nyen-chen-thang-la. Although of no great height (a little over 21,000 feet), the group is very conspicuous by contrast with the neighbouring valleys.

Our track to Shen-tsa followed the right side of the valley, skirting a low limestone ridge. We were now in a new and more interesting group of rocks; limestone had appeared for the first time in the hills to the west of the Iri plain, forming rough, jagged ridges whose lower slopes were covered with fragments fallen from the rocks above. In these were numerous fossils of a type not hitherto found in

Tibet, although common in the Ural Mountains and in Afghanistan. Throughout the march geology kept me busily occupied, and the main body of our party was far ahead. As I rounded a spur on the edge of the valley I heard rapid rifle-fire in the distance and wondered if the baggage had been attacked by the much-talked-of *Chakpa*, the famous nomad robber bands that roam over the Changthang farther north and are the terror of Tibetan travellers. It seemed hardly probable that they should be so far south and so near the administrative headquarters of a province, and, following the road with my glasses, I was relieved to see the main body of the transport about two miles ahead of me apparently undisturbed; but, half a mile behind it, Kusho Möndrong and his retainers were standing in the path and firing rapidly at something on the ridge above. At first all I could see was a herd of gazelle about two hundred yards away, but as rapid firing continued and the gazelle were not greatly disturbed, I searched elsewhere and eventually saw, high up on the ridge, at least 1,500 yards from where they stood, a brown bear scurrying up the hill and disappearing ultimately over the top of the ridge. The bombardment continued till long after it was out of sight, and I heard later that the object of the firing was to drive it away. With the exception of demons and *Chakpa*, there is nothing a Tibetan fears more than a bear, and, even although it was nearly a thousand yards away when they saw it first, four or five of them began firing wildly from the shoulder as they stood, without

even kneeling or lying down, or attempting to aim or even to adjust their sights. No doubt they were justified by the results, for they certainly frightened the bear, and so thoroughly that, much to my disgust, it was useless for me to attempt to follow it in the hopes of stalking and killing it. I had a fine view of it through my glasses and it was a magnificent beast, much bigger than the brown bear of the Himalaya and Southern Tibet and apparently a different species. Although its skin would have been of no value at that time of year, for it would be shedding its winter coat, it was a disappointment to have missed such a chance ; its death, too, would probably have saved the lives of many of the local sheep. Sadly I resumed my fossil collecting, and, having filled my pockets, my haversack and my saddle-bags, left the limestone ridge and followed the path along the plain to Shen-tsa. On the way I saw half a dozen geese which were remarkably tame, and undisturbed by the noise of the rifle-fire ; the river was full of gulls and terns all busy fishing ; there must have been many hundreds on the water and along the banks of the stream where I crossed.

I had left Cosson behind when we started in the morning. The evening before we had seen many herds of gazelle on the ridge to our right ; they were still there in the morning, and Cosson, taking a servant with him, had gone to see what he could shoot. On the way I had seen other herds of gazelle, and two herds of antelope, all males ; the latter were at the foot of the ridge, and, as Cosson had climbed

about half-way up after the gazelle and subsequently kept along at about the same level, he unfortunately did not see them ; but he arrived at Shen-tsa about an hour after me with four gazelle. He was distressed at having killed so many, but it was not his fault, but a remarkable accident. He had first stalked a herd and killed one gazelle out of it ; as it was advisable to have one more, he stalked another herd to within about 200 yards. It was a small herd of seven or eight, with at least one good male and several females ; he chose the male, which he shot ; it did not fall at once, but ran some distance and disappeared over a shoulder. When he went up to look for it, he found no male, but two females lying dead ; farther on there were blood-tracks, which he followed, and fifty yards away found the male, also dead. Most sportsmen have no doubt at one time or another shot two animals with the same bullet ; it must be very exceptional to kill three at one shot ; in this instance the bullet, a soft-nosed one, must have passed through the first two animals without meeting any bones and so without setting up. Fortunately there was no difficulty in disposing of all the meat although the Shen-tsa officials would not eat it, for they had recently received orders from the Dalai Lama that none of his subjects were to kill any game for a period of seven years—a period, we were told, of special prayer by the Dalai Lama on behalf of his country. The officials, therefore, were afraid even to eat game, although not killed by themselves.



COSSON AND HIS WOLF



THE DZONGPÖN OF SHEN-TSA

CHAPTER VI

THE REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES (CONTINUED): NAKTSANG

SHEN-TSA lies in the middle of a plain about five miles wide. We had seen the village from several miles away as we approached ; and in the mirage it had looked like a walled town of tall white buildings ; it was the first village—and the first houses—we had seen since we had left Hyang-pa-chen below the Goring La, and it was surprising to find such an apparently imposing city ; but as we drew near, we realised that we had been misled as usual by the mirage, and when we arrived, we found merely a group of forty or fifty small houses, built of sun-dried bricks or of sods, standing in the middle of what was now a wind-swept, desolate waste, surrounded by swamps, and approachable only under the guidance of someone who knew the tortuous ways along the bog-holes. There were camps dotted about the plain, and herds of yak and flocks of sheep and goats, but of grazing we could see nothing : only coarse tussocks which had been either cut or eaten down to the roots ; there was as yet no trace of fresh grass. The altitude was too great for cultivation ; there were no fields, no shrubs—in fact, as Cosson remarked, not a piece of wood big enough even to make a toothpick. The

wood used for the beams and ceilings of the houses had all been brought from the Tsangpo Valley, many days' journey to the south.

On arrival I was received by the Dzongpön's two clerks, who met me at some distance outside the village with the usual formalities and apologised for the absence of both Dzongpöns, one being at Shigatse and the other at Lhasa. The house of one of them was put at our disposal ; it was the best house in the village, but there was only one room and a kitchen, on either side of a small courtyard about fifteen feet by ten feet. Outside the courtyard there were two other rooms, one the *lha-khang*, or private temple, which is found in every Tibetan house and in which are kept the household gods. The owner of the house returned while we were at Shen-tsa, but refused to disturb us and lived in the *lha-khang* himself. He was a charming and courteous old gentleman, a martyr to rheumatism, for which we were fortunately able to give him remedies which brought a certain amount of relief. Like most Tibetan officials, he had discarded the head-dress of the country ; he wore a lady's straw hat, broad-brimmed and high in the crown and innocent of all trimming, a hat of which he appeared to be inordinately proud and which he wore when we took his photograph as we passed through Shen-tsa at a later date.

At Shen-tsa we were to get full information with regard to the known mineral resources of the province, and should then be in a position to prepare a programme of the rest of our tour. It was necessary to decide as quickly as possible, for messengers must

be sent ahead to give notice to the local nomads and to arrange for the collection of fuel at each proposed camping ground. Five days spent at Shen-tsa gave the local authorities time to make all the necessary arrangements. During those five days our time was fully occupied ; I was kept busy with discussion of our programme, with a certain amount of triangulation, and, on the two evenings on which there were clear, if short, starlit intervals, with latitude observations. Gujjar Singh was equally busy with his plane-table and also helping me with the triangulation and latitude observations ; while Cosson also helped with the latitudes, doing most of my recording for me, and was also busy with his own special department, the larder. A couple of days after our arrival he had crossed the plains to the limestone hills on the north and had found a small herd of three burhel, all males with good heads, and had managed to bag the two best, much to his delight, for these were the first burhel he had shot. The day before we left he again went out, this time after antelope, and again came home in triumph with two fine heads. Unfortunately, all the animals were already beginning to shed their winter coats and the skins were not worth keeping. The only other game in the neighbourhood were gazelle, which were fairly numerous at some distance from the village. On the day after our arrival we put up the fishing-rod and went to the river to see what we could catch. We found fish plentiful and running up to about a pound in weight ; like those we had caught previously at Dhe-chen they took a fly readily, but after our

former experience we decided only to catch a few in case they were not worth eating; they were, alas! another disappointment and as nasty as the Dhe-chen fish.

Across the valley to the west of the village the hills rose steeply to the group of snowy peaks, and offered several promising sites for theodolite stations. I selected one, a small rocky peak (about 18,000 feet), and with Gujjar Singh, and his plane-table and the theodolite, I set out for it two days after we arrived at Shen-tsa. Our way lay first across the plain, then up a steep valley in which we passed a large flat rock used for the disposal of the dead. As at Lhasa and in most Tibetan towns, the bodies of all except the monks, which are burned, are taken some distance away to a convenient rock, where they are cut up and thrown to the dogs and the vultures, the bones also being pounded up and treated in the same way. There is a special class of persons to undertake this duty. In the districts of Naktsang and Namru, where there are no villages, but only encampments, I was told that this method of disposal of the dead was not employed, but that the corpses were thrown into the lakes. We had no evidence of this during our journey except perhaps on one occasion, and even that case was doubtful; in northern Namru, at a small lake called Ahb-i-thang-kha, I saw stranded in the shallow water near the opposite shore what appeared through the glasses to be a corpse. I had not then been told of this method of disposal, but assumed that, as in certain parts of Western Tibet, where the dead are exposed on rocks and hills, so



TANGRA TSO



KYA-RING TSO AND THE SHEN-TSA SNOWY PEAKS

here they were deposited in the lakes. Burial is never employed by followers of the Lamaist religion in Tibet for fear of disturbing and annoying the earth spirits. For the same reason there is a prejudice against mining operations throughout the country, and it is always difficult to find labour for the purpose.

It was a long and stiff climb to the top of the hill, the difficulties being intensified by the rarity of the atmosphere. On the way up I saw many tracks of burhel, and also of bear, and, soon after I had set up the theodolite, I noticed a large brown animal coming rapidly up one of the spurs from the direction of Shen-tsa; as it approached it turned out to be a brown bear, which eventually passed just below us not more than eighty or ninety yards away. Unfortunately, I had not expected to see any game and had not brought a rifle, and, equally unfortunately, Cosson was not with me with his, having gone to the other side of the plain after burhel. My companions were much perturbed at the sight of the bear, and would have shouted and rolled stones down the hill; but I wanted to see it at as close quarters as possible, and urged them not to frighten it away. It was amusing to hear the sigh of relief that went up when it passed some way below us, and, finally getting our wind, made off at a round pace over the nearest ridge. This, and the bear that we saw on the way into Shen-tsa—they may have been one and the same—were the only brown bear that we saw during the whole of our journey, and it was unfortunate that we were unable to bag either.

Birds were fairly plentiful on the Shen-tsa plain. Occasionally a pair of geese would fly over, but this happened only rarely ; Brahmini duck were breeding everywhere, and all day long one heard the raucous note of the *Sarus* crane, which was very common ; choughs and ravens we found here, as elsewhere throughout our travels in Tibet. We noticed a pair of sand-grouse sitting on the refuse heap at the village and from time to time we heard the note of others as they flew over ; but this bird on the whole was rare. Gulls, terns and the large white-headed fish-eagle were very common, particularly on the rivers where they entered the big lakes ; these would appear to be the best fishing grounds. Larks of more than one variety were numerous, the skylark particularly so ; but he did not begin to sing till after the middle of June. Vultures and lammergeyer were everywhere, as also sparrow-hawks and kites, the last frequenting chiefly villages and encampments, and, like his Indian relative, making a perfect nuisance of himself to our servants in camp by swooping down and carrying off in his claws our food on its way from the kitchen to the table. Pigeon (blue rock) also were common, but curiously enough we saw snow-pigeon only once, and that was below Phari on the march up to Lhasa.

By May 29th preparations were complete for our next move, which was to be to Wompo on the sacred lake Tangra (or Tangra Yum) Tso, estimated to be ten or twelve days' march to the west, and on May 30th we set out for Nan-dsum, a grazing-ground

about fifteen miles to the west of Shen-tsa. Our road lay along the left side of the valley across a river, the Taglung Tsangpo, which falls into the south-eastern end of Kya-ring Tso. Beyond the river the track mounts on to old moraines which slope gently down to the lake ; farther on the hills come down to the water's edge, but the road keeps up over a col in a rocky ridge about 500 feet above the lake. As we crossed the col we got a magnificent view of Kya-ring Tso, which fills a valley forty miles long and from four to eight miles wide. It was still early ; the weather, although threatening, had not yet broken for the day, and the lake, as it lay in the sunlight, was still untroubled by the wind, its colour a beautiful turquoise splashed by broad streaks of white, the reflections of the now snow-covered ridges on either side. About midday the weather broke and the last few miles of our march were made in driving snow. By the middle of the afternoon the country was once more deep in snow, which fell in heavy flakes and threatened to prevent us from marching the next day. Our camp was near the foot of a ridge at the edge of a broad plain on which yak and sheep were grazing. A slight improvement in the weather in the course of the afternoon tempted us out to the ridge behind the camp, I to examine the rocks and Cosson to look for game ; but in half an hour the storm was on us again and wind, snow and hail drove us back to our tents, but not entirely empty-handed, for Cosson had shot two hares.

From Shen-tsa to Wompo there are two princi-

pal roads or rather tracks ; one follows more or less closely the south-western shore of Kya-ring Tso, almost to the northern end of the lake, then, turning west, goes straight to Tangra Tso ; this is practically the road that was followed in the reverse sense by Nain Singh. The other, which was taken by us, touches the southern shore of Kya-ring Tso as already recorded, then runs through the mountains practically due west as far as the small lake of Phung-pa Tso, whence it turns N.N.W. and joins the other road.

From Nan-dsum the path climbed steadily for about five miles first up one small valley and then across two others, the intervening ridges being of no great height. After crossing the third ridge we found ourselves in a basin in which there was a small lake, Sera Tso, about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, on which there were terns and gulls, but neither geese nor duck. Here again I found marine fossils, chiefly corals, similar to those that I had collected on the way to Shen-tsa. A six-hour march took us to a broad river-plain about four miles wide, through which an important river, the Pa-ro Tsangpo, flows north and falls eventually into Kya-ring Tso. Snow and hail began again before we reached camp, and once more we expected that our tents would be blown away, so violent was the wind ; it continued to snow all the afternoon and at intervals during the night. Fortunately it cleared up before morning ; the sun rose as we crossed the plain, and, for the first time since we had passed the Goring La, we began to find our furs too hot.

The glare from the snow, which was lying over the whole country to a depth of nearly six inches, was very trying, and our faces were soon severely burnt ; but it was a relief to be warm again. At the far side of the plain we found the Pa-ro Tsangpo still a clear and comparatively small stream running in two channels, each twenty or thirty yards wide and about two feet deep, and very different from the same river as we found it a little over a fortnight later when we returned to Shen-tsa by the other road, along the shore of Kya-ring Tso. Beyond the river the path almost immediately entered a small valley, mounting gradually into the hills again ; and so we continued for two days over a monotonous series of valleys, plains and ridges, almost uninhabited, with only a few black tents of nomads here and there. On the other hand, game was plentiful, more particularly on the second day's march, from Chu-tra-ri to Gon-Khyok, when we must have seen at least a hundred gazelle, all females, dotted over the plain in small herds of five to eight. The fine weather in which we had left the Pa-ro Tsangpo lasted only for a few hours ; the usual storm came up in the afternoon and also on the following day. In fact, there was very little change in the weather conditions, except that the mornings were not quite so cold as they had been ; but at midday, or very soon after, storms of hail and snow came up and lasted all the afternoon, usually stopping, however, fairly early in the night, and it was only by starting practically at daybreak that we were able to reach camp before the storm came on us. On

June 3rd we reached Nya-pa, a plain at the junction of two rivers which, flowing west, fall into a small lake, Phung-pa Tso, about four miles farther on. Our road now lay along the northern shore of the lake and then mounted into, and across, low ridges which divide this valley from another farther to the north along which runs the other route from Kya-ring Tso to Wompo. Phung-pa Tso is a small lake entirely surrounded by low ground except on the north, where a sandstone cliff, a few hundred yards long, runs down to the shore; we found nomads living in caves in the middle of the cliffs. The surrounding rocks were covered with geese and Brahmini duck. It was the first time we had seen geese in appreciable numbers; there must have been several dozen sitting about the cliffs; they all seemed to have congregated here, for there were none either on the water or at any other part of the shore. It is a curious fact that, wherever we saw geese in this lake region, they were invariably either on, or quite close to, cliffs; on lakes without cliffs there were no geese. This led us to suspect that perhaps they made their nests among the rocks; we saw neither nests nor eggs as we passed, but the weather was bad and time was pressing, so we did not stop to investigate. On the eastern shore of the lake there was a herd of about twenty antelope, mostly males. We tried to stalk them, but there was no cover of any kind, and it was impossible to get near them; they scampered about the plain very much after the manner of gazelle, careering along, as if terrified, for a few hundred yards and

then stopping to graze quite calmly. They edged gradually towards the neighbouring hills, and Cosson hoped that if they went up one of the valleys he might be able to approach them ; so he elected to remain behind, while I went on to our camp, where I expected to find work that would keep me busy all the afternoon. He eventually arrived some hours after me, bringing in an antelope ; he had not succeeded in driving them into the hills, but they had continued to race about the plain and eventually, for some unknown reason, possibly out of curiosity, had come within about three hundred yards of him, where they had stood long enough to give him a shot.

From Phung-pa Tso our guides left the track altogether and took us over some low hills to a grazing-camp (Mi-bar, or Membar) in a small sheltered valley. As we crossed the high ground we could see another small lake to the south of us and a large one seven or eight miles away to the west. The small lake was Ma-Kyar Tso, called " Marchar " by Dr. Sven Hedin and " Daru Cho " by Nain Singh. It is connected by a very narrow channel with Phung-pa Tso ; the channel is so narrow that one might almost regard the two lakes as distinct and connected by a river, but we were too far away to see whether there was any flow from one lake into the other ; it is natural to expect that there should be, for a river of considerable size falls into Phung-pa Tso. Both Nain Singh and Dr. Sven Hedin passed within some miles of this lake, the one to the north of it and the other to the west, but neither actually visited it, and the outlines drawn by them

are not quite correct. The large lake to the west was Ngang-tsi Tso, on which Dr. Sven Hedin had camped for some days to take soundings. Like all the lakes of this region, these three have contracted in size; they were undoubtedly at one time parts of one much larger lake filling the whole of the valley in which they now lie.

From Mi-bar we marched north, crossing a pass in the ridge separating the basin of the three lakes from the broad valley along which runs the northern route to Kya-ring Tso. From the pass we descended gradually to the valley and crossed to the northern side, where we found our camp prepared at Ge-mar, a grazing-ground some miles to the north of Ngang-tsi Tso. Here we joined Nain Singh's route, which we were now to follow in the reverse sense to Wompo on Tangra Tso. To the north of us was a range of limestone hills running approximately east and west, their flanks sloping gently downwards to the basin in which lies Ngang-tsi Tso. Between the foot of the hills and the edge of the lake there is a broad expanse of flat grass land, dangerous and swampy in many places; small groups of black tents were dotted about over the plain, and many herds of yak and flocks of sheep; game too—gazelle and antelope—was very plentiful, but wild.

From Ge-mar a long march of over twenty miles took us to Ngo-gen. We kept along the lower slopes of the foot-hills to avoid the dangerous swamps of the flats beside the lake. Our route crossed that followed by Dr. Sven Hedin when he came down to Ngang-tsi Tso from the north.



CAMP ON THE PARO TSANGPO



BREAKING CAMP ON NYA-PA

REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES: NAKTSANG

Next day we left the neighbourhood of the lake and camped in a high valley at Chu-gyur at the foot of the La-u pass. The march was a short one and we were in early, so decided to follow up our valley to its head, I to investigate the geology and Cosson to look for *Ovis ammon*, which we had been assured were plentiful on these hills. We left camp soon after midday, and, finding no game in the valley, climbed the hills at its head. Climbing was hard work at this elevation—about 19,000 feet; but we eventually reached the top of a ridge from which we could see the surrounding country for miles; both on the hills and in the valleys gazelle were plentiful, but there were no signs of *ammon*, although the country was of the type in which those animals usually live. After walking for about three hours we found that we had come much farther than we intended, and when we got back to camp, very tired, it was nearly dark. One way and another, we had been on the march for about ten hours, a trying experience at altitudes of 17,000 feet and over. Fortunately, the weather had improved during the last two or three days, and there had been no snow; but we had had a violent gale at Ge-mar, and our tents were only prevented from blowing away by half a dozen men hanging on to each during the height of the storm; the next two days had been cold, but moderately fine.

On June 8th we made a very early start, as we had a long march of twenty-five miles to Wompo on Tangra Tso. As we left camp to cross the La-u pass we were met by a biting wind; luckily the

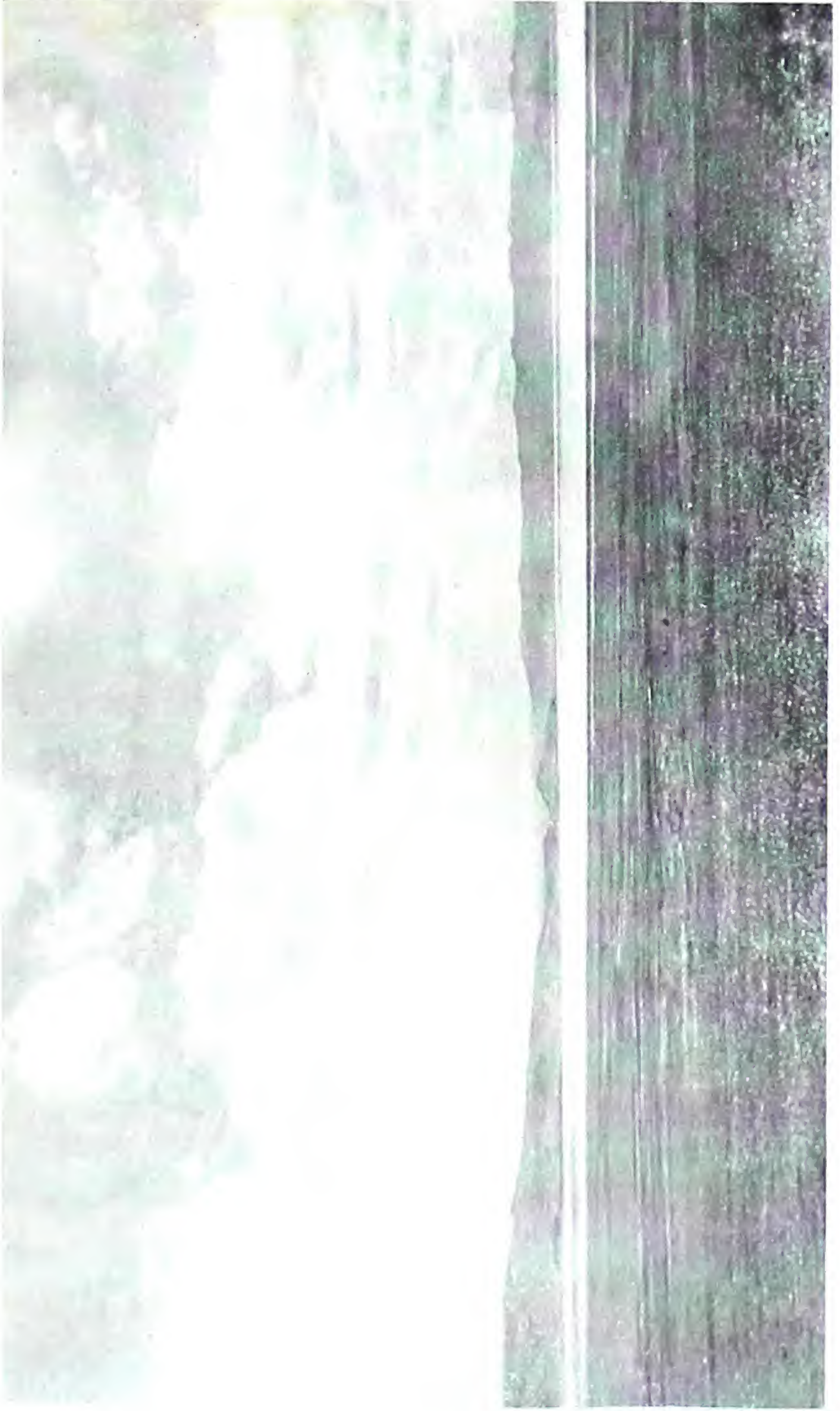
top of the pass was only about a mile from camp and up a gentle slope. On the other side we descended rapidly into a sheltered valley which was alive with hare and snow-cock. After crossing another small valley we had a long, steep climb of about a mile up to the Ne-thung La, from which we saw spread out below us a vast lake like a great inland sea. A steep descent of a mile and a half brought us to a terrace overhanging the lake; the path then turned to the north and followed the shore of the lake to Wompo, always keeping several hundred feet above the water usually along one or other of the many terraces marking former shores of the lake. It would be difficult to find a more perfect series of terraces than those of Tangra Tso; they rise in tiers, one above the other, to a height of perhaps five hundred feet above the lake, indicating the successive stages of contraction; there are at least twenty well-marked terraces; the oldest must be of great antiquity and as old as the Glacial Age in Europe, for the deposits, originally horizontal, now have dips of as much as 25° or 30° towards the lake, indicating that a considerable amount of movement has taken place in the earth's crust since they were laid down.

It was a bright and calm day as we rode along the hill-side above the lake and looked down into many fathoms of water whose colour was a rich aquamarine and which was so clear that we could see every pebble on the bottom. There were neither geese nor duck on the lake, but half a dozen gulls and some goosander were floating peacefully,

apparently half asleep, on the water close inshore. This showed that there must be fish in the lake in spite of the water being brackish. Along the hillsides hare and snow-cock were plentiful, the latter as tame as barnyard fowls ; but it was too late in the season to shoot them, as they were almost certainly breeding, especially here where we were, in a climate entirely different from that of the country behind the Nethung La. It was warm, sunny, and almost windless, and we were told later in the day, when we arrived at Wompo, that the climate of the lake basin was exceptionally mild, which was evidently the case, for to our surprise we found that Wompo was a permanent village, with several houses and many acres of cultivated fields. A fine stream of fresh water came from the snow-capped ridge behind the village and irrigation channels were led off over the level lake terraces, which were thus converted into fields. The crops, barley and peas were well advanced and the blades of barley were already nearly a foot high, a remarkable change from the desolation of Shen-tsa, which we had left still in the grip of winter. Here at Wompo, the altitude of which was in fact 1,000 feet less than that of Shen-tsa, not only was there cultivation, but wild-flowers were already out among the rocks and on the old lake terraces, while primulas were in bloom in the turf on the banks of the irrigation channels.

At the ferry we were met by a guide who was to show us the way to De-chen. He had with him a small dog which at some time had broken its leg ;

the bone had joined again, but the leg was crooked and useless ; this did not seem to trouble the little animal, which limped cheerfully along on its three sound legs and kept up with us all the way. As we passed one of the many farm-houses by the roadside a large Tibetan sheep-dog rushed out at us barking furiously, and, seeing our small companion, fell upon it, biting it viciously. We dismounted as quickly as we could, and, picking up some of the many stones lying about, soon drove it off ; but it did not go far, stopping when it thought it was at a safe distance and making as if to return to the attack ; it was far enough off to dodge the stones as they came and it would run after them as they passed and pick them up and bite them. Finally the battle ended in a complete victory for us ; a well-aimed stone thrown by Cosson hit the enemy fair on the head and this time it fled howling and did not stop till it was safely in the shelter of the house. The Tibetan sheep-dogs are very large and very fierce, and are kept as watch-dogs, tied up at the entrances to most houses and at all nomad encampments. If loose they attack any stranger approaching their house or camp, and he would indeed fare badly if he had no means of defending himself. Itinerant beggars always carry large batons for this purpose. The dogs, however, are very rarely let loose and live almost the whole of their lives chained up ; this cruel treatment tends to make them all the fiercer. We were attacked more than once, the dogs rushing right up to our mules before we could drive them off with sticks or stones. We found



NGANG-TSI TSO



LAKE-TERRACES OF TANGRA TSO

that, with all their fierceness, a well-aimed stone landed in a vulnerable part, generally changed the attack into a rout and sent them to a safe distance, whence they continued to bark till long after we were out of sight. Most Tibetans are very much afraid of these watch-dogs, and never approach an encampment without first calling to the owners from some distance away to tie up their dogs. This was usually done when we passed through nomad camps; the women would come out of their tents, throw the dogs on the ground and sit on their heads till we were safely through.

Here, too, we saw butterflies on June 9th for the first time; a few passed our tents from time to time, settling on the flowers already in bloom. We caught some for Major Bailey, who is a keen collector and had given us a net so that we might bring back specimens from any unexplored country that we might happen to visit.

We halted for one day at Wompo to see some deserted alluvial workings for gold. We inquired again about *Ovis ammon* and received the usual reply that there were none actually here, but that we should find them a day's march farther on. As it had been decided that Wompo should be the western limit of our journey, this information was not of much use, while at the same time it was probably untrue; but a local hunter said that the ridge behind us was full of burhel, so while I visited the old diggings, Cosson took his rifle and was back by the early afternoon with two.

The weather had at last taken up; the whole of

the day spent at Wompo was perfect, if anything almost too hot, and it was with some reluctance that we started next morning on the return journey to Shen-tsa. We followed the same road as far as Ge-mar; but, with the exception of our first day's march back to Chu-gyur, our halting-places were not the same as they had been on the outward journey. From Chu-gyur we made a long march to Mar-khung, nine hours for the baggage, crossing on the way a northern, but now dried up, arm of Ngang-tsi Tso, in the middle of which we found very bad going; the mules sank over their knees in the soft ground, and at one time I was afraid we should not get them out again, for each leg as it came out went in again as deeply as ever at the next step. Soft ground of this kind, sometimes bog, sometimes of the nature of quicksand, is very common all over Central and Northern Tibet, and few European travellers who have been in that country have escaped without the loss of some animals. Fortunately our transport did not attempt to cross, but made a detour along the foot of the hills. The weather, though not as pleasant as at Wompo, since we were now back at a much higher altitude, was very much better than it had been on the outward journey and I was able to get latitudes in the evening both at Chu-gyur and at Mar-khung, and also to correct our watches, which had been gradually gaining and were now nearly an hour fast. This hour was all to the good, so we did not trouble to alter them, but decided to bring in a time-saving ordinance of our own.

REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES: NAKTSANG

From Mar-khung we made an average march of about fifteen miles, passing Ge-mar, the junction of the two routes from Shen-tsa; this time we took the northern route and kept along the lower slopes of the limestone hills to avoid the dangerous going of the swampy plains and valleys on our right. In some ways the hill-slopes were not much better; the ground was a network of rat-holes, and both mules and ponies were repeatedly coming down. Both on this ground as well as in the soft and swampy places we found that ponies were much better than mules; the latter have smaller feet and more pointed hoofs and will sink over the fetlock in ground which the pony, with his larger and flatter foot, crosses without difficulty. All things considered, there is no doubt that mules are less suitable than ponies either for transport or for riding purposes in any part of Tibet that we visited. The ponies of the lake region, although small and usually in poor condition, are nevertheless sturdy and inured to cold and able to pick up a livelihood where any animal from a less desolate country would starve.

Two marches, about twenty and sixteen miles respectively, took us back to the shores of Kya-ring Tso. For most of the way the country was still the same succession of plain and valley with gently sloping hills on either side. The weather had broken again but was much less cold than it had been formerly; it was still too cold to be pleasant, but the hurricanes brought with them hail and sleet rather than snow, and, when we reached the lake, rain. The shore of the lake is considerably lower than the

high country we had just crossed and from which we dropped down a steep valley to Ma-gu-chung (or Ma-ya), a pleasant camping-ground at the water's edge. During the last few days we had seen many antelope and gazelle, and Cosson had shot one of the former, a male with a good head, one of a herd that we had found between Mar-khung and Ge-mar. Kyang also were plentiful on the highlands, and we had passed one very large herd on the northern shore of Ngang-tsi Tso. We found no game at our camp on the lake except some herds of goa ; there were gulls on the water and we saw a few goosander, but neither geese nor duck. The warmer weather of the last few days had had a remarkable effect on the country ; fresh grass was beginning to spring up everywhere and primulas were in bud and blossom ; the rats were busy feeding on the young shoots and were unwilling to take cover until we were almost on them. In the afternoon we amused ourselves by catching some to examine them at close quarters. Each rat usually has two or three outlets to its burrow, so we stopped up all but one and laid a mat, with a string attached to it, beside the single opening left, and, when the animal came out to feed, drew the mat over the hole. The rat made for his burrow, but, finding it stopped, ran to the nearest he could find, from which, however, he was immediately ejected by the occupants ; he then became completely bewildered and made for the open country, and was easily caught. When caught they do not seem to be particularly frightened, and we were able to examine them at our

ON THE SHORES OF KYA-RING TSO





THREE TO A SHOVEL

leisure. The name mouse-hare is an apposite one ; though rat-hare would perhaps be better, for the animal resembles in many respects a tiny hare, but bears no particular resemblance to a mouse, although, unlike a rat, he makes no attempt to bite or to defend himself when caught. As a rule, they are very alert and take refuge in their burrows quickly on the near approach of danger ; but a great many must fall victims to hawks and foxes.

A heavy thunderstorm in the late afternoon was followed by a night of steady rain, with some snow ; it cleared up in the early morning, but, when we started, the neighbouring hills were under heavy cloud lying almost down to the water's edge. The march was a comparatively short one of about twelve miles, first along the shore of the lake and then into the valley of the Pa-ro Tsangpo, the river that we had crossed, twenty miles higher up, on our way out to Wompo ; but it was a very different river here, and was running swift and muddy into the lake. We crossed it with some difficulty and, on the far side, floundered for nearly a mile through swamp and quicksand to the hills across the valley. On the way we passed two ponds on which were families of Brahmini duck, one with nine ducklings evidently only a few days old ; these were the first young birds that we had seen. There were goa all along the shore of the lake, chiefly females, in herds of fifteen to twenty. The condition of the country was very different from what it had been a fortnight earlier, for the valleys were now green with grass ; we passed some grazing-camps on the way to our camping-

ground of De-nak (or Di-na), which was in the middle of a swamp. The plain was covered with puddles, between which we found with difficulty enough dry ground on which to pitch our tents. We camped close to some nomads whose black tents were at the foot of a small rocky mound in the middle of the swamp. There was also a small house, or hut, now in ruins, said to have been a temple ; this information was probably incorrect ; Nain Singh refers to it as " a house belonging to the Depon, a high official in Shigatse " ; when he passed through, nearly fifty years before, it had no doubt been in better repair. Nain Singh calls the Pa-ro Tsangpo the " Riku River," evidently after the name of the district of sub-division, Ri-khya, in which De-nak lies. Rain came on again in the afternoon, and a violent wind, which fortunately lasted only for a couple of hours. The river here was covered with gulls, and there were a great many fish-eagles sitting along the banks ; we found a pair of geese on a pond near our camp, and searched for their nest, but could not find it.

Another night of rain was followed by a fine but lowering morning ; we were on the march again by 6.30 a.m., and the day improved as it grew older. We had left the shore of the lake the day before, De-nak being some miles up the valley ; we next crossed a peninsula which runs out into the lake, and eventually dropped again to the water's edge. Our attendant officials had left before us, having told us that our march was to be a short one, rather less than that of the day before ; so we hoped to find

our camp when we descended to the shore of the lake, but we went on and on and there were no signs of it. By the time we had marched for an hour more than on the previous day we began to fear that we had missed the camp, and, as our baggage was with us and a heavy storm was threatening, we decided to camp near a small spring on a terrace just above the lake. We had no sooner pitched the tents than messengers came in to say that the rest of the party had camped about two miles farther on. We decided to stay where we were, and sent the men on to the main camp to bring back fuel. Our decision was a fortunate one, as the storm broke very soon and we should have been thoroughly wet before we reached the other camp. About two miles back, just after descending to the level of the lake, we passed a lagoon about half a mile long, now cut off from the main lake, and here for the first and only time in the lake region we saw duck ; there must have been two or three hundred on the lagoon ; we did not see them at close quarters, but the majority appeared to be mallard and pochard ; there were also Brahmini duck with ducklings on the water, keeping well out of range of danger. Close to our camp a small cliff about 50 yards long and 30 feet high ran down to the water's edge and in a cleft in the rocks we found egg-shells ; we took them to be those of Brahmini duck which had bred here. The rocks were also full of pigeons' nests.

As we stood on the top of the cliff looking down on the lake, we saw fish feeding at the water's edge. Cosson took a large stone and dropped it with

remarkable accuracy immediately above the biggest, which was killed by the shock and floated up to the surface ; but the storm had begun and the waves carried the fish out into the lake beyond our reach ; we watched it float on the water for some time, till finally a fish-eagle swooped down and carried it off. It appeared to be different from the fish we had already caught in the streams, so I put up a rod to see what I could catch. The stormy weather probably kept them down, but I caught two, both small, not more than three or four ounces, one the same as the Shen-tsa fish, the other rather more boldly marked ; they were not worth keeping, so I put them both back. In the evening a post arrived with our home mails, and, almost immediately afterwards, a violent thunderstorm which lasted for more than an hour ; we had now apparently done with snow and were to have rain and thunderstorms instead. We made an early start next morning and were once more at Shen-tsa by 10.30 a.m. ; for about half-way our road lay along the shores of the lake, on which we saw a few geese, eight floating near the water's edge, and, farther on, a dozen or so on the water under a small cliff, and some on the cliff itself. The head Dzungpön, who had now returned to Shen-tsa, met us about two miles out with the usual formalities. We found the other Dzungpön's house again put at our disposal and the old man himself waiting to receive us. The afternoon was taken up by interviews with the local people, who had been collecting information as to the mineral resources of the province and an itinerary of our next tour was drawn

up. The next day, June 18th, was devoted to washing clothes and refitting generally, in preparation for our start, which had been fixed for the following day. We returned the visits of the Dzongpöns and presented them with hats and a variety of tinned provisions. The weather, which had been wet in the morning, improved in the afternoon, and there were sufficient fine intervals in the early part of the night to allow of latitude observations for the first time since we had left Mar-khung, more than a week before.

Our next trip was to be a short one of only a few days, using Shen-tsa as base. For three days we marched along the north-eastern shore of Kya-ring Tso, our first march being to Pe-chen, about fifteen miles. On the way Cosson stalked a herd of antelope and hit two with one shot; one of them dropped dead, but the other, which was wounded in the shoulder, got away; we followed the blood-tracks for a long time, but eventually lost them and had to give up the search. Fortunately the animal did not appear to be very seriously wounded. Our camp was on the shore of the lake at the mouth of a small valley; a limestone ridge behind was covered in the evening with burhel and goa; herds ranging from five to twenty were all over the hill-side. Next day a short march, still along the lake, took us in about four hours to Arok, a grazing-ground on the banks of a fairly wide stream. The hills above the camp were again full of burhel; combining sport and geology, we climbed a high ridge and found a herd of about thirty with three good heads. After

a short stalk Cosson got above them on some rocks ; he could not see the best heads and tried to approach down a ridge, but this was no better, as he could still see only the smaller heads, and he suddenly found that he was in full view of another herd of ten just across the valley, and which, if disturbed, would probably alarm his herd ; so he climbed up the rocks again and tried another line of approach, but still could not see the big heads and was spotted by some of the smaller animals, which gave the alarm, and the whole herd made off. As they crossed the spur below him he took a shot at the best head that he could see and brought it down ; it was a fair head but not one of the three big ones, all of which escaped in the confusion.

The weather remained fine for the whole day, but a strong wind got up about midnight and it was blowing a hurricane when we left next morning for Chu-sum-di, a six-hour march. As usual, the plain near the lake and the lower hills were covered with goa, amongst them many males with good heads ; but we did not shoot, as we had enough meat for the time being. We had been assured this time that we should find *Ovis ammon* plentiful at our camp, but although we saw goa and burhel, there was no sign of ammon, and an old local grazier told us that there had been none there now for a great many years, although they had been fairly common in his father's time.

Our next march was to Kya-tsog. The shortest way would have been through the hills to the north-west over the Kam-sang La, but our guides said that there was a great deal of soft ground on the other side

of the pass, and took us by another route, first along the shore of the lake, then above the right bank of the river which flows from Kya-ring Tso into Tsi-kung Tso, a small lake in the same basin, and evidently at one time part of the larger lake ; thence we followed the river running out of Tsi-kung Tso for some miles, and, turning up into the hills across a small ridge, found ourselves at the head of a narrow valley among rugged limestone cliffs. We had made a long detour and our march had taken nearly $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours, instead of 4, as it would have been had we come by the direct route. Our guide was the typical "oldest inhabitant" ; he was more or less in his dotage and slept most of the way ; after we had ridden for $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours he said we were just about half-way, but the second half took only two hours. This is a common Tibetan characteristic ; the first half of every march, as estimated by our guides, was nearly always twice as long as the second. Why this should be it is difficult to say ; possibly both man and pony, being fresh for the earlier part of the journey, each mile of the latter seems longer than the last. We found, however, that the average Tibetan, even the officials, had no idea of either time or distance.

On the way to Kya-tsog we saw no game ; we were told again that nyen had been plentiful formerly but were now extinct. This was apparently true, for we found two heads of old males which must have been dead ten or twenty years, to judge by the state of the horns. Soon after we reached camp the usual storm came up, and, for a few minutes in the

afternoon, we had the most violent gale that we had yet experienced. This time the wind actually carried away one of our tents but it was retrieved without serious damage. In spite of the weather we spent the afternoon collecting fossils. The slopes near our camp were covered with foraminifera, small marine organisms, which had been weathered out of the rocks. We collected several hundred, all in remarkably good preservation.

For some days past the weather, although stormy, had been much warmer; the valleys were now bright with fresh green turf, and primulas, edelweiss and saxifrage were bursting into flower. The suddenness with which the flowers appeared was remarkable; they seemed to spring up almost in a day; possibly this is due to the shortness of the summer, growth being necessarily very rapid once it begins.

Kya-tsog being the limit of this expedition, we left early next morning on the return march to Chu-sum-di. It was a cloudy morning after a stormy night, but the day improved later. This time we took the direct route for the Kam-sang La, but kept along the slopes of the limestone ridges, avoiding the valleys. Again we saw no signs of *Ovis ammon*, but gazelle were plentiful. In a small hollow in the hills we found three males, all with fine heads; they were difficult to approach, but after a clever stalk Cosson got within sixty yards of them; they were lying down in such a position that he could not get a clear shot until they stood up. Fortunately one of the three got up and he shot it promptly, the other two jumped up at once, but, not knowing

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A TIBETAN DANCE



CROSSING A CLIFF

where the report came from and consequently undecided which direction to take, stood stock still. He killed the bigger of the two ; the third was too surprised to run away, and stood not more than a hundred yards off, while Cosson walked up and examined the others, and while I, who had been watching the stalk from the ridge above, came down with the ponies. Even then it did not go out of range for a long time, and it would have been easy to shoot it, but the two would give us as much meat as we required for the time being. We loaded the animals on the guide's and syce's ponies and made for camp. So far the going had been excellent and we began to suspect that the dangerous ground that we had been told of was a myth; but when we got near the Kam-sang La we found the local information true enough, and our ponies were soon floundering in swamp and quicksand over their hocks. We had about half a mile of this dangerous going, and it was with no small relief that we eventually found ourselves safe on the other side. Our baggage animals again managed to avoid the bad ground and reached camp well before midday. A storm came up in the afternoon, and we had a night of rain and hail. The next day we marched back to Arok, and the day after made a double march into Shen-tsa. The baggage ponies arrived late and very tired after a twelve-hour march. At the intermediate stage of Pe-chen we met the postman who had brought our mails from Lhasa. He reported bad weather all the way, with violent winds and extreme cold ; he complained of being ill him-

self, and indeed looked as if he had dropsy ; his head and neck, hands and legs were enormously swollen. I tried to keep him for a few days at Shen-tsa, but he insisted on leaving next day for Lhasa. We saw him some weeks later, apparently quite recovered.

CHAPTER VII

THE REGION OF THE GREAT LAKES (CONTINUED): NAMRU

THE next two days, June 26th and 27th, were devoted to preparations for our next move, which was to be to Namru. We were to go first to Zilling Tso, thence eastwards and south-eastwards to the far side of Nam Tso, and so back to Lhasa. We sent Nyima on ahead with our tents and extra baggage. He had been unwell when we had started for Kya-tsog, so we had left him behind to follow when well enough. We had also left with him a tin of Epsom salts, which had had such a beneficial effect on him that our medicine chest became famous throughout the district and we were besieged by would-be patients of all sorts. Epsom salts in large doses for all internal disorders, and permanganate of potash and zinc ointment for open wounds and sores, appeared to work miracles, and we left behind us in Shen-tsa an untarnished reputation as doctors.

On June 28th we left early for Tala, the first stage on our journey to Namru. The two Dzongpöns rode with us across the plain to see us on our way. They formed a remarkable contrast; the head Dzongpön was mounted on a fine white mule, while

the other, our old friend of the straw hat, rode an indescribably thin tat of about eleven hands ; but the poverty of his pony was redeemed by the magnificence of its harness, which was smothered in silver, with a double crupper-band of silver sequins which the pony must have found very uncomfortable under its tail. They took leave of us at the foot of the hills. A steep climb took us to the top of the Digpa La, a pass in the ridge separating the Shentsa plain from the water-shed of the Yundruk Tsangpo ; the latter river runs north and falls into Tang-khyung Tso, an offshoot of Zilling Tso, with which it is connected by a narrow channel.

After crossing the Digpa La we found ourselves in an open valley among hills of limestone and slate. Black tents were dotted about every half mile or so, and the hills were covered with sheep and goats, all making the most of the fresh vegetation. In the evening a report was brought in that an old grazier, while wandering among the hills the year before, had found a deposit of iron ore on a mountain-top some miles away to the east. A messenger was sent to find the old man and bring a specimen of the ore next evening to our camp. He did not overtake us till two days later, when he staggered to our tent carrying a mass of iron on his back and claiming to have brought the whole deposit, as indeed he had ; it was an iron meteorite weighing over a hundred pounds. It must have lain on its hill-top for centuries, for it was full of holes from which some of its constituent minerals had been leached out. We took it back with us

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NATIVES OF NAMRU



KUSHO NISHIMBA AND HIS SERVANTS

to Lhasa, where I hoped to get permission to take it to India for scientific investigation ; but the Tibetans, like the Indians, ascribe miraculous properties to objects falling from the sky, and could not be persuaded to part with it even for a time ; and so, for a generation or two, it must remain lost to science.

Another short march of about ten miles took us on June 29th to Yundruk. Our path lay through a limestone gorge, on the far side of which we saw many herds of female burhel grazing among the talus slopes. We found our camp pitched at the foot of a towering limestone cliff, the home of innumerable birds, including a pair of vultures which had built their nest on a ledge near the top ; there was a fledgling in it, and we climbed to the top of the cliff in the hopes of getting a closer view, but the position had been too well chosen and without ropes the nest was quite unapproachable. Some way off three young hawks, which had just left their nest, were sitting on the rocks screeching to their parents for food ; they were just able to fly, though very clumsily. The cliff was full of caverns and fissures inhabited by pigeons, ravens, choughs, Brahmini duck and a big brown owl, not to mention little birds of many different varieties.

In the afternoon we saw a small herd of burhel grazing on the slopes opposite our camp. A stiff climb brought us to within 300 yards of them ; we put them all down as females, except one, which, from its horns and general colouring, appeared to be a 2- or 3-year-old male. We wanted meat, so Cosson shot the young male ; when we reached it

we discovered, to our surprise and disappointment, that it was an old female which would probably have lambed the following week. We always avoided, as far as possible, shooting females and were much put out by our mistake, which was due to the unusual phenomenon of a female having the horns of a male.

The usual thunderstorm came up in the afternoon, followed by a terrific wind at night, which made sleep impossible till after midnight. Once more we were in a country of broad valleys, plains, and low ridges. The trend of the ranges and the principal valleys was still, as it had been since we left the Goring La, approximately N.N.W.-S.S.E.; imposed on this structure, and consequent on it, a younger system of transverse river-valleys has cut through the ranges here and there and connects the older valleys with one another.

When we had left Shen-tsa on our short trip to Kya-tsog, Kusho Nishimba, who had been sent with us to arrange for transport and supplies, had gone ahead to Namru making arrangements for each camp as he went. We found the stages unnecessarily short, but this was all to the good and gave us more time both for work and for sport. From Yundruk we followed a broad valley, then crossed a ridge into another valley leading down to a plain. We saw several herds of antelope, all very wild. One solitary buck, which Cosson found feeding with a herd of female goa in a small valley in some hills above the road, made off on his approach and came down towards the path; it came to within a hundred

yards of the baggage animals, which were strung out for about a mile along the track ; from a gallop it eased down to a trot, but still came on, stamping its feet, holding its head low and shaking it from side to side in defiance of its familiar friends, the yaks ; but its courage failed it at the last, and it turned off and followed the line of the transport for half a mile and then made for the hills again. Once more it saw Cosson in the distance and decided at all costs to cross the valley on to the ridges beyond, so, taking its courage in both hands, it made straight for the path, cut clean through the baggage between two ponies and was soon out of sight among the hills.

We found our camp pitched at Lug-thang,¹ a grazing-ground at the head of a plain covered with sheep, yaks and ponies. The weather broke almost immediately after we got in ; first there was a violent thunderstorm, with driving hail ; more storms followed during the afternoon, and at night a gale so violent that at times I feared our tents would go ; the storm continued through the night, and on the morning of July 1st we turned out to a dull grey sky and a stiff, cold westerly wind. A short march of four hours along a valley took us into our next camp, Setsok (or Sejong), a bay in a valley among granite hills ; here we actually found a house, a small one it is true and built only of mud, but still a house, the only one, with the exception of a small monastery, that we saw after we left Shen-tsa until we were once more south of Nam Tso and the snowy

¹ The name means " sheep (*lug*) -plain (*thang*)."

range of Nyen-chen-thang-la. Our tents were already pitched when we arrived ; the weather had improved, and we sunned ourselves in a sheltered corner for an hour, but soon after midday the usual storm came up again, with thunder and hail. A fine interval during the afternoon gave us time to climb a granite hill just behind our camp. From the top we got our first view of Zilling Tso, about twenty miles away to the north ; it was like looking out to sea.

The rocks at Setsok were full of hare, some of which we shot to replenish our larder. Towards evening storms came up at regular intervals and finally combined into a night of steady rain, which continued till 3 a.m., keeping us awake practically all night. Just as we hoped to sleep the local people began collecting the ponies, and what between shouting, neighing, and jingling of the ponies' bells, sleep was out of the question, so we got up at dawn and started for our next camp near the southern shore of Zilling Tso. After following a valley for a short distance we emerged on a plain on the northern side of which the lake lies, a plain some seventy miles long by fifty wide, the whole of which must at one time have been covered by the lake ; but steady desiccation has resulted in this vast body of water breaking up into several lakes, of which Zilling Tso is the chief. Tang-khyung Tso may be looked upon as merely a south-western arm of Zilling Tso ; but Pang-gok Tso on the west is now entirely distinct, and is separated from the main lake by old terraces. Immediately to the south of Zilling Tso there are

A SUMMER HOLIDAY





FLOODS AT LHASA

several lakelets scattered about the marshy plain, all strongly saline and for the most part covered with a coating of salt. The broad southern bay of Zilling Tso itself was also covered with a crust of salt when we passed, and here and there low mounds of salt were dotted about the plain far back from the present shore-line. They looked exactly like stacks of manufactured salt; but the guides said that they were natural.

A short march of about twelve miles took us to Langma-deto, where we found our camp pitched at the northern end of a narrow ridge of red sandstone, about fifty feet high, which leaves the hills two miles away to the south and runs out into the plain like the fossilised backbone of some prehistoric monster. Here we found a stream of beautifully clear, fresh water coming from springs along the foot of the ridge. We reached camp soon after midday, only just in time to escape a violent thunderstorm. All through the afternoon there was storm after storm, at intervals of about an hour, and practically incessant thunder; fortunately for us, we only got the edge of them, as they kept to the hills to the south-east of our camp. The storms were followed in the evening by a steady downpour, which lasted for an hour, and finally passed into a heavily clouded night, with no rain except one heavy shower at midnight.

The morning broke dull and cold, with an east wind, and we were glad to leave our wet and uncomfortable camp. We were on the march again at 6 o'clock, heading north-east across the plain. We had had to cross much soft ground the day before,

and it was a relief to find our track running along an old lake terrace about ten feet above the level of the plain. It ran between two dry lake basins, like a great railway embankment, right across the plain, for miles and miles, indeed as far as we could see. It was only one of several similar terraces, and we went from one to the other as the direction of our route required. For the greater part, we were on firm gravelly soil, but from time to time had to cross belts of sand. A march of about twenty miles took us to Tong-chu, where we found our camp pitched on the bank of a river, the Bu-chu, which, flowing from the south, falls into the south-eastern corner of Zilling Tso. At our last camping-ground the grazing had been excellent, and there were several black tents dotted about the plain near the spring, with large flocks of sheep and goats and many yak. On the way to Tong-chu we saw no camps, there being no springs along our road ; but game was plentiful, and we passed many herds of kyang, antelope and gazelle.

At Tong-chu we met Kusho Nishimba, who had gone ahead from Shen-tsa to make arrangements for the journey to Namru. Our next march depended on information which had reached us only that morning, and, instead of going south-eastwards to the headquarters of Namru, we decided to continue on our present line to Lhumpo (or Limbu), two days farther on. This was disturbing to the officials, who had expected us to travel by the southern route and had arranged accordingly ; they said it would be impossible to go to Lhumpo, the country being

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uninhabited and neither transport nor supplies nor even fuel obtainable. There was said to be fresh water at two places on the way to Lhumpo and a spring at Lhumpo itself, so we decided to trust to luck and take a light camp with supplies for four days, hoping to find yak-dung at one or other of the springs. We sent all the Tibetan officials and their numerous following by the southern route, keeping only Kusho Möndrong to accompany Cosson and myself. The ground to the south was more hilly than that to the north and consequently more favourable for survey work, so Gujjar Singh also went with the main body. We were all to meet again on the evening of the fourth day at Geposiri, the centre of many large grazing-camps in Namru.

Early on the morning of July 4th our two parties set out. Ours was a very small one, lightly equipped for rapid marching. We headed north-east, first across the plain and then over low hills, from which we looked down on Pang-gok Tso, which lay to the south of our route. All round the lake the shore was white with salt, and on the western side the water too was crusted over. Pang-gok is a borax lake, and a small industry is carried on there during the summer. The borax is found as an efflorescence on the soil at the shores of the lake; it is scraped up and boiled in cauldrons, the impurities are separated and the borax crystallised out by evaporation. Boiling is a tedious process in a country in which the only fuel is yak-dung.

Crossing a ridge, we found ourselves in a basin in the hills where flocks of sheep and goats gave the lie

to the local officials, who had said the country was uninhabited. We found two black tents belonging to Ragyabpa, who, although belonging to the beggar community, were rich in flocks and herds; their riches did not deter them from plying their trade and following us with piteous demands for alms; but, like the other rich, they were sent empty away. We crossed another ridge and a small valley with an old lake basin in it, now dry; topped one more ridge, and found ourselves on the shore of a small salt lake, so salt that the water looked quite white, possibly in consequence of the many small salt crystals floating about in it. Goa and antelope were grazing round the shores, and half a dozen pairs of Brahmini duck were sleeping in the sun among the tussocks near the shore, for the day, which had begun badly after a wet night, had gradually improved and now, in the early afternoon and in the absence of wind, the sun was almost too hot. Near the lake a spring of fresh water gurgled over the stones at the foot of a limestone cliff. There was good grazing for the ponies and a level pitch for our tents on a sandy terrace above the lake. There was a good deal of last year's yak-dung lying about, but most of it was sodden from the recent rain; fortunately, we had brought a couple of sacks of dry fuel with us, which, by dint of economy, would last for a couple of days. Behind our camp the hill-slopes were like a garden. A small bell-shaped flower had pushed through the sand and made great crimson patches over the slopes; the flowers grew on stalks several inches high, sometimes as many as four or five to a single

plant, leaving their rosette of leaves flat on the surface below them, and, as the plants grew close together, they made an apparently continuous sheet of colour.

Towards evening, as we were sitting watching gazelle and antelopes feeding on the opposite shore of our little lake, we saw a fox, which we took to be a wolf, he looked so large in the failing light. In spite of the late hour Cosson took his rifle and made after him. After prowling about for some time, the fox had lain down in a small gully near the water's edge, where Cosson found him, but could only see his head and neck—not a great target at 200 yards, but big enough apparently for Cosson, who put a bullet through the fox's neck and brought him in in triumph. It was only the second we had seen, and the first we had killed. Both wolves and foxes were said to be plentiful, but were rarely seen at this time of the year. We saw more in one day in the autumn than we had seen in a month in summer. Why, it is difficult to say; possibly food is scarcer and they have to work harder for their living, and so become bolder, later in the year. A heavy storm came on at dark, the wind blowing right into the door of our tents; it rained steadily till 8 o'clock, and at intervals all through the night.

An early start and a cloudy morning, with storms all round us; but the weather improved, as usual, between nine and ten o'clock. Our march was a short one of about fifteen miles, and we were at Lhumpo by half-past ten. Our road had lain first across some low ridges, then over a plain with a

stretch of soft bad ground about half a mile wide in the middle. We crossed a river flowing west and running heavy and brown with yesterday's rain. A few miles away to our left it passed through a gap in a low ridge to join the Tsakhye Tsangpo, a big river which flows into Zilling Tso ; this is Littledale's Sa Chu. Here we must have crossed Littledale's route ; when he was turned back from below the Goring La, he struck north to the Sa Chu, then turned to the west and made for Kashmir. We must also have been very near the most southerly point reached by Rockhill when he came from the north and was intercepted by the Namru people and sent eastwards into China. He shows a place called Edjong on his map ; we must have been very near it, but none of the people with us knew the name. It is curious how difficult it is to get geographical information in Tibet ; even the nomads often do not know the names of places thirty miles away. Confusion arises, too, from the same place having more than one name, according to the part of the country in which one's informant happens to live. The place we were bound for from Lhumpo was known to the members of my party as Geposiri. None of the nomads in the plain near Lhumpo—for there were nomads there after all—had ever heard of it, although it was said to be only two days' march from their camp ; but we found later that they were not really to blame after all, for even the people of the place itself did not know it as Geposiri, but called it Zirimar. Geposiri appeared to be a name used by the people who came from the south, and was really

a combination of the names of two places near one another.

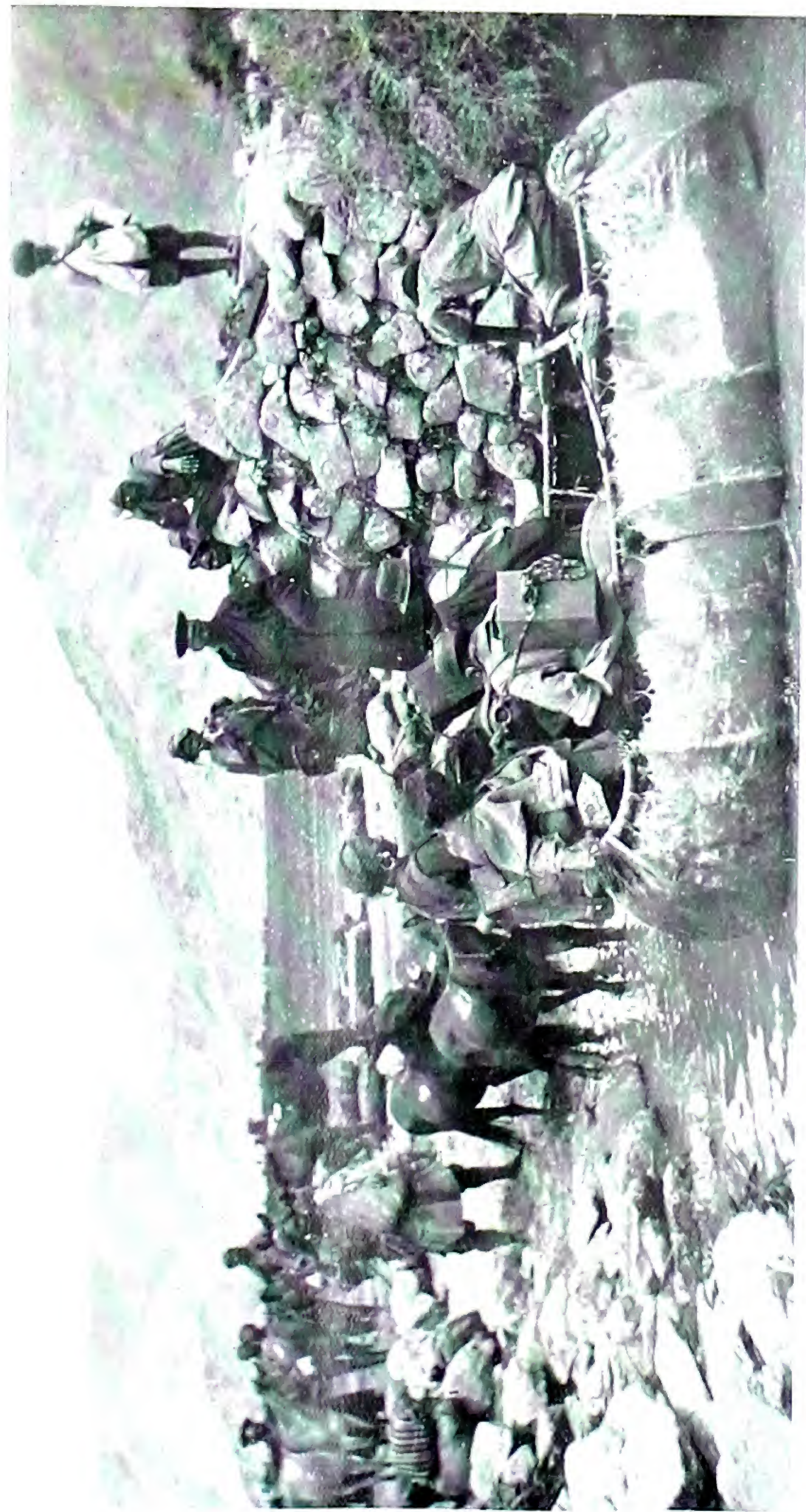
For the first time since we left Lhasa we had difficulty in finding water. Lhumpo is near the foot of a sandstone ridge, and the small streams run only after heavy rain. There was a certain amount of water coming down them when we arrived in the morning, as a result of the previous day's rain, but they dried up completely in the afternoon. Luckily we were a small party, and a few holes, which we dug in the bed of the stream, gave us all the water we required for drinking and cooking ; in Tibet nobody washes. When we left Lhasa we were told that we should have great difficulty in the matter of water all over the lake region. The Tsarong Sha-pé advised us to carry a good supply of whisky instead, and even went so far as to present us with a couple of bottles himself. This shows how little the people in Lhasa know about the lake region ; we had beautiful clear springs or streams at every camp we made ; the water of many of the lakes may be brackish, but springs and streams abound. With all the snow and rain we had, it would have been curious if we had suffered from want of water.

From Lhumpo we set our faces for Lhasa. A violent thunderstorm, lasting for three hours, the night before, had drenched everything, and we were glad to be up and away early. We were on the march before 6 o'clock by our watches, which was really 5 o'clock. Our road lay across a plain, with the usual bad, soft ground in many places. A march

of a little over four hours took us across the plain to Trak Chu, where we found ourselves once more in comparative civilisation and were received by a crowd of sixty or seventy people, who had come out from Geposiri to meet us, bringing tents and supplies. They were all tenants of Kusho Mön-drong's family, who own large tracts of grazing-land in Namru.

We found our camp pitched in a small valley beside a stream, with two or three grazing-camps not far away. Some goa were grazing on a ridge at the head of a valley about two miles away. We were out of meat, and, although we had been presented with a sheep, we preferred not to kill it; the sheep were still very thin and we knew the goa would be in better condition. An easy stalk brought us behind a ridge of rock 150 yards from them—alas! they were all females, so we left them alone. We were surprised to find no young ones with them yet, although it was the end of the first week of July; we were told by the local people that they would be born within the next two or three weeks. These were almost the last goa we saw; we found practically no game on the way back to Lhasa; there were too many grazing-camps in the parts of Namru that we passed through, and all the hills and valleys were covered with sheep and yaks. We saw a few kyang from time to time, and they too had no foals with them. As we left the goa a storm broke, the first we had ever had before midday; but we were now among the hills along which we had seen the storm-clouds passing every day when we were farther

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A SKIN-BOAT : EMBARKING

On the Kyi Chu



PONIES CROSSING THE KYI CHU

north; they had always had the rain long before it reached us. Fortunately, even to-day our tents were pitched and all the baggage safely in before the storm broke.

A dull march over low hills took us in four and a half hours to Geposiri (Zirimar), on the edge of a plain with a small lake in its north-eastern corner. We found a camp pitched for us on a damp slope; but there had been so much rain recently that it was difficult to find a dry site anywhere. Here we found Kusho Möndrong's brother, who, with the Dzongpön of Hyang-pa-chen, was out collecting rents and taxes. He called on us and presented us with a sheep, cheese and butter. Later on I returned the call, with candles, chocolate and biscuits. In the afternoon the post arrived from Lhasa, with two home mails and also presents of potatoes and cocoa from the Tsarong Sha-pé. There were several hundred people at Zirimar, including a large prospecting camp under the charge of a Government official. There was a very severe storm in the evening after dark and for a time it looked once more as if the tents really must go. Luckily they stood it out; the wind dropped in about an hour, and we had a rainless though cloudy night. The wind dried our tents and, next morning, for the first time for days, we started with a dry camp. A short march took us across the plain to Nagrab. On the way we passed a small monastery (Ziri, or Zimga, Gompa¹). It was again strange to see a house. We were once more a big party; Gujjar Singh and the Tibetan

¹ *Gompa* = monastery.

officials had rejoined us at Zirimar, and we were all marching together to Lhasa. At Nagrah we had at last a fine evening, the first since we had left Shen-tsa, and I was able to get a latitude. The theodolite was always a source of great interest to the local people; they believed that it helped me to find the minerals hidden in the bowels of the earth, and I was reported to have found by its means four magnificent diamonds in the mud at the bottom of Zilling Tso.

July 9th. For once there was no storm at night, and we were away before 6 o'clock in the morning, once more with dry tents. We started in a cold south-westerly wind which, however, soon dropped and the day was not unpleasant, though the sun kept behind the clouds. The weather had gradually become much warmer and the temperature at 9 o'clock the night before had been as high as 40° F. We crossed a great deal of soft swampy ground on this march, but got over it all without accidents. Just before we reached camp, at Shuling-pupu (also called Nuksu), we crossed a high ridge and once more saw Nyen-chen-thang-la, nearly a hundred miles away to the south, towering like a giant above the rest of the range. We had been told that we should find antelope; they were a myth, but there were several coveys of snow-cock in the rocks on the ridge above our camp and a great many hare on the lower slopes. The young snow-cock were about three-quarters grown and excellent for the pot; the old birds were always tough. Near the top of the ridge we found two marmot holes, which had

been recently dug out by a brown bear. At the first hole the bear had been defeated by big rocks which even he could not move ; but at the other he had torn out stones and boulders, and the fresh blood all round the hole showed that he had caught the marmot and eaten it on the spot ; his droppings were quite fresh, apparently of the day before, but there were no signs of him in the neighbourhood, and he had evidently moved on.

We were now in much more broken country ; the great plains had given place to hills and valleys, and there were many grazing-camps, and large flocks of sheep on all the hills. Our next camp was in a valley at the edge of some swampy ground where there was good grazing for the ponies. For two days we had had no rain, but the weather now made up for lost time and in the early afternoon we had the worst storm we had experienced in Tibet. The rain came down in buckets and was followed by a furious hailstorm. Torrents of red mud came rushing through the camp from the ridge above us, one through the middle of Kusho Möndrong's tent. We all turned out in the rain and dug trenches, trying to divert the streams, but nothing availed and we were flooded out. The storm continued all the afternoon, and when it cleared up in the evening the whole country was white with hail, and our camp a mere mud-heap. There was a heavy flood coming down the valley opposite us ; the river, which had been a mere trickle in the morning, was now a roaring torrent, and still ran heavy and brown next morning. Soon after leaving this camp we

struck the first important road we had seen : a dozen or more parallel tracks ; it is the road to a salt lake a month's journey farther north. A little farther on we came on a camp where a large herd of yaks was grazing by the roadside ; they belonged to traders who were taking salt to Lhasa. The road follows the east side of Pam Tso, which, like all the other lakes, is surrounded by old beaches now a mile or so back from the water's edge. The only game we saw was a female antelope, lying down not far from the road. We found our camp at Meza, on the edge of a plain, where a small lake, little more than a pond, about half a mile away, was covered with Brahmini duck, all with ducklings. The granite ridge behind our camp was full of hares.

In Namru some of our party had caught a young wolf and a young fox, which were now the property of our lama. The wolf was as tame and playful as a puppy, but the fox was still very wild. We were sorry for them both, for they were badly treated and very roughly handled ; but we were still more sorry for a marmot which had been caught on the road that morning. It was evidently old, and had been unable to escape the Tibetans, one of whom had hit it over the head with a stick and brought it into camp. The poor beast was almost strangled by a rope which was tied so tightly round its neck that it could hardly breathe ; when we reached camp we found it being baited by half a dozen Tibetans in front of the lama's tent. First it was dragged along the ground on its belly, then tied to a peg in the sun and poked with sticks ; finally it was held



A SKIN-BOAT AND THE BOATMAN'S SHEEP



WOMEN STORING THE HARVEST

while the young wolf worried it. This was too much for us and we had to interfere, to the surprise of the Tibetans, who, in spite of their Buddhism, are just as cruel to animals as any other Orientals. A lingering process of torture, ending in the death of an animal, is not looked upon as equivalent to taking life, and, if the animal is so foolish as to die in the process, so much the worse—perhaps, poor thing, so much the better—for it. But one marvels at the callousness of the East where a man will inflict pain so mercilessly on a beast, which, for all he knows, may be a reincarnation of his grandmother! It is an every-day occurrence to see ponies saddled up and loaded when their backs are one great open sore; while in India, where the carter twists his ox's tail to make it go, there are few draught cattle which have not had most of the joints of their tail dislocated. Such cruelty seems to be due to want of imagination. There is want of a sense of proportion, too, for the good Hindu who will, without compunction, slowly kill an animal by his own cruelty or neglect, fiercely denounces the European who kills cattle, painlessly and instantaneously, for food.

A wet night was followed by a cloudy morning and a biting wind. We still followed the *tsa-lam*, or salt road, which we had struck the day before. A good track, at first along a gravelly plain, then over low slopes into a wide valley. Black tents were everywhere; the hills were covered with flocks and herds, and game had disappeared. The yaks we had seen the day before must have passed our camp in the night, for we overtook them on the road,

marching in three batches of about eighty each, with two men in charge of a batch: they kept straggling and stopping to graze, and the two drivers had to be here, there and everywhere, often having to go back forty or fifty yards to round up a straggler—like sheep-dogs with a mob of sheep. The yaks were said to do about nine miles a day; if so, the men must have covered nearly thirty. We camped in a grassy plain with black tents all round us. Storms threatened all the afternoon but passed by along the hills, and it was not till after dark that the rain came, a violent thunderstorm which lasted till midnight.

Next day a long march of nearly thirty miles took us to the eastern shores of Nam Tso. On the way we passed two lakes, Long-kyok and Kawa; really one lake connected by a narrow strait. There were geese on the shore of Tso Kawa; each pair of old birds had two goslings, usually about half grown. We were still following the tsa-lam, and the road swarmed with yaks in batches of fifty to two hundred all on their way north to fetch salt: on the Long-kyok plain alone we must have passed between two and three thousand. There were generally two men on foot to each fifty or sixty animals; the traders themselves were on horseback and carried matchlocks.

An easy pass, about a quarter of a mile long, took us over into the Nam Tso basin. From the ridge we looked down on a vast inland sea, which seemed to extend almost to the western horizon. Across the lake, Nyen-chen-thang-la towered up into the

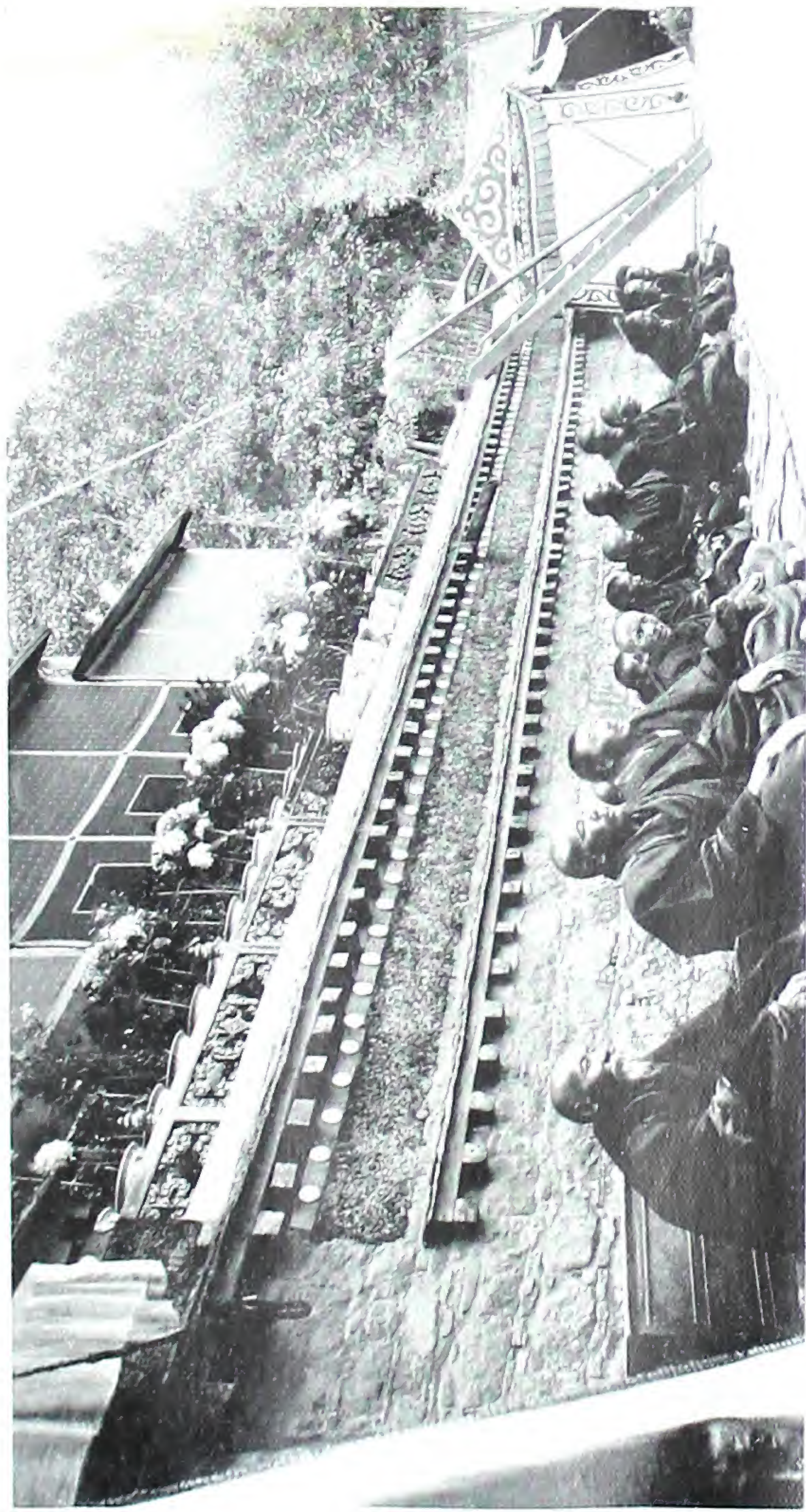
sky, clouds all about his head. We camped at Takri (or Thak), near some black tents in a small valley opening on to the eastern shore of the lake. The valley was a mass of flowers—primulas, forget-me-nots, edelweiss and purple vetch (? *Oxytropis*). As we got in, and before our tents were pitched, down came the rain. It lasted all the afternoon, but we were cheered by the arrival of a post from Lhasa ; there was also a letter from the Kashag, and presents of flour, rice and two hundred and fifty eggs.

We had hoped for an early start next day, but our plans were upset by the transport. It had been impressed about half-way from Meza the day before and was to stay with us as far as Dam, beyond the snowy range ; the owners of the animals were most unwilling, pay or no pay, to take us beyond the lake, and after dark they rounded up their ponies and made off over the hills. It was some time before their absence was noticed ; servants were sent off in pursuit of the main body, which had gone over the hills to the north. Kusho Nishimba's small servant boy, aged about twelve, saddled a pony and went off on his own account after three who had escaped by a side valley ; this showed him full of pluck, but what he would have done if he had caught them was more than we could guess. Later on the lama Nishimba decided to go himself, and Möndrong went with him ; they rode off armed with rifles and revolvers, and had not returned when we went to bed two hours later. They eventually came back in the early hours of the morning, after having gone about ten miles along our road of the day before.

They had rounded up most of the yaks and ponies, but all the drivers had hidden in the hills, so we were very short of men, and loading up was a slow process. We had to content ourselves with a short march, and merely crossed the plain on the east of Nam Tso, to the mouth of a valley at the foot of the Largen La, the pass over the Nyen-chen-thang-la range to Dam. We passed many salt-traders on the way, camped by the roadside for their midday meal, while their yaks were turned out to graze. In these two days we must have seen at least five thousand yaks.

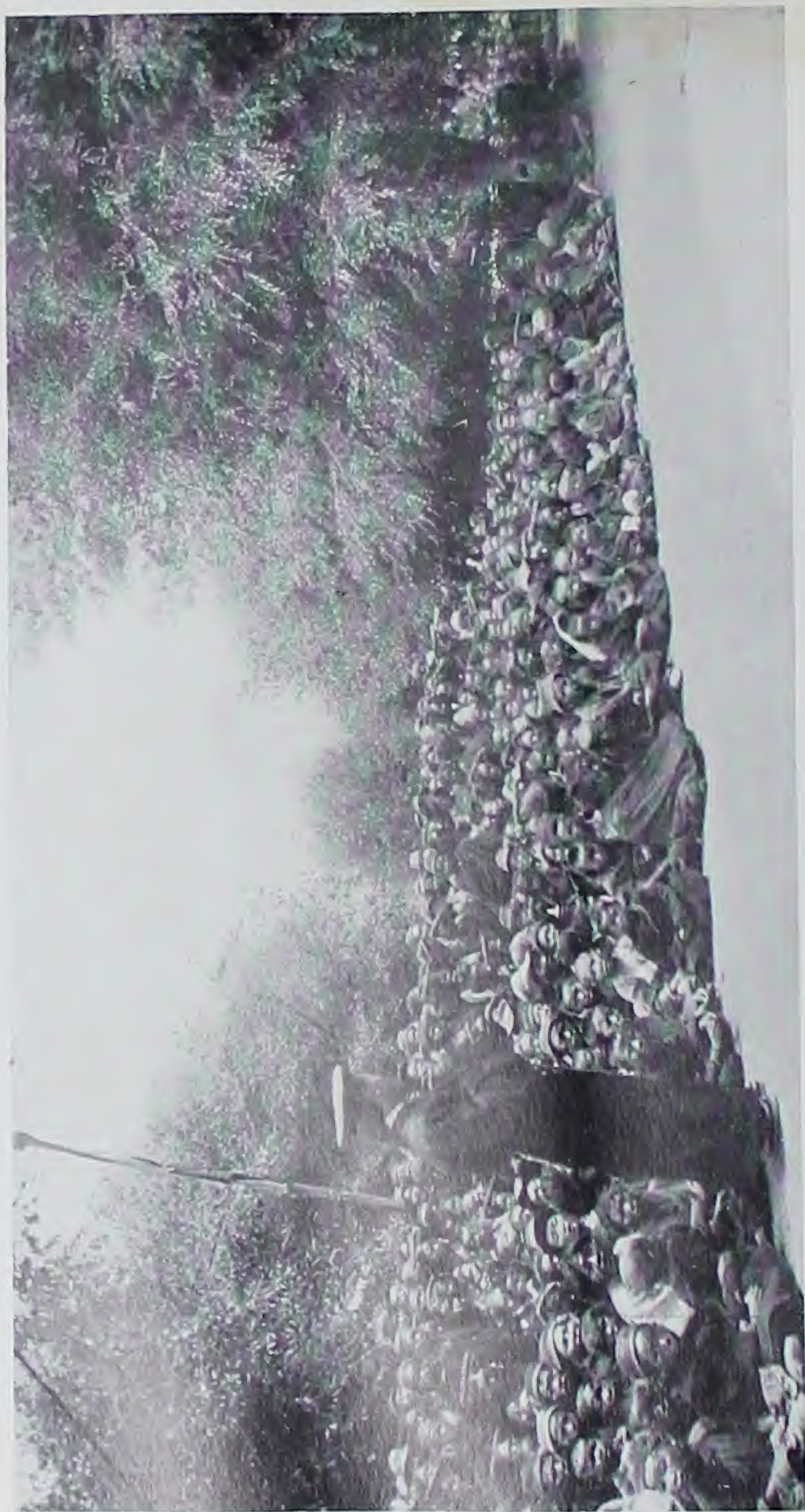
We saw no game, but there were several herds of kyang dotted about the plain ; we were surprised to find that still (July 14th) they had no foals with them. Just before we reached camp Cosson shot a lammergeyer with his rifle ; it was standing on the ground a little over a hundred yards away, and he shot it through the breast. It was a fine specimen, just under nine feet from tip to tip of its wings. Lammergeyer are said to do a good deal of damage in the lambing season and to carry off both lambs and kids. They probably kill a certain number of hares as well, but it is generally supposed that they live chiefly on carrion.

We had rain and hail again in the afternoon, but the weather cleared at night, and we were on the march by 5 o'clock next morning. It was a long, though not a steep climb, up the valley to the top of the Largen La : one and a quarter hours. This is the point nearest to Lhasa reached by M. Grenard in the year 1894, when, leaving Dutreuil de Rhins to move on to Nak Chu with the rest of the expe-
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AN AUDIENCE OF LAMAS

On the roof of Norbulinga



THE AUDIENCE AT A TIBETAN PLAY

dition, he accompanied the Lhasa officials to the foot of the pass in order to link up his surveys with those of Bonvalot (*Le Tibet*, 1904, p. 94). Mist and drizzle began about half an hour before we reached the top and continued for about two hours. Cold, wet and miserable, we stumbled down the abominable track for many stony miles. The weather cleared as we dropped once more to the upper limit of vegetation ; the valley deepened, and the narrow banks of either side of the stream were a mass of flowers : great yellow patches, almost fields, of primulas, with stalks two feet high, like giant cowslips, masses of purple vetch, forget-me-nots, mauve asters and yellow buttercups. Lower down the rocks were covered with juniper and dwarf rhododendron. As we left the valley to drop into the plain of Dam we rode through a forest of gorse-like shrubs, in which we put up several hares and two coveys of partridges ; there was a family of blackbirds too in almost every bush, the male black with yellow beak, the female brown, just like the European bird.

We were now in a very different country and a very different climate. At our feet was a broad plain, perhaps twenty miles long from east to west, and four or five miles broad. Cattle and sheep and grazing-camps covered the plain, and houses were dotted about its edge ; in one sheltered nook we even saw some willow-trees. As we left the valley and came out on to the plain, our guide lost his way. He did not know where our camp had been pitched, and inquiries from passing wayfarers only led us

deeper into the mire. Some said the camp was down the valley to the west, others up the valley to the east ; so positive were some of our informants that we finally decided to go west, and did so, for some miles, till we happened to see the baggage crossing the lower slopes beyond where we had left the valley. Our guide had taken the wrong road, and we had turned to the right instead of to the left. Our mules were tired and lame from the stony track, and it was two hours before, weary and hungry and ragged in temper, we found our camp.

The Dam Valley is an appanage of Sera, one of the great Lhasa monasteries ; most of the large monasteries own land in one part or another of the country, from which they draw their revenue. An agent of Sera lives at Dam, and quarters had been provided for us in his house, a new two-storied building. The largest room in the house had been got ready for us. We should have preferred the upstairs room, which was light and airy, if smaller ; ours was on the ground-floor, and was dark and noisy, being beside the courtyard and kitchen, and it reeked of rancid Tibetan butter. This last is one of the main drawbacks of Tibetan houses ; butter-lamps are kept burning night and day in front of the images in the lha-khang and the smell pervades the whole house. In the temples, where the lamps are counted by hundreds and where there is no ventilation, the smell is almost nauseating ; there is none more greasy, more penetrating or more tenacious.

The Dam Valley was the finest stretch of country we had seen since we had left Lhasa more than two

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months before; the grazing was excellent, but we were still above the limit of cultivation. Both the plain and the small valleys coming down from the mountains on the north were alive with hares, and while I was occupied with the local geology, Cosson busied himself with our meat supply for the next few days. Partridges, too, were plentiful on the hill-side, and here I saw the only snake that I have ever seen in Tibet. It was a small one about two feet long, and unfortunately managed to elude me among the rocks.

In the evening it began to rain about 9 o'clock, and a steady downpour continued all night; it was still raining when we got up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and the hills round the valley were covered with mist and cloud which spread almost down to the plain. The weather was so bad that we hesitated to start, but, having already sent word to the Tsarong Sha-pé in Lhasa that we should arrive on the 20th, and having also accepted an invitation from him to lunch on the day of our arrival, we decided to start, rain or no rain. We crossed the plain in a steady drizzle, and, after riding for two hours, entered a long valley leading up to the Lanyé La, a pass in the range separating the Dam Valley from the basin of the Kyi Chu. A ride of an hour and a half up the valley saw the end of the rain, and we stopped for a few minutes to lunch by the roadside. The valley was about sixty yards wide; it was carpeted with yellow primulas, such as we had seen the day before on our way down to Dam, and the air was heavy with their scent. A few minutes'

halt was enough, and we were on horseback again ; after five and three quarter hours from Dam, we reached the top of the pass, a short and easy ascent over beds of red conglomerate. The descent on the south was steep and muddy but short, and we found our camping ground about a mile and a half down the valley ; we chose the least wet spot we could find and levelled it for our tents when they should arrive. It was late in the afternoon before the baggage came in ; it had taken eight and a half hours for the march of about twenty miles. There was a small grazing-camp here, and the man in charge tried to persuade us not to halt, but to go on down to the valley below, where he said we would find a village within two or three miles. Luckily we did not allow ourselves to be persuaded, as we knew now only too well what the Tibetans' ideas of time and distance were worth. We suspected—rightly as it proved—that the local people looked upon us as a nuisance and merely wanted to get rid of us ; so we stayed where we were.

We were now in a very different type of country ; we had left the lakes and plains and were back among mountains and narrow rocky valleys. There were bushes, too, chiefly rose and willow, on the lower slopes. A wet night was followed by a dull, cloudy morning, but the weather cleared soon after we left. A short descent of about a mile brought us to a stream, ordinarily small, but now a raging torrent, over the ponies' girths. Here we found men who had been sent from the nearest village, ten miles further down in the valley, to guide us.

The track—it could not be called a path—wandered backwards and forwards across the stream, which we had to ford five or six times ; as we descended the valley, more and more rivulets joined the main stream, bringing in their flood waters, and each crossing was worse than the last. Luckily we got through with nothing worse than wet feet and wet baggage, and in four and a half hours reached the small village of Lhakhang, on the right bank of the Kyi Chu. This was the village said by the people the evening before to be only two or three miles away ! If we had allowed ourselves to be persuaded to go on, the baggage, if it had arrived at all, would not have been in before midnight.

All the way down the valley, we had ridden through bushes of willow and juniper ; the hill-sides were covered with flowers, white roses in full bloom, blue poppies and beautiful blue star-like clematis. At Lhakhang we were once more among cultivation. Near the village peas and mustard were in blossom, and wheat was just coming into ear. All along the valley ruins of old villages and terraced fields, long out of cultivation, told of a prosperous past, when the population must have been many times greater than now. This is only one of many such valleys. The four most characteristic features of Tibet are monks, beggars, ruins and dogs. The monks constitute, perhaps, a quarter of the population, possibly more ; there are said to be 7,000 in one monastery alone, Dre-pung, and 3,500 in Sera ; twenty years ago travellers put these figures as high as 9,000 and 5,000 respectively. To judge

by the numbers we saw, the beggar community is also a very large one. Lhasa and other towns have each their beggars' quarters, the walls of the houses built of horns set in mud. On the roadside below Dre-pung monastery, about three miles out of Lhasa, a considerable village is inhabited entirely by beggars, who slaughter the meat for the monastery. They lead the animals to the banks of the river near at hand, where, surrounded by hundreds of expectant dogs, the beasts are killed.

From Lhakhang we followed the right bank of the river, leaving the famous Reting Gompa four miles up the river on our left. Two hours' march, along a path bordered by rose-hedges smothered in masses of yellow and purple clematis, took us into Phongdo. A mile out we met a high Tibetan official on his way to take up a post in Kham. He was resplendent in yellow brocade and was surrounded by a numerous retinue; after a short chat we wished him a prosperous journey and turned our faces to Lhasa, thankful for the moment that our route was not to Kham.

At Phongdo a river joins the Kyi Chu; we found it in heavy flood and crossed only by a light rope bridge, unsuitable for the animals. The village lay on the opposite side of the stream, so the baggage was unloaded and carried across by the men, and the ponies had to swim. The village of Phongdo is small and dirty, and the houses uninviting, so we pitched our tents on a gravelly patch outside the village, away from the mud, flies and dogs, but not out of range of beggars, who pestered us till nightfall.

Next day we left the Kyi Chu roaring down its gorges on its way to Lhasa, and turned up a side-valley along the left bank of a river now swollen by the heavy rain, which had been almost incessant for six days ; sometimes we had to ride for several hundred yards in water, an overflow channel of the river, and lower than the main stream, which is kept in its bed by a low dyke of rough stone. Just below Talung monastery, which is built on the hill-side above the valley, a rickety cantilever bridge crosses the stream. Here the road turned up another side-valley, and a long stony climb took us eventually to the top of the Chak La, a broad flat pass, remarkable for the numerous cairns of pebbles, some as much as twenty feet high and capped by the usual bunches of sticks hung with prayer-flags. From the top we stumbled for a mile down a trackless torrent-bed, full of loose stones and often ankle-deep in water. Finally the slopes were less steep and a path wandered down to the valley below. Once more we found ourselves among flowers : blue poppies, yellow cowslips and a large pink gentian ; lower down again were bushes of rose and barberry, all covered with blossoming clematis, one with dark purple flowers, almost black, another blue, a third yellow. On the top of the pass we had met the usual mist and rain, which increased during the descent and soon settled into a steady, soaking drizzle. Two hours from the foot of the pass took us to our halting place, Lhundub Dzong, a small village of a dozen houses nestling under a rocky spur on which stands the Dzong. As in the Kyi

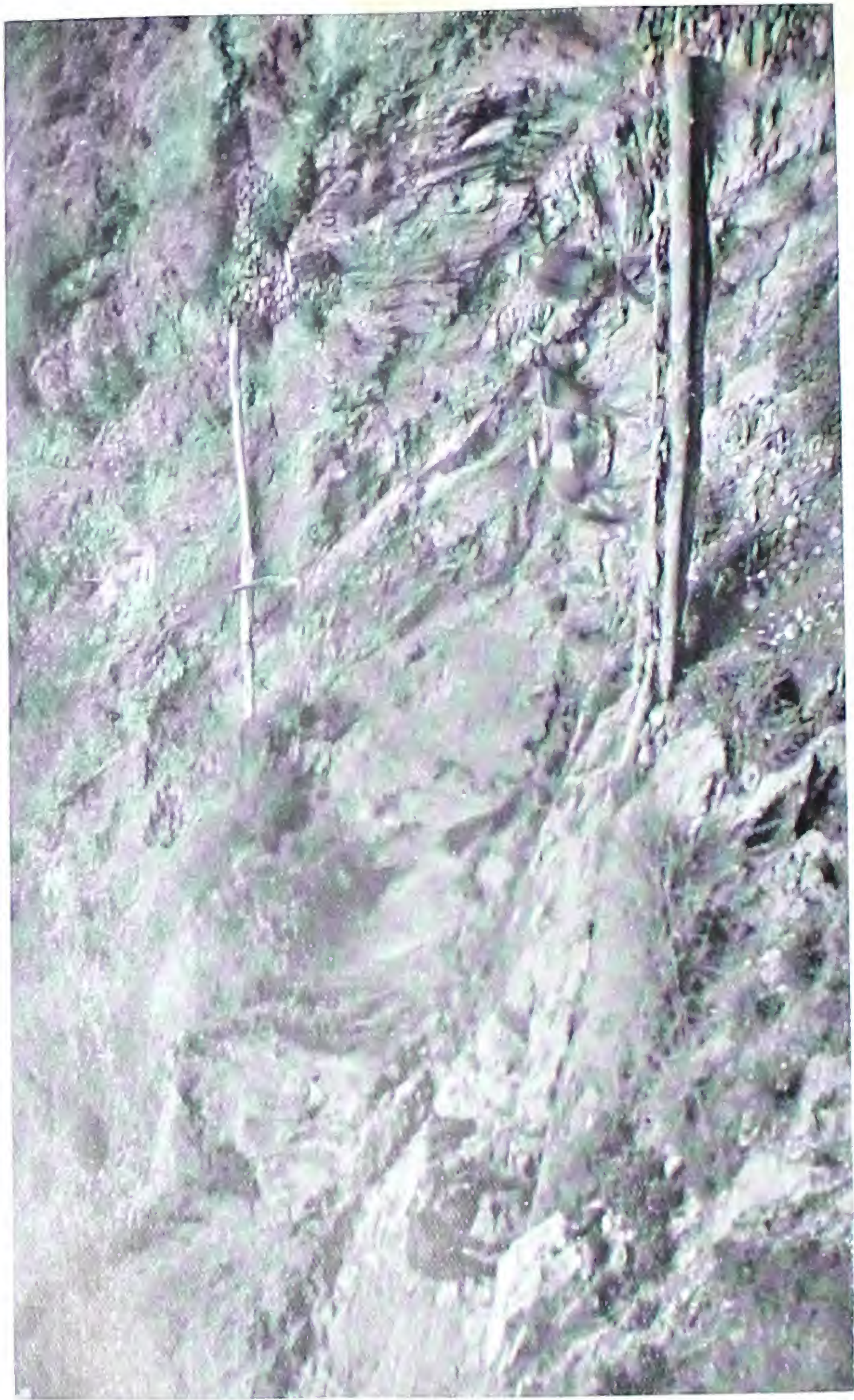
Chu valley, all round us were ruins of former villages, forts and monasteries, great three-storied shells with gaping windows. Here again were hundreds of acres of old terraced fields, long out of cultivation, a very small proportion of the original extent now serving to meet the needs of the reduced population. In some parts of Central Asia the reduction in the area of cultivation is due to desiccation, less moisture falling now than in former times; in other parts streams and rivers have cut down their beds below the levels of the old irrigation channels, which are now left high and dry on the overhanging slopes. In this part of Tibet the old fields and villages are attributed to the Mongols; whoever the old inhabitants were they were certainly a fighting race, for every spur and every point of vantage is crowned by the ruins of a fort.

At Lhundub a house had been provided for us, but it was no easy matter to get into it, for the courtyard was a lake of mud and liquid manure up to our ponies' knees; but we managed to ride across and reach comparative dryness at the door of a second inner courtyard surrounded on all four sides by rooms. A newly built room on the roof was given to us, from which we looked down on to a garden of willows and poplars, the first real trees we had seen for many long weeks. Here, too, were plots of potatoes and other vegetables, which made us feel that we were really once more back in civilisation.

From Lhundub to Lhasa is two days' march, one very short, about eight miles, to Lang-dong, at the



LHAGYIRI DZONG AND MONASTERY



ON THE ROAD FROM LHAGYIRI TO THE PHOTRANG LA

northern foot of the Pempo-go La ; the second from Lang-dong to Lhasa, long and difficult. Between Lhundub and Lang-dong there is a river which, flowing from the mountain ranges on the north, drains the Lhundub plain ; when in flood it was said to be impassable, and alarming stories were brought to us regarding its present state, the depth at the ford being variously placed at anything from the height of a pony's girth to the back of an elephant. To avoid the ford and find a bridge would mean descending to the valley of the Kyi Chu, 2,000 feet below, and spending an extra day on our journey to Lhasa. Knowing the usual inaccuracy of Tibetan information, we decided to see the ford for ourselves, and next morning started early and rode to the river-bank, where we found two local herdsmen who knew the ford. The river was about a quarter of a mile wide, flowing in four channels with gravel banks between ; luckily our guides were able to find a way across each channel, the water nowhere more than just over the ponies' girths.

Lang-dong is a small village, little more than a monastery, but very sacred ; there are rows of old *chortens* (monuments), built of mud and pebbles and said to be of very great antiquity. We were offered quarters in the monastery for the night, but knew that the innumerable dogs would give us no peace, so decided to camp some little distance away : a wise precaution as it proved, for the thunderstorm, which came on in the evening, was so violent, and the lightning so alarming, that the monks were busy till midnight, blowing conches and trumpets

to frighten away the demons responsible for the storm. We were nearly flooded out, but had luckily dug a trench, about a foot deep, along the slope behind our tents.

July 20th. As the Tsarong Sha-pé had invited us to lunch at 1 o'clock, in Lhasa, an early start was necessary, and we were away soon after day-break. A long, stony valley leads up to the Pempogo La: the steep path, often merely a rocky water-course, from Lang-dong to the top, took us three hours, riding for the first, and walking the latter, half of the ascent, which is steep as well as stony, and only fit for a Tibetan to ride up. As we neared the top, rain and mist, which we met on the top of every high pass throughout our journey, closed in on us, and we started down in the usual drizzle. The descent was almost as bad as that from the Chak La. What little path there had been had been washed away by the rain; sometimes over the up-turned edges of beds of slate, at others in a rocky torrent, the ponies stumbled down a couple of miles to a small village, after which, except for occasional wash-outs, the path was reasonably good. Signs of cultivation soon began to appear on the lower flanks of the granite hills, and, after passing a small mint, which turns out some of the local copper coinage, we found ourselves on the Lhasa plain, and half an hour took us into the town.

CHAPTER VIII

THAKPO

WHEN we arrived in Lhasa we found almost the whole plain under water, through which we splashed our way. Unprecedented rainfall had brought the Kyi Chu down in a flood which was said to beat all previous records. A great stone dyke, built along the right bank of the river to protect the plain, was for the most part under the water, which, here and there, had burst through it, and great brown torrents rushed over, covering and obliterating gardens and fields. Much alarm was felt for Lhasa itself, the streets of which were already deep in black watery slime and almost impassable. Armies of men were called out to reinforce the dykes and build others, and for days they could be seen in endless procession, carrying stones, torn from walls, from roadways, from chortens, or any other convenient source, to pile them on the dykes. Hundreds of monks too were on the banks repeating prayers and charms, and tying prayer-flags to the trees. The combined efforts were successful; the incessant rain became intermittent, and in a week the river was back almost to its normal summer level. A few days more of rain and much of Lhasa would have been a mere heap of mud; only the more substantial

granite-built houses could have withstood the flood and of those a fair proportion, for lack of foundations, would probably have gone. Visitors to Dikyilinga had almost to swim to reach us. Immediately behind the house a channel of the river had nearly topped the bank and a squad of men and women was busy throwing up earthworks. We were amused by their way of handling a shovel ; it required three people to work it, one holding and two pulling.

On our arrival in Lhasa we took the usual route to the Tsarong Sha-pé's house near Norbulinga, but found ourselves cut off by a river, deep and swift, which, two months before, had been merely a dry sandy channel. A servant, who was with us, tried to cross, but his pony fell in the middle and both were badly frightened. We had, therefore, to go back and take a long circuitous route to the nearest bridge, and finally arrived about three quarters of an hour late for lunch. Fortunately, in Lhasa, this is a matter of no importance, since, though all the officials have watches, no two watches are usually within an hour of each other. The time is said to be taken from a sundial, but in those sunless days of steady rain the dial's occupation was gone, and of four visitors who had made appointments with us, at 10 a.m., one arrived at 9.50, another at 10.15, a third at 10.40 and the fourth a little after 11 ; each arrived at 10 o'clock by his own watch ! During our stay in Lhasa this time, however, the telegraph-line arrived from Gyantse, and now Indian standard time is always to be had at the telegraph office, and watches will perhaps become



THE ROAD BELOW THE TE-KHAR LA



CAMP AT DINGNA

Showing four poles with prayer-flags

more than mere ornaments and sources of confusion. The arrival of the telegraph-line was naturally a great event ; for days before we met groups of men and women carrying poles out along the Gyantse road, and a few days later Mr. King, an officer of the Indian Department of Posts and Telegraphs, arrived with the end of the line, and accompanied by a young Tibetan, who had been educated for four years in England, and had studied telegraphy in India. Thanks to Mr. King's kindness we were able, immediately on his arrival, to send a cable via Gyantse to Courmayeur, the first private message to go from Lhasa to Europe by wire.

When we arrived from Namru, we hoped to be ready to leave again for Thakpo in a week or ten days, but floods and other obstacles intervened, and we finally left on August 8th, after a stay of nearly three weeks. We were not sorry to get away ; Lhasa provides but little occupation to those who have seen it once. A visit to the Dalai Lama, lunch with the Chief Minister (Lön-chen), visits from the Sha-pés, visits from the telegraph officers, a theatrical performance at one of the monasteries, were the chief events of our stay. We had completely run out of books, and a new order from Calcutta had not yet arrived. One of us had Indian papers to read, it is true, but the other, who did not read English, had no literature of any kind, and time hung heavy on our hands. We managed to while away an occasional hour in bargaining with our old friend The Robber, whose daily visits were a source of interest and amusement to us, and of great profit to him.

The chief festivity that we attended was a theatrical performance given at a monastery near Dikyilinga, in the presence of the Dalai Lama. The play, which was in part musical, began in the morning and continued throughout the day; it was evidently an old favourite, for it attracted a large audience, which was most enthusiastic though at the same time very well behaved. No intoxicants were allowed inside the grounds of the monastery, but the road outside the gate was lined with booths where refreshments of all kinds, but principally chang, were to be had. Even by the middle of the day they were driving a roaring trade, and in the evening the fun became fast and furious; far into the night we heard the discordant strains of belated revellers seeing each other home. We found the play monotonous; there were about a dozen actors, of whom three took leading rôles; the part of the rest was not unlike that of the Greek Chorus, with the addition, at intervals, of the wonderful whirling dance that we had seen at Chushul on our way up. But the whole performance, speeches, music, and dancing, lacked variety and after two hours of it we found ourselves bored. In the evening we dined with the Tsarong Sha-pé, who entertained us with an excellent hand-cinematograph. It was surprising to see such a thing in Lhasa; but he had been in India for some time with the Dalai Lama, and had brought it back with him.

After many attempts to start for Thakpo we finally left on August 8th. Our first march was to be to De-chen, a village across the Kyi Chu and about

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fifteen miles up-stream. There is no bridge at Lhasa, the only means of crossing the river being by boats, which take men and baggage, while the animals have to swim. When the river was in heavy flood it would have been impossible for the ponies to cross, and dangerous for the boats as well, and for these reasons we had been delayed till the local officials considered it safe for us to cross. An hour took us from Dikyilinga to the river, where we found boats ready to take us across. The boats, which are made of yak-skin stretched over a willow frame, carry about a dozen people. Three boats took ourselves and all our baggage, the mules and baggage animals being towed behind, much to their dismay and discomfort. It was not without some difficulty that they were forced into the water, and when they found themselves out of their depth, and in the strong current, they became almost hysterical, and in the violence of their struggles pushed one another under the water, twisting the boat round like a teetotum, and appearing to escape drowning only by a miracle and by the tight hold on their heads kept by the men in the boat. Once they were well in the current they were soon down-stream of the boat, and they then settled down to swim; they all arrived safely at the other side, where they thankfully waded ashore, and shook themselves dry in the bright sunshine.

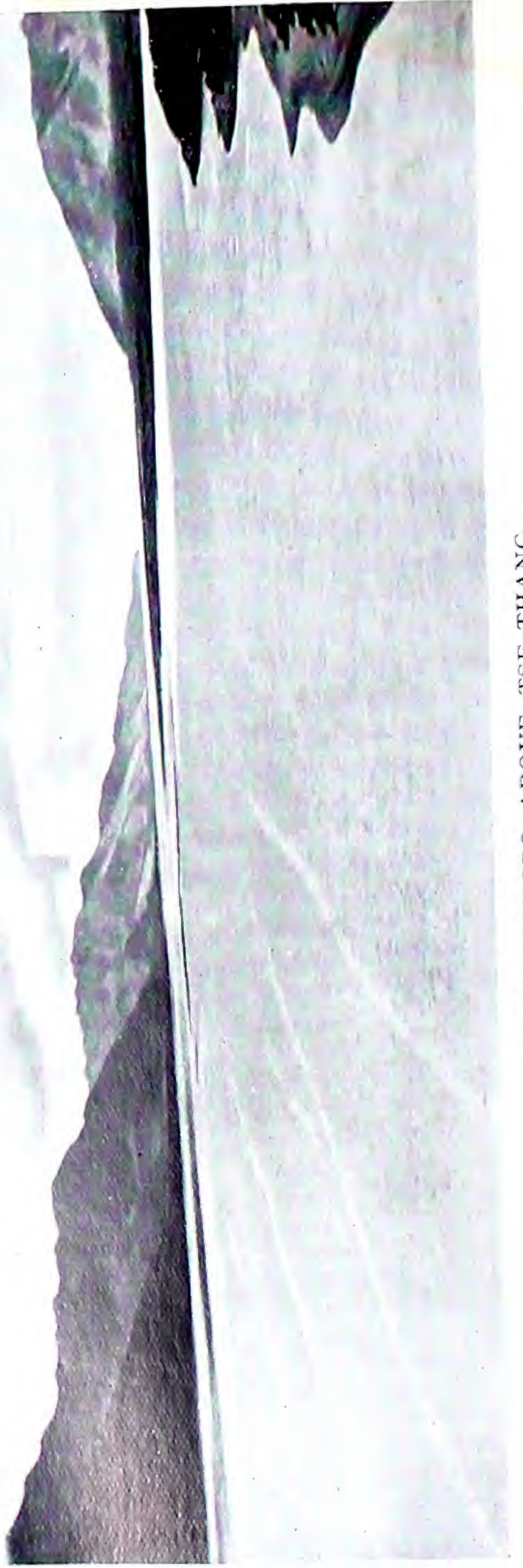
The river here was about half a mile wide and still in heavy flood. In crossing we dropped nearly a mile down-stream, and the swiftness of the current may be gathered from the fact that it took us just

six minutes to cross. On the other bank we found a large party of merchants bringing goods from China and Kham to Lhasa. Their baggage was piled on the bank, and guarded by a huge, fierce, yellow Tibetan dog, which made a most unprovoked attack on Gujjar Singh's cook, as he passed along the water's edge; it rushed at him from ten yards away, and bit him rather badly on the leg. Summary justice was administered on the spot, and the owners of the dog given the alternatives of paying a fine of five rupees or of losing their dog. At first they evidently thought neither penalty would be enforced, and tried to make light of the matter; but when a gun was produced and preparations made to shoot the dog, they decided that he was worth five rupees to them, and reluctantly produced the fine, which was handed over to the frightened and tearful Sher Singh, whose drooping spirits were thereby revived, and who would probably have readily accepted a repetition of the incident on the same terms. There were four deep punctures in his leg, which we washed out thoroughly and dressed with lysol, and, beyond a fright and some slight discomfort for a day or two, he suffered no ill effects.

We stopped on the river-bank for half an hour, while our ponies were being loaded. This gave us an opportunity to watch the traders embarking their goods, which they piled up in the skin-boats till we thought boat, traders, and baggage must all go under; but they all got off safely, including three reluctant donkeys, which were seized by head and heels and thrown, like the rest of the baggage, into



KUSHO MÖNDRONG'S HOUSE AT WÖN



THE TSANGPO ABOVE TSE-THANG

the boats, where they struggled into such vacant spaces as they could find between the bales. Three hours up a broad valley between fields of peas and ripening corn, and over green turf, where mules innumerable were luxuriating in the excellent pasturage, brought us into De-chen Dzong. On the way we passed a village where the summer ceremony of the propitiation of the gods of the harvest was being performed, and found ourselves in the midst of a procession, headed by a dozen women, carrying on their backs the sacred Tibetan books and on their heads bunches of all the growing crops. With them were musicians, beating drums and blowing trumpets; next came some twenty horsemen, dressed in yellow silk brocade and mounted on gaily caparisoned ponies. Tents and up-turned skin-boats, at frequent intervals, served as booths, in which was chang flowing for all and sundry. The fête had been in progress for some time, and the effects on the participants were already becoming evident; and we took precautions to steer our servants safely past temptation. We had recently been compelled, in Lhasa, to get rid of one of our servants, who had exceeded all bounds in the matter of chang. Our two Lhasa men, Chendze the syce, and Gundi, whom we had engaged when we left for Naktsang, were both only moderate drinkers; but the two that we had brought from Darjeeling were a constant source of trouble. They would ask leave in the morning, after breakfast, to go into the town, solemnly promising to be back within the hour; but we remained foodless and servantless till

nightfall, when an over-hilarious cook or a desperately despondent table-boy would eventually return, with the excuse, according to his mental condition, that either he had found a long-lost sister or had heard of the premature death of most of the members of his family.

At De-chen we found quarters had been prepared for us in the house of a local landowner, who had kindly put his best room at our disposal. The inmates of the house appeared to be innumerable, and included some dozen or more mules and ponies in the stalls surrounding the central courtyard, over which most rooms of Tibetan houses look, a score or more of excited cocks and hens, and at least half a score of the usual odious Tibetan dogs, which bark most of the day and all the night. We found that the Timmin Sha-pé, who had recently been appointed Governor of Kham, and who had left Lhasa two days before to take charge of his province, was still here, and next morning we overtook him on the road. He was accompanied by an escort of about a hundred Tibetan soldiers, and a bugle-band. The procession was headed by an immense yellow flag and other insignia of office; all the soldiers were mounted, and as most of them had strings of bells round their ponies' necks, the noise was deafening. The Sha-pé rode in the middle of the procession, a man walking at the head of his mule and leading it by the bridle-rein. We rode with him for a while, eventually passing on, as we had a longer stage than he. Our route continued by the Kyi Chu Valley, sometimes along the water's edge, and sometimes

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mounting on to the cliff. The hill-sides were a mass of flowers of every colour and variety, the most conspicuous a small rose-red primula, which was a sheet of bloom, and filled every crack and cranny in the rocks ; blue poppies were everywhere, and a large blue gentian. The edge of the fields and the lower slopes of the hills, where they rose from the valley, were ablaze with a tall deep-blue delphinium.

A long ride took us to Gyamda, where we left the main road and branched off, up a side-valley, to Ti-khang, a small hamlet among the hills. We were given quarters in the house of the chief landowner, a young lady, whose property extends over the whole of this upland valley. The house, which is surrounded on all four sides by a high wall, each side about four hundred yards long, was evidently at one time a strong fortress ; smaller houses cluster round the manor, the whole forming a miniature village. Our quarters were a large airy room, one of several repositories of the family's household gods.

Our march had been a long one—ten hours—and the baggage did not arrive till late in the evening. We halted here next day and rode up the valley to the pass at the head. The valley was narrow, and the banks of the stream and the slopes on either side were covered with osier, juniper and rhododendron. Higher up, the hills were a mass of flowers and carpeted with a small blue gentian, as prolific as in the Alps. The valley was said to hold stag, but we saw none ; Cosson came across a musk deer, but the covert was too heavy for a shot.

Before we went out in the morning our hostess paid us a visit, and presented us with butter and grain. She was a handsome young woman, said to be about twenty-four years old, but so intensely shy that she would not even sit down, and, after offering a scarf and her presents, fled incontinently back upstairs. In the evening we returned her visit and presented her with a mirror ; we took pity on her shyness and stayed only a few minutes. She told us that she had never seen strangers before, and had never been out of her valley, not even as far as Lhasa.

A short march, back into the Kyi Chu Valley, and once more along the river side, took us to Metu Kongkar, where the main road for Eastern Tibet and China leaves the valley of the Kyi Chu. Here we were surprised to find our friend Timmin Sha-pé once more ; he had halted a day to change his transport ; he required, for himself and his retinue, two hundred baggage animals, which took some time to collect. I called on him in the evening, and he told me that General Pereira, who was on his way from China to India, through Mongolia and Tibet, had been stopped by the Kham authorities in Kham. A letter had arrived from him that morning, which the Sha-pé had forwarded to Lhasa. I had already spoken to the Tibetan Government, some weeks earlier, of General Pereira's probable arrival, and they had promised to give him every assistance to pass through ; but all Europeans coming from the direction of China and Mongolia are looked upon as potential spies for the Chinese, and much hesitation

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is displayed in allowing strangers to enter the country from that side.

The next morning an early start got us away before the Sha-pé and his retinue—no small advantage since our roads lay together for about eight miles. We were still on the main road to Kham, and were marching up a broad tributary valley coming down from the south. After about eight miles, we turned up a small side-valley on our right, to Kakya Gompa, through fields which were a mass of blue delphinium. The monks invited us to spend the night at their monastery, but we were now heading for the Te-khar La, a pass over the range between the Kyi Chu and Tsangpo (Brahmaputra) valleys, which we meant to cross next day. The march from Kakya would have been too long, so we pushed on up the valley to a grazing-camp about five miles below the pass. We found a pleasant camping ground on turf, among osiers and dwarf rhododendrons near a noisy stream, and here we pitched our tents. There was good grazing for the ponies; but the grass was full of aconite three or four feet high, covered, some with purple and some with pink flowers. We dared not let our mules loose, for fear they should be poisoned; the local ponies seemed to know the plant and did not eat it, but our Lhasa mules were greedy and would eat anything. Hares were plentiful near the camp, and we saw two large coveys of partridges, the young birds now well grown.

A long march, over some of the worst country that we had so far traversed, took us to Dingna in

the Wön Valley. It was a three hours' climb to the top of the Te-khar La, a pass used only by pedestrians, and that, too, rarely; there was practically no track. We climbed over boulders and stumbled through morass to the foot of the last steep, stony ascent which brought us to a long, gentle slope, extending for about two miles. On the way up we had kept a look-out for stag and musk-deer, which were said to live in the rhododendron scrub; but we saw nothing but partridges and hares. On the slopes on the northern side of the pass a sulphur-yellow poppy was very common; we had seen nothing like it before, and found it only once again on another pass across the same range, a few miles farther to the west, where, however, it was comparatively rare. Blue poppies abounded, and, as we crossed the pass and descended on the farther side, the slopes were blue with gentians, the small variety at the higher elevations and the larger forms lower down; with the small gentians there were also great numbers of large yellow daisies, like small sunflowers.

The long gentle slope near the top of the pass suddenly gives place to a steep descent into a narrow valley, which we followed for eight or nine miles through boulders and morass to the village of Dingna, the highest village in the Wön Valley. Near the village the bushes of rhododendron, osier and juniper of the higher valleys gave place to pines, the first we had seen since we had left the Chumbi Valley in April. They are used for charcoal burning, and are gradually being exterminated.

Three miles above Dingna we were met by the local reception committee, and at the village we found the Dzongpön, who had come up from his headquarters some miles below to meet us and to arrange for our transport, which we were to change during the march next day. We had a long and very trying march of over twelve hours, and were glad to find a camp ready pitched for us.

I had work to do in the Wön Valley and Kusho Möndrong had kindly asked us to be his guests during our stay. His family have large estates there and his house was, with the exception of two or three at Lhasa, the finest we saw in Tibet. From Dingna there was a good path down the valley, and we reached the dzong in about an hour and a half. The Dzongpön met us some way out and invited us to a Tibetan breakfast in a pleasant little garden-house, which he had built for himself behind the dzong. In the meantime the baggage arrived, and, after changing transport, we went on to Möndrong's house.

This was the finest valley we had seen hitherto; it lies in the hills on the left bank of the Tsangpo, a few miles below Tse-thang and on the opposite side of the river. The cultivated area is about eight miles long, and between one and two miles wide. It is highly irrigated, and carries magnificent crops of wheat, barley, beans and peas. The houses are hidden among groves of poplar and peach, and at the lower end of the valley we found walnut trees as well.

We spent two days in the Wön Valley; the

weather had been getting wetter and wetter since we left Lhasa and culminated in twenty-four hours of steady rain. So far we had not had a single clear evening, and it had not been possible to get a latitude. We had been told in Lhasa that we should have beautiful weather in Thakpo and on the way there, but we had learnt to discount such information, and were not surprised when we had rain almost every day throughout the trip.

We left Wön on August 17th, and a good path along the foot of the hills on the eastern side of the valley took us in two hours to the left bank of the Tsangpo, which we followed down to Jang, a small village about a mile from the river. Our march had been only about ten miles, but it was necessary to halt here as we were now to cross to the right bank of the river, and arrangements had to be made for the ferry, and for transport on the other side. Early next morning we dropped down to the river-bank about three miles below Jang and found a barge waiting for us. It was of the same kind as the two in which we had crossed at the Chaksam ferry on our way up to Lhasa in April, but the river was in a very different condition now; it was in heavy spate and nearly a mile wide. There was only one ferry-boat, which could just take all our baggage and ourselves, but there was no room for the ponies, so the Wön transport was dismissed. Where we embarked the river was at its widest, with a deep bay on our bank with little or no current. The boatmen worked up-stream, through slack water and past many sand-banks, to the head of the



IN THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE LIIAPSO



THE LHAPSÖ VALLEY

All the buildings are ruins

bay, where the main stream, swift and brown, was over two hundred yards wide, with slack water again beyond. As we approached the head of the bay and saw the river rushing past, we wondered how our boatmen would ever get their unwieldy box across the current, and it was with some uneasiness that we launched into the main channel, where we were not surprised to find the barge immediately out of control. The boatmen worked vigorously with their great clumsy paddles, poles about fifteen feet long with pieces of board a foot square tied to one end; but the banks rushed past, and we seemed to make no headway towards the other side. However, we comforted ourselves with the reflection that we should probably reach one bank or another eventually. Finally the exertions of the boatmen began to tell; inch by inch we crept across the current, and suddenly found ourselves in slack water in another bay, this time on the right bank, still far from the shore; but it was now only a question of paddling in, and we were soon stranded on a mud-bank a few feet from the water's edge. We had come down three miles and had fetched up at an inconvenient spot, where the flooded banks were deep in liquid mud. We struggled ashore, and found our new transport waiting for us on the dry ground above. The ponies were soon loaded, and half an hour took us into Rong, where an old fort, now in ruins, stands high up on a ridge, commanding all the surrounding valley.

Our road now left the valley of the Tsangpo to follow the narrow gorges of the Rong Chu, which

we crossed by a wooden cantilever bridge below the fort. The path ran at first along the slopes high above the stream, descending again to the riverbed at the small monastery of Zungsu, where we left the main valley and followed a tributary for a few miles up to the village of Chöto (or Sodé). It was a barren, rocky valley with bare hills of slate on either side ; at Chöto the slopes were gentler on the left side of the stream, and high up above the village there were the remains of old terraced fields stretching, tier above tier, almost to the hilltops. Ruined houses, now little more than heaps of stone, showed that the valley had once supported a larger population. We camped in a small willow grove beside the stream ; the baggage took seven hours for the whole march from Jang, and arrived only just in time for us to pitch our tents before the rain began. Next day our way lay up the valley to Lhagyiri Dzong, a short march of only three hours.

It was a long time since we had seen any game other than hares ; we had made inquiries from the villagers the night before, but were told that there was nothing in this part of the valley. We had now begun to realise that in Tibet the truth is generally the reverse of what one is told, so we were not surprised, as we left camp in the morning, to see a herd of burhel on the rocks across the stream, and almost within a stone's-throw of the village. We were out of meat, and this was an opportunity not to be missed. The herd was gradually feeding away from us, moving fairly fast up the cliffs, and when Cosson began to climb up after them, they had already

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rounded a shoulder about 2,000 feet above ; it was a long climb, and before he was half-way up the herd came back again and lay down on the grassy slope, not far away from a rocky spur. Cosson was able to keep out of sight and finally reached the rocks above the herd. There was only one male, the rest being females with lambs about two months old. The male was partly hidden by a rock and difficult to see, and it was a long time before Cosson got his shot, but he finally managed to see its shoulder and killed it where it lay. Our guide and the syce went up the hill and fetched it down, and we hired another pony in the village to carry it to Lhagyiri.

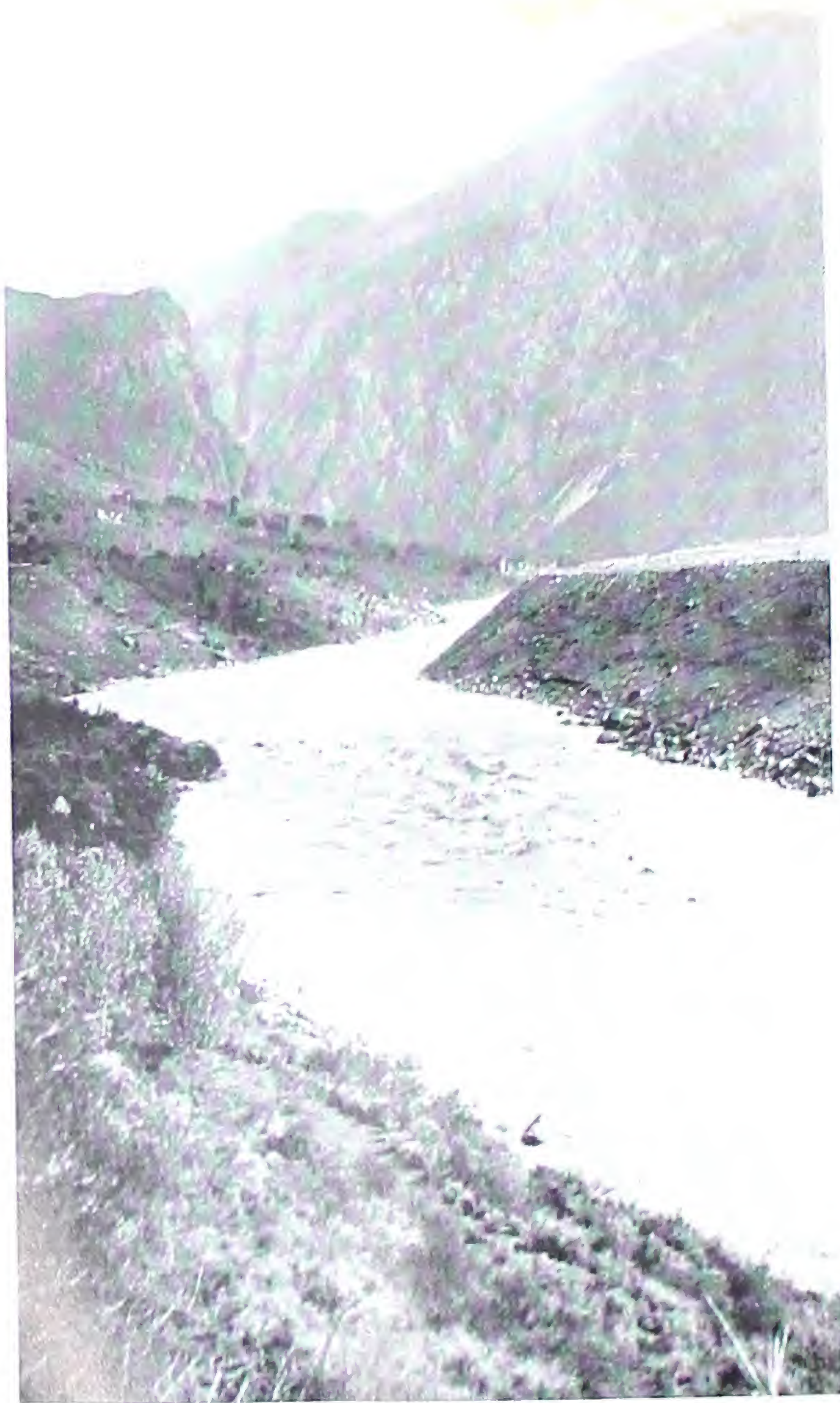
As we rode on the valley gradually widened, the slopes on either side were gentler and the hills less high ; finally we found ourselves in a broad cultivated plain lying in an amphitheatre of hills. There were houses near the river, and ruins of old terraced fields and irrigation channels, long disused, far up the slopes above the valley. In the middle of the plain the village of Lhagyiri, with its dzong and monastery, was visible some miles away, standing on the top of a cliff of river conglomerate a hundred feet above the stream. The buildings stand on a tongue of land at the junction of two rivers which have eroded wide valleys on either side, leaving this narrow peninsula protected on all sides but one by vertical cliffs. The dzong and the outer houses are built flush with the edge, and from the upper windows one looks sheer down a depth of a hundred and fifty feet. It must have been an almost impregnable position in the days when the dzong

was still a fortress and the Lhagyiri Valley had its own independent princes : this was not so long ago, for it was only in comparatively recent times that the valley passed under the rule of Lhasa. We met the successor of the ancient overlords, a young man of about twenty-four, who, although a lama, is married and has a family ; nor does he dress as a monk. He had provided excellent quarters for us in the dzong, and called on us soon after our arrival. He had never been out of his valley and had never seen Europeans before, and was not only shy and nervous but extremely uncouth, and lacked the perfect manners of the well-bred Tibetan. Never was anyone so difficult to talk to ; he sat silent, gazing about the room, or turning round from time to time to gain confidence from the sight of his retainers crowded in the doorway. Conversation was restricted to a string of questions on our side, with a brief “ yes ” or “ no ” from him. We had soon exhausted all the questions we could think of and sat in solemn silence ; as he showed no signs of going, we thought it kinder to end the interview, so thanked him for his courtesy in calling, and said that we were sure he would now like to go home, which he was only too glad to do. Later in the evening it was necessary to return his call and repeat the same painful performance. This time, however, it was for us to take the initiative, and after asking a few questions that we had managed to think of in the interval, we said good-bye, leaving presents for him with his servants.

Our next stage was to Lhapsö over the Photrang



SNOWY RANGE BEYOND THE TSANGPO



THE TSANGPO BELOW LHAPSÖ

La, which was a long, stiff climb of nearly 4,500 feet to the top of the pass. From the roof of the dzong we could see the path slanting up the hill-side near the top, but the lower part was hidden, and it was not till we were well on our way that we realised how far it was to Lhapsö Dzong and the difficulty of reaching it in one march; for, soon after we left Lhagyiri, we found that the path, which kept along the middle of the hill-side, several hundred feet above the river, kept dipping into deep transverse valleys, which were narrow and steep, and the path through them often dangerous and difficult. In this way we lost a great deal of time, and, instead of taking two and a half hours, as we had expected, to reach the top of the pass, our baggage took five. About a mile from the top the weather broke, and we crossed the pass in driving sleet. From the top we looked down into a narrow valley and on to ridges covered with a dense growth of willow below and rhododendron above. We had been told that Thakpo was a country of immense forests of pine and fir, and we were disappointed, though perhaps no longer surprised, to find that the wonderful forests were merely scrub. Here and there a few trees of poplar and birch stand out above the rest and provide material for the chief industry of the valley, the manufacture of wooden bowls.

From the pass the road descends in a series of zigzags down a steep descent for about 2,000 feet to the stream below; thence, not so steep but still falling rapidly, it runs along the left bank of the river through the forest of willow and rhododendron,

crosses the stream some five miles down, and emerges on an open hill-side near the small village of La-sang. Ever since we had crossed the pass the rain had been incessant and so heavy that it had gone through our raincoats, and we were thoroughly wet before we arrived. It was already late, and the baggage was still far behind, so we decided to stay at La-sang, where a room in one of the three houses of the village was put at our disposal. The flat mud roof of our room was leaking in several places, and it was difficult to find a dry spot big enough for our beds ; the leaks were finally stopped by pitching a Tibetan tent on the roof and so keeping the rain off.

It rained all the afternoon and most of the night, and we left La-sang next morning in a thick mist, and went on down the river to Lhapsö Dzong, the administrative headquarters of the district. We were in a very narrow valley with steep hills on either side rising to a height of about 4,000 feet above the river ; the valley itself is so narrow that for the greater part there is room for only one small field on either side of the river, sometimes not even for that. It is thinly populated, with a few houses here and there. Here, as elsewhere, there are many ruins of old forts and villages on the hill-sides above the stream.

Lhapsö Dzong is a rambling, two-storied building standing about two hundred feet above the river on a tongue of land at the junction of two valleys ; the main valley is at its widest here, about four hundred yards across. The Dzongpön, to whom we had a personal letter of introduction from the

Tsarong Sha-pé, met us at Lhapsö, and did everything possible for our accommodation and comfort. We were to spend a few days here to investigate some old workings for gold high up on the ridge above us to the south. Our morning march from La-sang had been a short one of only six miles, so we were in early and had the whole day to make arrangements for our start next morning.

We left most of our baggage at Lhapsö, taking only a light camp and supplies for three days. It was a long and very steep climb of over 4,000 feet, first through dwarf willow, then through a forest of tall scarlet rhododendron and birch, and finally on to the highest slopes, which were covered with a thick growth of small alpine rhododendron, both red and white. The pass (Sabu La) runs over a dip in the ridge ; on the far side we found ourselves on grass-covered mountains ; it was fine grazing country, and black tents were dotted about along the mountain-side. It was surprising to find neither trees nor shrubs, but, as in the Himalaya, the hill-sides facing north are covered with forest, whilst those facing south are bare.

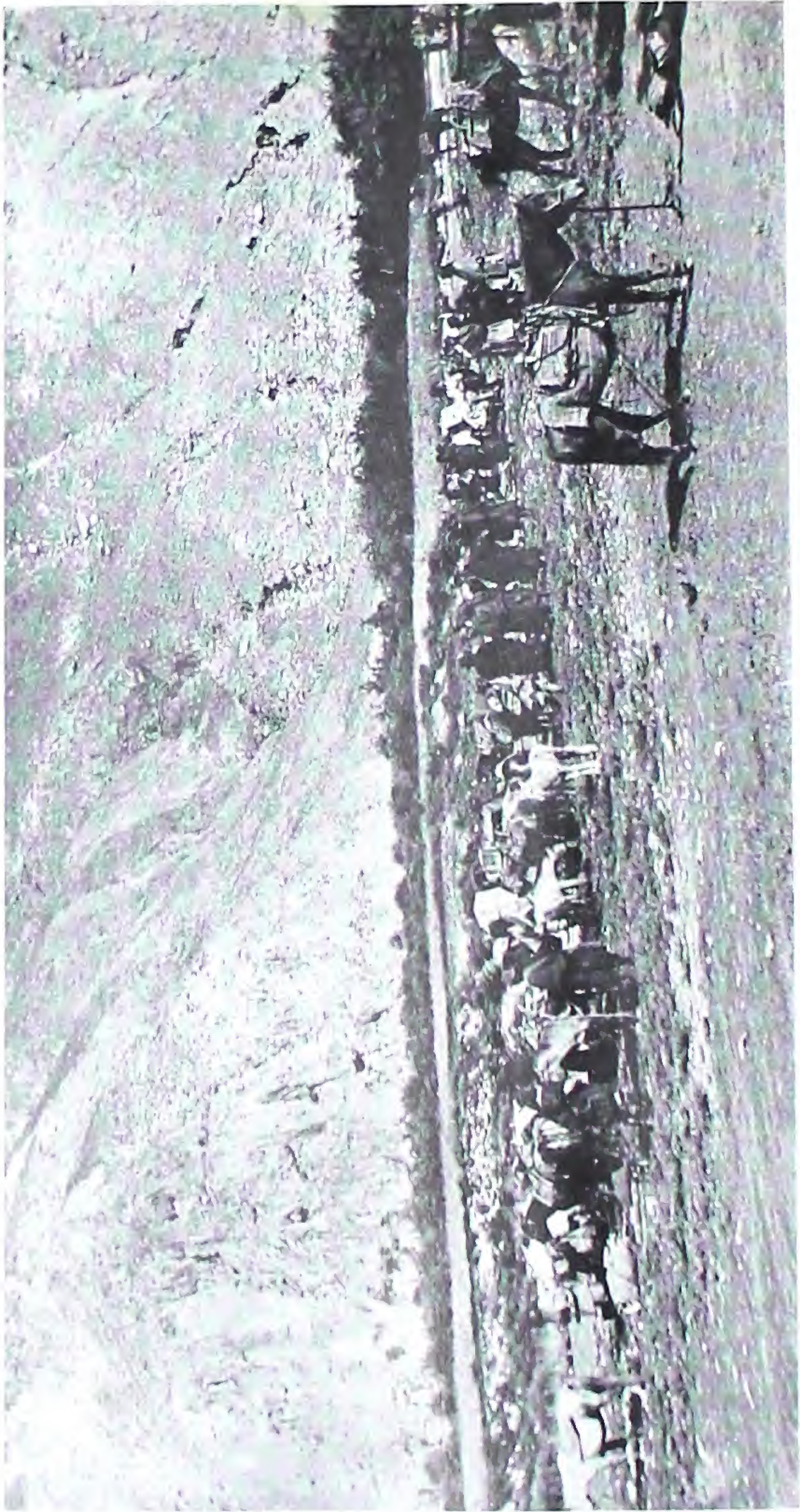
We found a small patch of level ground for our camp, and entrenched ourselves as well as we could against the weather ; we spent two days at this camp, in almost perpetual rain and mist. In spite of the many grazing-camps, with their yaks and sheep, we saw several herds of burhel ; there were also a great many hares, and a covey of about thirty snow-cock, the young birds almost full-grown, passed our tents morning and evening. We found a great many

of the natives of Thakpo wearing skins of what appeared to be a deer, the colour a bright chestnut-brown. The animal, which they called *gyara*, was said to live among the bushes in the lower valleys ; we saw none ourselves, but from the description it would appear to be either the takin (*Budorcas taxicolor*) or the serow (*Nemorhædus bubalinus*), more probably the latter. We were still too far north for *sha*, the Sikkim stag (*Cervus affinis*), but were told that we should find it in a valley that we should pass through a few days later. Musk-deer were said to be fairly plentiful, but very shy and not often seen. Thakpo is also famous for its leopards, and many are killed there during the winter and the skins sent to Lhasa for sale. We bought a few skins both in Lhasa and in Thakpo ; they are very handsome, and much like the skin of the Indian leopard, but darker and the hair much longer. A member of our party told us that when he had visited Lhapsö the year before, he had been unable to sleep for the noise of the leopards, “ roaring ” round his camp at night, and we had high hopes of good sport when we got there ; but this proved to be merely another Tibetan tale.

On August 24th we went back to Lhapsö ; as we crossed the ridge again by the Sabu La we had a magnificent view of a snowy range north of the Tsangpo. Lhapsö was hidden in mist, and the snow-capped peaks rose out of it as if they were only just across the valley. Next morning we continued our march down the valley. About five miles below Lhapsö Dzong we crossed a broad alluvial fan, well



A RUINED FORTRESS NEAR CHUMDO-KHYANG



CHANGING TRANSPORT IN THE YA-LUNG VALLEY

irrigated and highly cultivated ; the wheat was almost ripe, and reaping was to begin in a few days ; the villages were hidden in groves of walnut-trees covered with fruit, and branches of overloaded peach-trees hung over the path. We were now in the valley of the Brahmaputra, and could see the river below us, rushing tumultuously down its narrow bed, and hurling itself, now against the cliffs on one side and now against steep banks of its own old gravel deposits on the other. From Rong, where we had left it, it is said to run through narrow gorges all the way, impassable for laden animals ; hence all the traffic with the west turns up the Lhapsö Valley, along the road by which we had come, and joins the river again at Rong.

Beyond the fields a steep zigzag led us down to an old river terrace, where a good path ran along the right bank, about fifty feet above the water. A few miles farther down we came to the small village of Takwa-tumba (or Drumpa), where we found a large three-storied house put at our disposal. It was a short march from Lhapsö, only three and a half hours, but the next village was said to be too far away to reach that evening. All the villagers, men and women, were busy harvesting in the manner peculiar to Tibet : the ripe corn is pulled up by the roots, bound into sheaves, which are laid horizontally, heads inwards, and built up into small stooks ; when dry the sheaves are pulled through a row of iron spikes, set close together like a comb, and the heads of grain torn from the stalks. The grain is carried into the houses in baskets, and the straw

stacked on the hill-side and thatched over, to feed the cattle in the winter.

For once the weather had been kind, and we had a beautiful, bright sunny day, almost too hot, and we had high hopes of being able to make latitude observations in the evening, but as the stars came out the clouds came up, and soon after dusk the storm broke and continued for the greater part of the night.

Next day we followed the river for seven hours down to Panda, a small village of half a dozen houses; the houses were poor and dirty, so we pitched our tents below the village, under peach-trees which tantalised us with their unripe fruit. We had a fine evening at last and a bright starlight night, and, for the first time since leaving Lhasa, it was possible to determine our latitude. Our next march took us still along the right bank of the river for about ten miles; the path ran now along the water's edge, now high up among the overhanging cliffs, where a single false step would have hurled our ponies into the river, nearly a thousand feet below. Here and there the roadway was carried across a vertical face over a rickety viaduct of branches and stones, held in position by a few upright posts. After marching for about four hours, we reached the mouth of a valley which joins the Tsangpo from the south, and up which our road lay. The valley, broad at first and well cultivated, with walnut-trees and peaches almost ripe, narrows rapidly; bushes come down to the water's edge and cliffs tower above on either hand. We followed the valley up to the

ruined fort of Ku-ru-namgyal, past a monastery, where the abbot met us on the road, and kindly invited us in to tea ; but we had had a long and very tiring march and were both suffering from splitting headaches, so we begged to be allowed to go on to our journey's end at once. Above the monastery the valley widened somewhat, and there were a few small fields of wheat beside the river ; we had now climbed again well above the level of the Tsangpo, and the crops were not yet ripe. Behind the old fort of Ku-ru-namgyal, which stands on a small spur jutting out across the valley, we found a group of two or three small houses, with one larger house, the headquarters of the Dzongpön. Tibetan tents had been pitched for us in a sodden field beside the village. Our own tents and baggage were far behind, and would not be in till late in the afternoon, and, as the Tibetan tents offered but little protection against the storm which had now begun, the Dzongpön kindly put a room in his house at our disposal. The afternoon was occupied in receiving visits from the Dzongpön and from the head of the monastery. We were given the usual presents, including a large sack of walnuts, which proved a great stand-by and lasted till we got back to India, nearly two months later.

From Ku-ru-namgyal, our next objective was the Lhagong Valley which lay to the west across the Porom La, a pass nearly 17,000 feet high. Our road still lay up the same valley, south for the first few miles, then west. Near the head of the valley we split our party into two, sending the main body by

the Porom La, while Cosson and I followed up a tributary valley to the south, making a detour to enter Lhagong by another pass, the Tring La. From Ku-ru-namgyal we marched to Tulung, and camped in the narrow valley about two miles above the village. Our guides told us that we should certainly find Sikkim stag here, and we proposed to combine sport and work. We spent two days in the valley, climbing up and down thousands of feet over the surrounding hills; but we saw nothing till the second evening. We had just returned to camp in a heavy storm of rain and hail, when we saw a herd of burhel coming down the slopes across the valley. Cosson went after them, and ultimately came back with the finest male that we had seen hitherto; it had a good head, and, having shed now the whole of last winter's coat, its skin was in perfect condition—its colour blue-grey, with broad black bands along the flanks and down to the knees. While Cosson was stalking the burhel, a herd of deer came down the valley and took up their position for the night in the rhododendron scrub about a mile above our camp. We had now high hopes of getting that rare beast, the Sikkim stag, and early next morning sent our camp on to the foot of the Tring La, while we went over the hills to look for the herd, which had moved away from its sleeping place at dawn. We climbed a ridge, and on the way found a musk-deer which Cosson could have stalked, had we not hesitated to shoot for fear of disturbing the Sikkim stag, which we knew could not be far off. From the top of the ridge we looked down into the valley beyond, and

there we saw the herd ; eleven of them, but not one with horns. Two were darker than the rest, and we thought that they were probably young stag, the rest being evidently hinds and fawns. We dropped down into the valley, crawling down among the rocks, and decided that if, on closer inspection, we found no old stags, we would shoot a young one. Cosson stalked the herd, and his first shot brought down one of the supposed young stags ; unfortunately it turned out to be a hind, its darker colour due to its not having yet shed its last winter's coat, which was still coming out in handfuls. It was a fine beast, bigger than a red deer, and in very good condition.

We camped at the foot of the pass, and next day made a long march, through steady rain, to Moityo, where we rejoined the rest of the party. We were once more high above the wood-line, beyond even the willow and rhododendron scrub. For two days we traversed narrow valleys and rolling hills, passing only two wretched houses on our way. Here and there we saw a few grazing-camps, but the country was almost uninhabited. We passed ruined forts and ruined villages ; the hill-sides were seamed with old water-channels, relics of an earlier civilisation, when Lhagong was a prosperous gold-mining centre. At Moityo it rained all night, but the morning was fine, though cloudy. As we left our camp we passed a party of bedraggled traders, who had camped in the rain, without tents, the night before. We crossed a small pass, the Pu La, and dropped down to Dzong-sho, where two small houses, in a

morass of mud and liquid manure, are all that is left of what, to judge by the ruins, must have been, in former times, a large and prosperous mining village. We had proposed to camp at Dzong-sho, but the place was so uninviting that we moved on up the valley, and finally found camping ground at the foot of another low pass, the Kampa La.

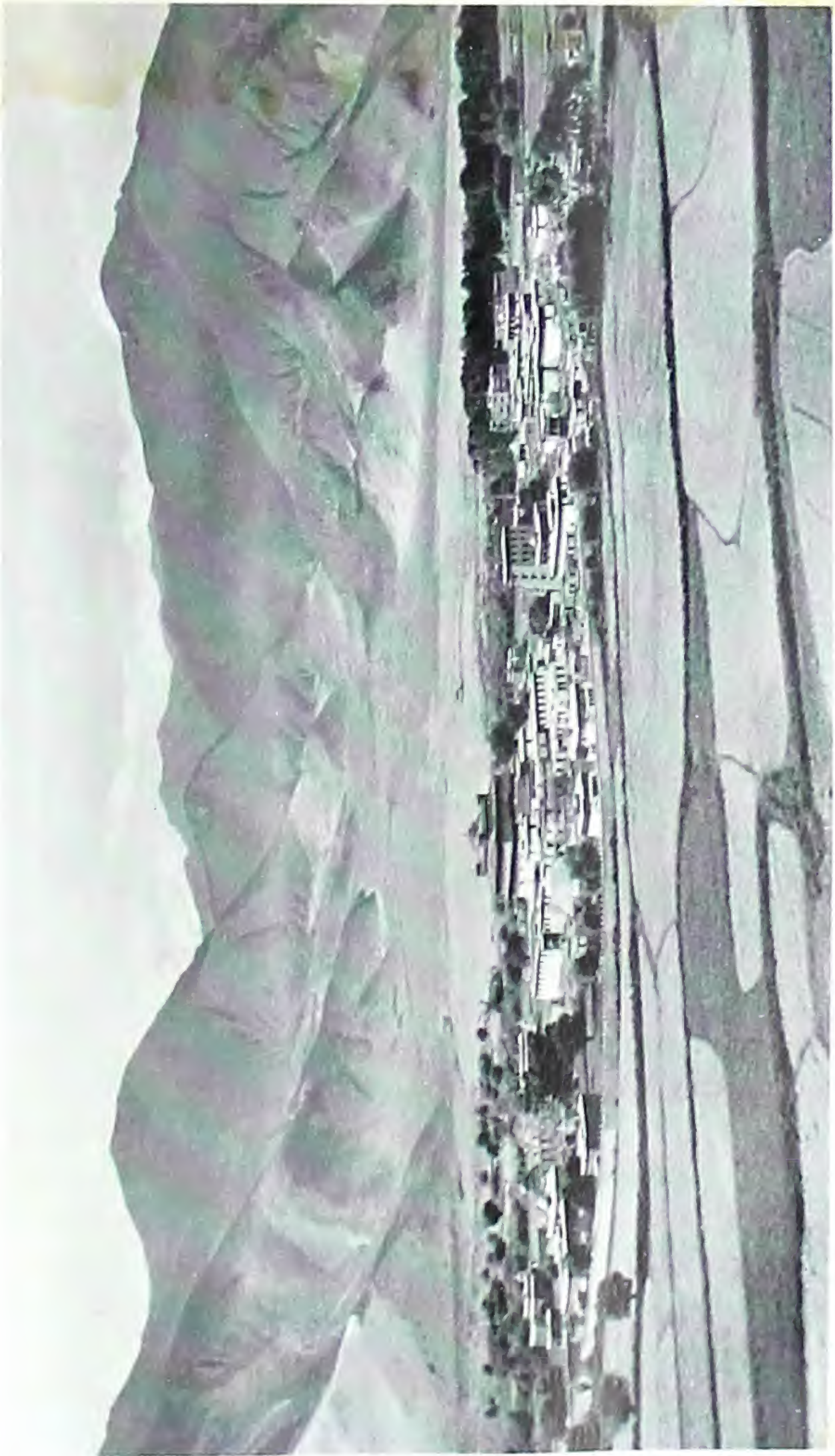
From the top of the Kampa La we kept high up on the ridges above the river, and, after a long march of about eight hours, came to Chumdo-khyang, a small village in a plain at the junction of two rivers which combine to form the Rong Chu. There were still many signs of old workings for alluvial gold. Ruined villages were dotted about the plain, and every point of vantage was crowned by the ruins of a fort. From a distance Chumdo-khyang appeared to be a large village, but when we arrived we found that only about half a dozen houses were occupied ; all the rest were ruins. There were a few fields of corn round the village, but the crops were still green, for the altitude of the valley is over 14,000 feet. Next day we crossed a high ridge, with a fine group of snowy peaks on our left ; it was a steep climb up to the pass, the Ya-to-tra La (altitude 15,950 feet) ; the path mounted in zigzags for nearly 2,000 feet, through boulders of disintegrating granite which covered the surface with fine sand of quartz and mica ; the small crystals glittered in the sunshine, and one could almost imagine that the ground was strewn with diamonds ; the Tibetans indeed believe this to be the case, and the Ya-to-tra La is reputed to be a source of diamonds, rubies, and all the

precious stones of the Apocalypse. The top of the pass is a long flat saddle across the ridge, and the descent on the far side very gradual, with a great deal of bad swampy ground. It was now the first week in September; the summer was over at this elevation, and there was ice on all the puddles. There were few flowers except blue poppies, which were still in bloom here and there. Once across the saddle we descended rapidly over old moraines, for nearly 3,000 feet, into the upper reaches of the Ya-lung Valley, and halted, after a seven-hour march, at Ramonang. The valley was about half a mile wide, with good grazing and a considerable amount of cultivation. There was no village, but cultivators' houses were scattered about the fields, many of them old ruins, parts of which had been rebuilt and made habitable. Quarters had been prepared for us in a modern house, which belonged to the headman of the district.

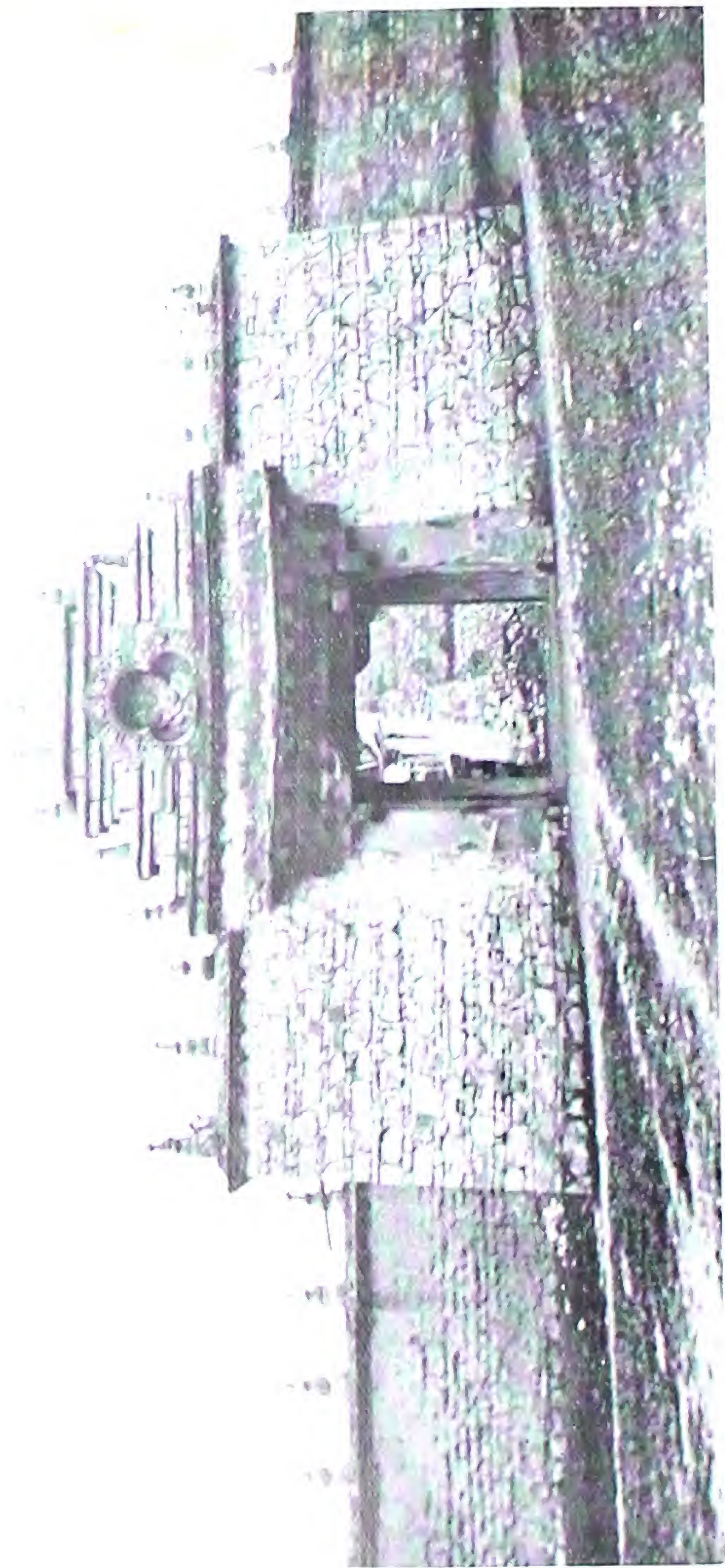
We were now on our way back to Lhasa. Our road lay down the valley, which widened rapidly as we descended, first past the monastery of Chödi-kong, then to Shambu-samna, where another valley comes in from the west. We changed ponies here, and went on to the village of Photrang, where we halted for the night. Below this the valley widens still more rapidly, forming a great bay in the mountains on the right bank of the Tsangpo. Ya-lung is said to be one of the richest valleys in this part of Tibet; with the exception of Wön, we saw nothing like it in the course of our travels. Fields of wheat, peas, and mustard extended for miles,

and, although the area under cultivation around Lhasa, and again at the junction of the Tsangpo and the Kyi Chu, may be as great, the crops suffer from the higher altitude and are not so heavy as in the valleys of Ya-lung and Wön.

From Photrang we proposed to make an early start, and march rapidly down to the river, cross the same afternoon, and camp on the other side. Messengers had been sent on two days in advance to have everything ready at Nyetung (or Netung), and at the ferry, against our arrival. We were to find fresh transport at Nyetung and take it across the river with us, changing again at Samyé monastery. We hurried down to Nyetung, where we arrived, after about two hours' march, soon after 8 o'clock, flattering ourselves that we should have the whole day to cross the Tsangpo. We knew it would be a tedious process, for the river was in heavy flood and nearly two miles wide. As we had to take all our baggage-ponies, it meant that we should require two, if not three, barges; these were to have been collected at the ferry the previous day and should have been ready to start on our arrival. We were met at Nyetung by the chief officials of the neighbourhood, who said that the river was in such heavy flood that it would be impossible to ferry us across that day, and that we must wait till next morning; after the sun was up, they said, there was always a strong wind down the river, which raised heavy waves and might swamp the wooden barges. We suspected that this story was invented merely to prevent us crossing the river that day; there



SAMYÉ



THE NORTH GATE OF SAMYÉ

were no villages and no supplies on the far side, and the local people preferred to go direct in one day from Nyetung to Samyé ; but we felt compelled to abide by expert advice, and were not prepared to take the responsibility of a possible accident, which would have entailed certain loss of life ; so we decided, reluctantly, to stay where we were. The post, with home letters, which met us on our arrival, was some small compensation, and we settled down for the day in a house at the edge of the village. Nyetung is little more than a monastery, which stands on a rocky spur running out into the plain, and the small village lies at its foot. The civil headquarters of the district are Tse-thang, a larger village, two miles away, on the banks of the Tsangpo ; it is a well-known trading centre, and is on the direct route from South-Eastern Tibet to Lhasa on the one side and Gyantse, Shigatse and India on the other.

On arrival at Nyetung we had been met on the outskirts of the village by the abbot of the monastery, who was the most important personage there ; he was a very old man, said to be over eighty, crippled by rheumatism, but he had been carried all the way from the monastery down to the foot of the hill, to meet us. He had all the charm of the best type of Tibetan, and did everything he could to make our stay pleasant, supervising all arrangements personally, and only allowing himself to be carried back to his monastery when he was satisfied that we had everything we required. Later in the day we returned his visit at the monastery ; he was a charming host and a man of remarkable intelli-

gence ; he had travelled as far as Darjeeling many years before and knew something of the ways of foreigners. He was a keen gardener, his room was full of flowers, and there were pot plants in his windows ; but he was especially proud of his peaches, luscious and juicy, which he had grown from grafts brought from India ; it was certainly a triumph to grow such fruit in the rigorous climate of Tibet. Among other presents we were given four hundred eggs, much to the delight of our cook, who, however, was not so pleased when he began to use them, for egg after egg exploded in his face ; finally, on our advice, he proceeded to test them in water, and presently called us to the kitchen, where the surface of a large copper cauldron, full of water, was covered with his eggs bobbing about like corks. Of four hundred eggs, one, though it could not be said to be good, was not entirely bad. In the Tibetan valleys, where it is warm enough for fowls to live, we were often presented with eggs ; but we learnt finally to look upon the present as merely a ceremonial one, and, after our experience at Nyetung, we returned them, to serve again for the next travelling official. The same custom prevails in Burma, where the village headman keeps a dozen eggs which are presented formally to officials on their arrival ; the offering is but part of a customary formality, and the eggs, like any other present offered, are merely touched and returned ; and so a single dozen does for many years. In Tibet, on the other hand, the officials cultivate the convenient belief that the people would be hurt if they did not accept their

presents, and it was with some hesitation that we introduced the custom, which prevails among British officials in India, of merely touching the presents in token of acceptance, and returning them to the donors ; as might be expected, so far from giving offence, our action was highly appreciated !

In view of the alleged danger of crossing the river except before sunrise, we were up an hour before daybreak, so that we might make an early start and reach the bank of the river, three miles away, soon after dawn. We had given orders the evening before that the baggage-ponies should be ready to start when we got up ; but, although everything was ready for a start while it was still dark, there were no signs of the ponies, nor did any arrive till after sunrise ; so much for the fable of the wind. When we actually reached the river the true reason of our detention was apparent : there was only one barge, the two others, which were to be brought from another ferry, having not yet arrived ; we saw one in the distance, about a mile down-stream, being towed up river by about thirty women, hauling from the bank. We embarked finally after much delay ; the river was quite two miles wide, but shallow for the most part, and the boatmen were able to pole the barge across to within a quarter of a mile of the far side, where they launched into the swift current of the main channel and were carried down about a mile before they had succeeded in paddling across into the slack water near the bank. The actual crossing, apart from the embarking and dis-

embarking, occupied an hour and forty minutes, during which we must have covered a distance of nearly five miles. This was too great a distance for the animals to swim, so they were brought across by barge, and it was nearly four hours, from the time we left Nyetung, before we were ready to start from the opposite bank for Samyé. The path ran up the left bank of the river, partly among rocks and low cliffs, but chiefly over sand-dunes, which made very slow and tiring going for the ponies. We finally arrived at Samyé six hours later, having been on the march for about ten hours.

Samyé monastery lies at the mouth of a valley which descends from the mountains on the north, and opens on to the edge of a gravelly plain extending to the banks of the Tsangpo, three or four miles away. On the north and west the mountains descend to within half a mile, and a few hundred yards away, on the east, a small granite hill, topped by shrines and temples, rises out of the plain and overlooks the monastery. With the exception of perhaps only Lhasa and Shigatse—the latter the headquarters of the Tashi Lama, another incarnation almost as holy as the Dalai Lama himself—Samyé is, to the Tibetan, the most awe-inspiring spot in Tibet. The monastery, though small, is more than usually sacred, and there are many stories of the miraculous manner of its building, about the middle of the eighth century, by the Indian monk Padma-sambhava, who is said to be the founder of Lamaism in Tibet, and who is now, according to Waddell, worshipped as widely as



THE CHIEF TEMPLE AT SAMYÉ



THE TEMPLE OF REINCARNATION

Buddha himself.¹ The saint was able, by his occult powers, to press the local demons into his service, and they built by night while the Tibetans built by day. Both pundit Nain Singh and the Indian traveller Sarat Chandra Das² visited Samyé in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and have left descriptions of its numerous temples; the two most important are shown in our photographs. The main temple, built in three stories, contains the usual images seen elsewhere, but many of them are made of gold and most of the vessels are of gold or silver. But the most interesting temple is that shown in the second photograph. It is unique in Tibet, for in it resides the deity who controls all new incarnations. When a Tibetan dies his spirit flies to Samyé, enters a dark and horrid chamber under the temple of this deity, who in due course decides, according to the merits or demerits acquired during its last incarnation, what the fate of the soul shall be in the next, for it may be assigned to the body of any creature about to be born: from the greatest to the least, from a lama to an earthworm. Such is the tale that was told us at Samyé; it seems more probable than that of Sarat Chandra Das, who says that, in what he calls the "*wu-khang* of the temple of Behor," "the breath of the dying is kept in a jar specially consecrated to this purpose."³ At the doorway of the underground chamber we found, hanging from the roof, skins of dogs, stuffed

¹ *The Buddhism of Tibet*, by L. A. Waddell (1895).

² *Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet* (1902).

³ *Idem*, page 224.

with straw, and were told that the dogs, during their lifetime, had done good and faithful service to the monks, and that their skins were hung there in the hope that the distributor of souls would reward them by reincarnation in a higher sphere. The monastery, with its shrines and temples, is surrounded by a high wall of granite, with a gate at each of the four points of the compass. There is a small village outside the walls, occupied by the peasants who till the surrounding fields, for the valley is well watered and there is a fair amount of cultivation.

We were given rooms in a large four-storied building, its massive walls built of granite blocks and fully four feet thick. The monks were most hospitable, and evidently took pleasure in showing us the treasures of their temples. On September 7th we left again for Lhasa, making a long march of seven hours up the valley behind Samyé to the southern foot of the Gokhar La. It had been a fine morning when we left, but the weather soon broke; a heavy mist came down over the hills, and we arrived at the foot of the pass in steady rain. We camped among rocks, above the wood-line, finding with difficulty a patch of level ground large enough for our tent. For the last few miles of the ascent the road, along the steep slopes on the right bank of the stream, was paved with blocks of granite to a width of about six feet, evidently a work of great antiquity. It was an uncomfortable road to travel over, for the blocks of stone were of all shapes and sizes, some flat, others angular, and had

been laid anyhow, their jagged edges very trying to the ponies' feet. This is the main road between Samyé and Lhasa, and we met many monks and pilgrims, and a few traders, on the way. On the hill-sides near our camp we found some plants of the yellow poppy we had seen on the Te-khar La, and were able to collect ripe seed.

In the evening the weather cleared, and there was a hard frost at night. A long but easy ascent took us to the top of the pass in about an hour and a half. The morning, though fine, was very cold, and the hills on either side were covered with the fresh snow of the day before. On the far side of the pass the road descended steeply to a swamp, crossed by a causeway of rough angular blocks of granite, then slanted round the hill-slopes, and down a valley at first narrow, but lower down broad and well cultivated, to De-chen Dzong on the left bank of the Kyi Chu, where we had halted on our way out from Lhasa a little more than a month before.

As the river was still in flood we proposed, instead of marching down the bank to the ferry opposite Lhasa, to take skin-boats from De-chen, and go down all the way by river ; so, instead of camping in the village, we pitched our tents at the usual landing place on the river-bank. There were no boats on the spot, but it was said that seven or eight would be back in the evening, and ready to start next morning. Messengers had been sent down by road to collect such boats as they might meet on the way ; for such light craft cannot come up against the stream, and are carried up by land. Each laden

boat carries with it, on its downward journey, a sheep, which, on the way up by road, carries the boatman's food, while the boatman carries the boat.

Evening arrived, but no boats ; nor were there any back by the morning, so reluctantly, we sent for ponies and marched down to the ferry opposite Lhasa. When we reached the place where we had disembarked on our way out, we found an ample supply of boats, and, instead of crossing immediately to the opposite shore, which would have involved taking the baggage-animals with us, we dropped down the river to below Lhasa and landed on the big stone dyke a few hundred yards from our own house, Dikyilinga.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN TO INDIA

WE arrived at Lhasa on September 9th. Our tours were now finished, and it only remained to make a final report to the Sha-pés and the Dalai Lama before starting on the return journey to India. September 20th was fixed as the date of departure and arrangements were made accordingly. During the next ten days we were fully occupied with farewell visits and interviews, and with preparations for our departure. Amongst our visitors was Sukhang Depon, one of the leading Tibetan generals, whom we had passed during a snow-storm on the Natu La on our way out of Sikkim ; he is somewhat of the type of the Tsarong Sha-pé, young, intelligent, and desirous of introducing western ideas into his country. When I returned his call he showed me a large military telescope, mounted on a tripod, which he said he had bought from a villager in 1904, after a fight between the Tibetans and the mission under Sir Francis Younghusband. The only occasion, during the mission, on which any of our property fell into the hands of the Tibetans was when the post to Gyantse was attacked and looted near Kangmar, about twenty miles south of Gyantse. No doubt the telescope had been among the parcels, which had included

also a camera belonging to me. When I told Sukhang Depon of this he said he had bought my camera too!

September 18th and 19th were occupied with final farewell visits, first to the Dalai Lama, who loaded us with presents, including copper teapots, fine inlaid metal work from Kham, Chinese silk, and several hundred yards of woollen cloth of all colours. Farewell visits were also paid to the Chief Secretary to the Dalai Lama, a charming old gentleman, who had been a member of a Tibetan delegation which had spent some time at Simla and Delhi in the years 1913-14. The Sha-pés came to Dikyilinga in a body to say good-bye, and spent about an hour with us; the Tsarong Sha-pé brought with him two English wall-maps of the world, of which, being unable to read English, he wanted an explanation. Latitude and longitude were rather difficult to explain, but he soon grasped the idea; he asked many intelligent questions, and it took more than an hour to give him all the information he wanted. The Sha-pés, and other officials, all sent presents, and it was late in the evening of the 19th before we had finished our packing.

Although the river was much lower than it had been a month before, it was still in fairly high flood, and we proposed to travel by boat down to its junction with the Tsangpo at Chushul. We had sent off the mules by road the day before, and early next morning (September 20th) all our baggage was carried down to the river and loaded on four skin-boats. Our tents and bedding made comfortable

seats, and we had a most enjoyable journey down the river, arriving at Chushul in the evening. We must have covered more than fifty miles, for the river winds a great deal; the distance by road is over forty, or two days' march, over a bad road, so we not only travelled in comfort, but saved a day. We had been warned that there were dangerous rapids about half-way to Chushul, but we met with neither danger nor difficulty.

From Chushul we followed up the left bank of the Tsangpo, past Chaksam Ferry, where we had crossed on our way up in April; the wooden barges were laid up for the time being, as the ferry is too dangerous when the Tsangpo is in flood, and they ply only during the winter and spring, when the river is low. We were to cross at another ferry, about fifteen miles higher up the river, and halted for the night at the small monastery of Chungo-yangtse. On the following day we crossed the river about a mile below the village of Nyapso, which is on the right bank of the river and on the high road to Gyantse. From Chungo-yangtse to the river was a march of two and a half hours, along a level road, usually good though stony in places. At the crossing the Tsangpo was narrow, not more than three hundred yards wide, and the current fairly swift. The baggage was taken across in skin-boats, and the animals had to swim. All along the valley the villagers were busy getting in the harvest; the crops, pulled up by the roots, were being carried into the village by strings of women, who went singing on their way; all the day and far into the night at this time of the year one

hears their cheery harvest song. Accommodation at Nyapso was poor, and there were swarms of flies.

Next day we crossed the Da-u La ; the ascent is steep, but neither so steep nor so long as that to the Kampa La, the pass that we had crossed, a few miles farther to the east, on our way to Lhasa. We were at the top in three and a half hours, and in three hours more reached Pede Dzong on Yamdrok Tso ; the descent was for the most part easy and gentle, and the road good. We had found the usual mist and rain on the top of the pass, but left it behind us when we dropped down to the lake. It was difficult to believe that this was the country we had passed through nearly seven months earlier : then, a frozen stretch of barren rocky hills ; now, grassy slopes, bright with flowers—yellow clematis, blue delphinium, blue poppies, yellow daisies, covered the slopes along the lake.

The Tibetan Government had ordered Kusho Möndrong to see us on our way, and he came with us to Nangkartse, where he left us next morning to return to Lhasa. He had first joined us at Gangtok, at the beginning of April, and had been with us ever since ; thanks to him, the trials and difficulties of Tibetan travel had been lightened and our way made smooth ; but we were now on the high-road to India and were able to fend for ourselves. For the next two marches we followed our old route back to Ralung. This time we halted at Dzara, and found ourselves almost in winter once more, the green of summer gone already, and the hill-sides all yellow and brown ; snow in the afternoon and heavy frost

at night reminded us that it was time to leave the highlands of Tibet, which were settling down to their seven months' winter.

At Ralung we took the straight road across the hills to Kangmar, instead of going round by Gyantse. We hoped to find *Ovis ammon* on the way, but were doomed to disappointment ; we saw one herd at Nyeru-tö, but they were all females and young males. We found some compensation in a wolf, which Cosson shot on the way down to Kangmar, where we arrived on the morning of September 29th, glad to be back in a European bungalow once more. Shortly after us another traveller arrived, but, unlike us, he was on his way up to Gyantse ; it was Dr. MacGovern, the interpreter attached to the English Buddhist Mission, which was on its way to Lhasa and had left Kangmar for Gyantse the day before. Later in the day a party of three travellers, including two ladies, also arrived at the bungalow, this time from Gyantse, and the little two-roomed bungalow was stretched to its utmost capacity to take us all in.

From Kangmar we had an uneventful journey back to Gangtok. We halted for a day at Kala Tso in the hopes of finding *Ovis ammon*, but again were disappointed ; we found a large herd of females and young males in the hills across the lake, but nothing worth shooting. At Do-chen, the next stage, we also drew a blank, although there are usually *Ovis ammon* in the hills behind the village. We saw many herds of goa, but no ammon. We also saw a family of three wolves, but failed to get near enough for a shot.

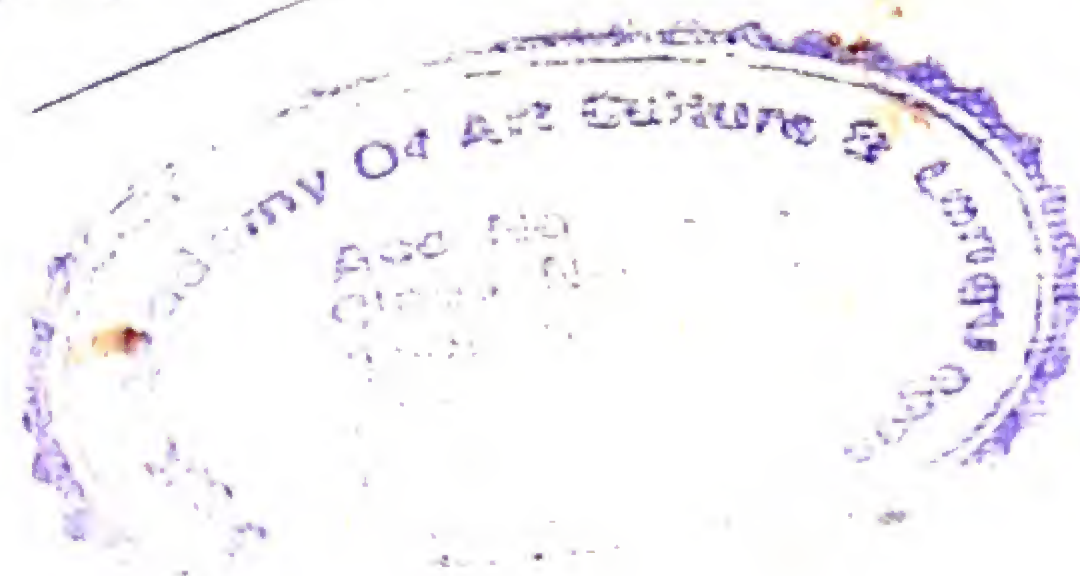
At Do-chen bar-headed geese were as plentiful as they had been on our way up—and as wild ; but there were no duck except Brahmini. On the other hand, at Kala Tso, the day before, we had seen only half a dozen geese, but the lake had been alive with duck and teal, which were quite unapproachable. Cosson had shot one duck flying high overhead, and we found also a flock of sand-grouse and a flock of golden plover.

From Do-chen we had intended to strike westwards and enter Sikkim from the north, instead of returning, as we had come, by Chumbi ; but the weather broke, and for the next few days we had a succession of snow-storms, and we decided to keep to the main road and bungalows. We reached Gangtok on October 13th, where, ragged and travel-stained, we again found a warm welcome from old friends Major and Mrs. Bailey, with whom we spent three pleasant days at the Residency. We left finally on October 16th for Calcutta and Europe, and so ended a journey, tame in comparison with those of other European travellers in Tibet, but not altogether unproductive of results. In one respect it was certainly remarkable, for, with the exception of the journey of Captain Ryder and his companions from Gyantse to Simla in the years 1904-5, it was unique in modern times as having been made under the auspices of the Tibetan Government.

EPILOGUE



Cultural Academy





IN MEMORY OF
SIR
HENRY HUBERT HAYDEN
C.S.I. C.I.E. F.R.S.
KILLED ON THE
FINSTERAARHORN
AUG 13 1923

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY HAYDEN AND CÉSAR COSSON

SIR HENRY HUBERT HAYDEN and his old guide and travelling companion in Sikkim, César Cosson, of Courmayeur, arrived at the "Steinbock" at Lauterbrunnen on August 8th after a five days' tour in the Diablerets, Wildhorn, and Wildstrubel group. On August 9th they paid a visit to Mürren, and engaged a second guide, Karl von Allmen, of Lauterbrunnen. On August 10th the party went up to the Rottal Hut, and crossed the Jungfrau to the Pavillon Cathrein on August 11th in 8 hrs. 50 mins. Next day they reached the Finsteraarhorn Hut. Early on August 13th they took the Finsteraarhorn by storm in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. and enjoyed the clear view on this fine summer's morning during an hour's rest on the summit. On the descent to the Hugisattel, they met Messrs. Chorley, Graham, and Wilson (who had left the hut $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. after them), who testify that Sir Henry and his guides were in great form. Distinct traces of well-cut steps have been found the whole way down the icy part of the N. arête of the Finsteraarhorn which leads to the top of the Agassizjoch. In climbing down the last steep but easy rocky bit of the ridge a great mass of rock must have split off, so that this, in my opinion, very able party was

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hurled down by the avalanche of stones on to the Fiescherfirn, 800 feet below.

When no news was received in Lauterbrunnen of the party, it was presumed that they had extended their tour. Anxiety, however, was aroused, and on August 28th two strong search parties of Lauterbrunnen guides, the one via the Jungfrauoch, the other via the Strahlegg route, set out, and the bodies, frozen hard, nearly covered with snow, bearing marks of fatal injuries, and surrounded by fallen stones, were discovered on the 29th. They were carried down on the following day over the Jungfrauoch to Lauterbrunnen and were interred in one grave.

OTHMAR GURTNER, A.A.C.B. & S.A.C.

LAUTERBRUNNEN, 1923.

AN APPRECIATION

BY SIR GEOFFREY CORBETT

IT was not until 1919 that Hayden and I became intimate. He was then Director of the Geological Survey, and I was dealing with mines and minerals as Deputy Secretary in the Commerce Department of the Government of India. We worked together during the strenuous days of post-war dislocation, of control and decontrol ; and we spent our brief leisure together, walking and shooting in the Simla Hills. We were from the first attracted to one another by our common love of the Himalaya, and I had no greater friend.

Hayden left India in the summer of 1920, and went home by South Africa and the Belgian Congo. We met again in London in the summer of 1921 for our long-planned visit to the Alps. It was Hayden's first visit to the Alps, and he put himself in my hands to show him what was best. We foregathered at Pralognan on July 6th, and for five glorious weeks we wandered where we willed. With a couple of local men to carry our sacks, we walked over the hills from Pralognan to Val d'Isère, and thence to the little inn at Pont, at the head of the Val Savaranche. We climbed the Grand Paradis, and then crossed the Col du Grand Neiron and the Col de l'Herbetet to

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Cogne. From there we climbed the Grivola, and chartered the Aosta autobus to carry us the same evening to Courmayeur. At Courmayeur, on the recommendation of Henri Brocherel, we engaged as guide César Cosson, with whom Hayden soon formed a close friendship.

A break in the weather diverted us from the Dôme hut, and we walked over the Col de la Seigne to Mottets. From there we crossed the Col des Glaciers to Trélatête, descended in heavy rain to Contamines, and reached Chamonix next day by train. We sat together, I remember, late that night watching the full moon rise behind the Aiguilles. A clear dawn afterwards sent us up to the Grands Mulets. The weather, however, was still unsettled, and our attempt on Mont Blanc ended in a blizzard at the Vallot Refuge. We descended again to the Grands Mulets, reached Montanvert by Pierre à l'Échelle and the Glacier des Pèlerins the same night, and returned to Courmayeur by the Col du Géant.

Our next journey was reminiscent of Himalayan travel. Collecting my family, two ladies and a boy of seven, we put them and their baggage on half a dozen mules, and marched over the Col Ferret into Switzerland. It was a merry day, and a merry evening afterwards. There were five of us, Cosson, and young David Revel, the son of the Guide-Chef at Courmayeur, whom we had engaged as porter, and six roystering Italian muleteers. We inundated the little inn at Ferret, and overflowed into the barns.

Hayden, Cosson and Revel left early next morning

AN APPRECIATION

and crossed the Col de la Grande Luis to the Saleinaz Cabane. The muleteers returned to Italy. I drove down the valley with the family to Champex, and left again at midnight to rejoin Hayden the following morning at the top of the Portalet. We slept at the Dupuis Cabane, ascended the Aiguille du Tour and crossed the Fenêtre de Saleinaz to the Saleinaz Cabane. Next day we climbed the Aiguille d'Argentière, returned by the Col du Chardonnet to Praz de Fort, and reached Champex on the following morning. So ended July.

One day's halt at Champex, and then by Sembrancher and the Val de Bagnes to Chanrion. In cloud and mist we crossed the Col d'Oren to Prarayé. The inn, as usual, was closed. But we slept comfortably in a barn, and, after a night of heavy rain, walked over the Col de Valcournera on a sparkling morning to Breuil. Thence to the hut at the Great Tower, and over the Matterhorn on a perfect day to Staffelalp. A hot trudge through soft snow across the Col d'Hérens and the Col de Bertol brought us to Arolla. The next day we went by the Col de Seilon to the Val de Bagnes and so back to Champex. There we parted, on August 10th.

In the autumn Hayden returned to India. We had agreed, if all were well, to meet at Cuneo on June 1st, 1922, and march through the Maritime and Cottian Alps, Dauphiné, and the Graian Alps, following as far as possible the watershed, to Courmayeur. While in India, however, Hayden was invited to examine the mineral deposits of Tibet. Accompanied by Cosson, he spent the summer of 1922 in

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Lhasa and Tibet. Hayden returned to England at the end of the year, and in January our Courmayeur party once more dined together at the Oriental Club, the night before I left for India.

During the spring Hayden was busy with his book on Tibet. He was more than once at Courmayeur for discussions with Cosson, from whose diaries the book was partly compiled. He stayed at Cosson's farm, enjoying to the full the simple alpine life. In the early summer, again accompanied by Cosson, he was fishing in the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa. In August they went to the Oberland, and there they died.

Hayden was, first of all, a great mountain traveller. His knowledge of the Himalaya and of Himalayan travel was unrivalled. He was fond enough of a climb for its own sake, but it would never have interested him to stay in one centre merely to climb. A peak was a stage in a journey. He climbed to the top in order to go down the other side. He went through the Alps as though he were marching through the Himalaya, taking everything in his stride. He was a fast and tireless walker, and at fifty odd years he was always in hard condition. With his ice-axe across his shoulders, and his geological hammer dangling from his fingers, he would stride in at the end of the longest day, apparently as fresh as when he started.

Hayden was a great shikari and the game on the mountains was almost as interesting to him as the mountains themselves. In the Alps he was always on the look-out for game, and, with his keen and

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trained sight, he saw more in a season than many see in a lifetime. His love of shikar was shared by Cosson, who was a notable chasseur in his own valley, and they collected some fine trophies during their travels in Tibet.

In his work Hayden combined, to a remarkable degree, devotion to pure science and shrewd business sense. His opinion on all matters relating to mining, whether minerals, metals or oil, was eagerly sought by the commercial world. During the war he did high public service in mobilising and developing the mineral resources of India. He was in the Hindu Kush and the Pamirs during the summer of 1914, and the outbreak of war found him at Kashgar. He hurried home, across Turkestan and Russia, to join the Army ; but he was at once sent back to India, to do there the work for which he was supremely competent. His heart, however, was always in the firing line, and it fretted his gallant spirit that he was not permitted the honour of active service.

But it is as a man that we, who knew him, shall most remember and most miss him. He had the compelling charm of chivalrous simplicity. " To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less " : it might have been his rule of life.

SIR HENRY HAYDEN'S CLIMBS

SIR HENRY HAYDEN was proposed for the Alpine Club by Mr. Freshfield, seconded by Professor Garwood, on the qualification :

- 1898. 7 months in Spiti Himalaya.
- 1899. 8 ,, ,, and Ladakh.
- 1901. 8 ,, ,,
- 1903-4. 1 year in Sikkim, Himalaya, and Tibet.
- 1905. 3 months in Hindu Kush in Hunza, Nagar and Gilgit.
- 1907. 3 months in Hindu Kush, Afghanistan.
- 1914. 4½ months in Hindu Kush, Chitral and Hunza and Great Pamir Range (Russian Pamirs) and Alai Mountains.
- 1921. Grand Paradis, Grivola, Mt. Blanc (but only to Vallot Hut owing to weather), Aig. du Tour, Aig. d'Argentière, Matterhorn traverse from Italian side.
Cols de la Vanoise, Galise, Nivolet, Neiron, Herbetet, Seigne, des Glaciers, de Géant, Gde Luis, des Plines, Fenêtre de Saleinaz, de Chardonnet, d'Oren, Valcournera, d'Hérens, Bertol, Pas de Chèvres, Seilon.

In 1923 he and Cosson had ascended Diablerets, Wildhorn, Wildstrubel, Jungfrau from Rottal.

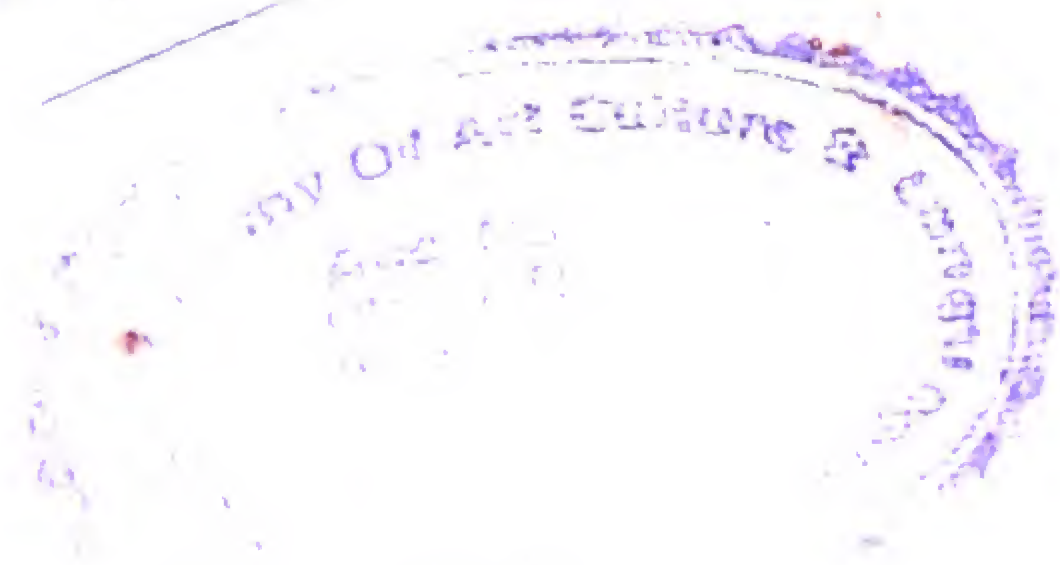
SIR HENRY HAYDEN'S CLIMBS

Mr. R. S. Strachey, lately of the Indian Service, and a close friend of Sir Henry Hayden, has been at great pains to obtain information as to the accident. It bears out Mr. Gurtner's account. Mr. Strachey adds : " The toughest job Hayden ever did was probably his journey from India over the Pamirs and, I think, Chinese, and certainly Russian Turkestan, alone (except for porters), arriving at the Russian outposts to hear that the Great War had just started."



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Cultural Academy



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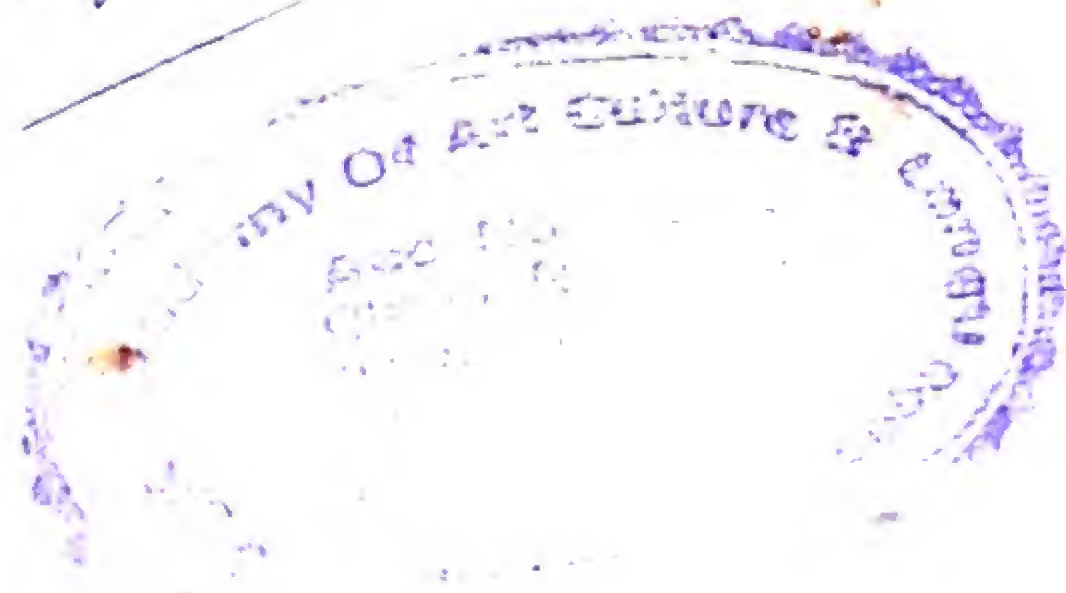
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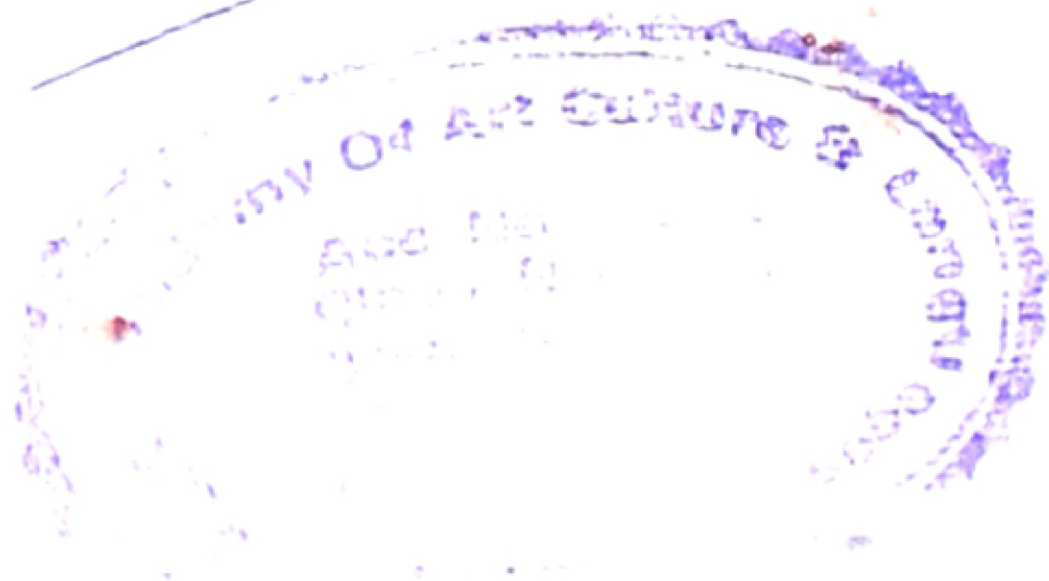
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